Saturday Review

MAY 12, 1962 / 25¢

James J. Wadsworth, author of "The Price of Peace" (See Books)

COMMUNICATIONS

HOW TO CHANGE THE WORLD WITHOUT WA

By Arnold Toynb

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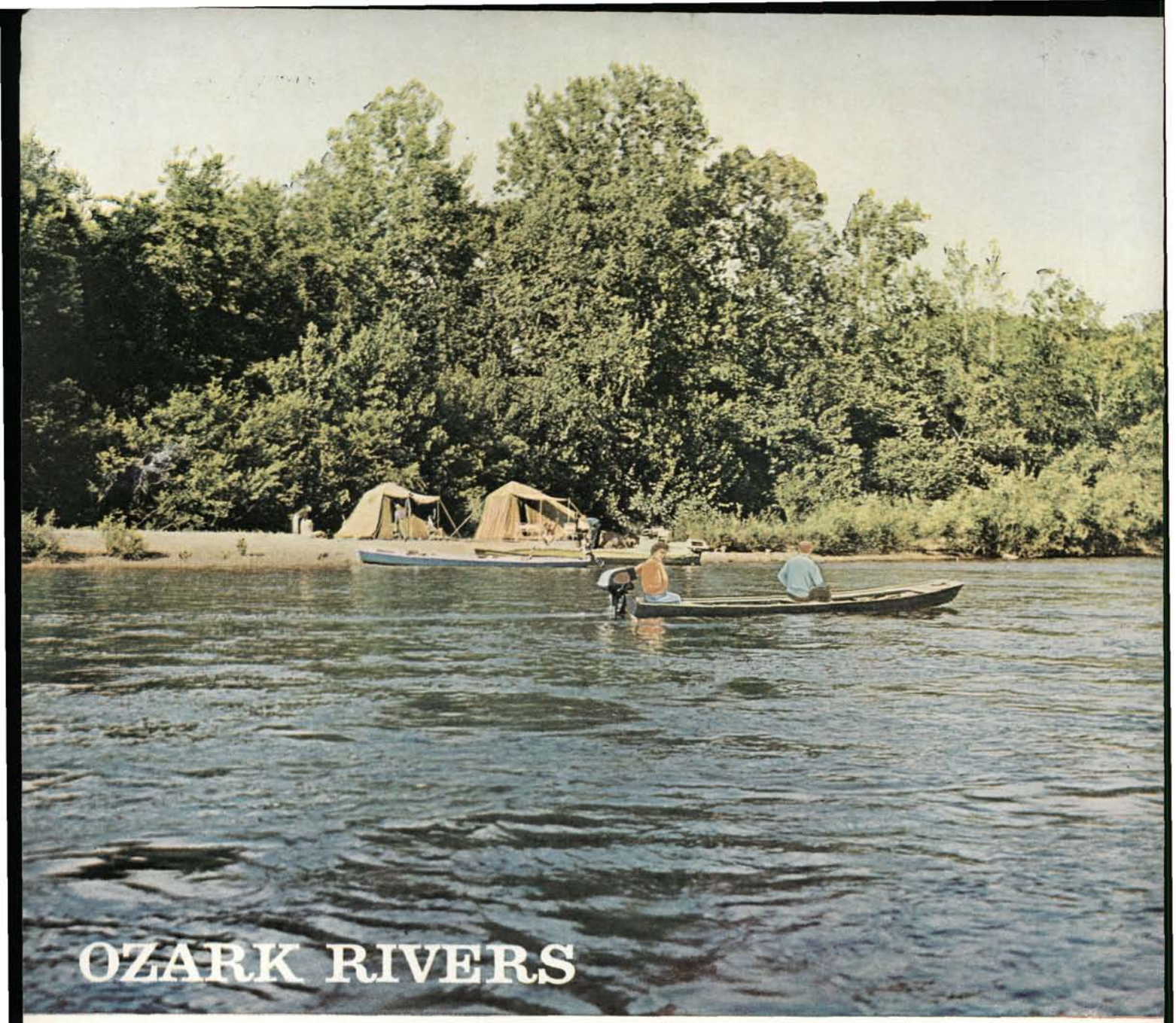

Good fishing, good camping on the Current River in Missouri's Ozarks

Americans have camped here for 10,000 years!

There are places along the Current, Jack's Fork and Eleven Point rivers in Missouri so wild and unspoiled you think *you're the first human to find them*. But archeologists know that prehistoric man camped here so long ago that a rock picture, now in the state museum, shows them hunting *mammoths*.

French explorers called this lovely region *aux arcs*—"at the bends" of the rivers. It is now the Ozarks, but not much else has changed. Water so clear you watch bass nibble your bait... Indian mounds... abundant wildlife; even the rare red wolf may be seen... and wild turkeys are coming back. There's restful quiet, too, in this land so peaceful time itself seems to fall asleep in the sun.

All this spacious nature has made the Ozarks a stronghold of American character. Here, *people grow up as our forefathers did,* with far horizons that never pinch them in, and majestic mountains that help them stand tall on their own two feet. Wise conservationists propose that *more* of this inspiring heritage be preserved so that for all time *Americans can take nature's prescription for well-being*—the good medicine of green forests, open spaces and sparkling, unpolluted waters.

FREE TOUR INFORMATION: Let Sinclair help plan your trip to the Ozarks or other scenic and historic areas in the U.S. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

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A Sinclair public service message on America's need for more outdoor recreational opportunities.

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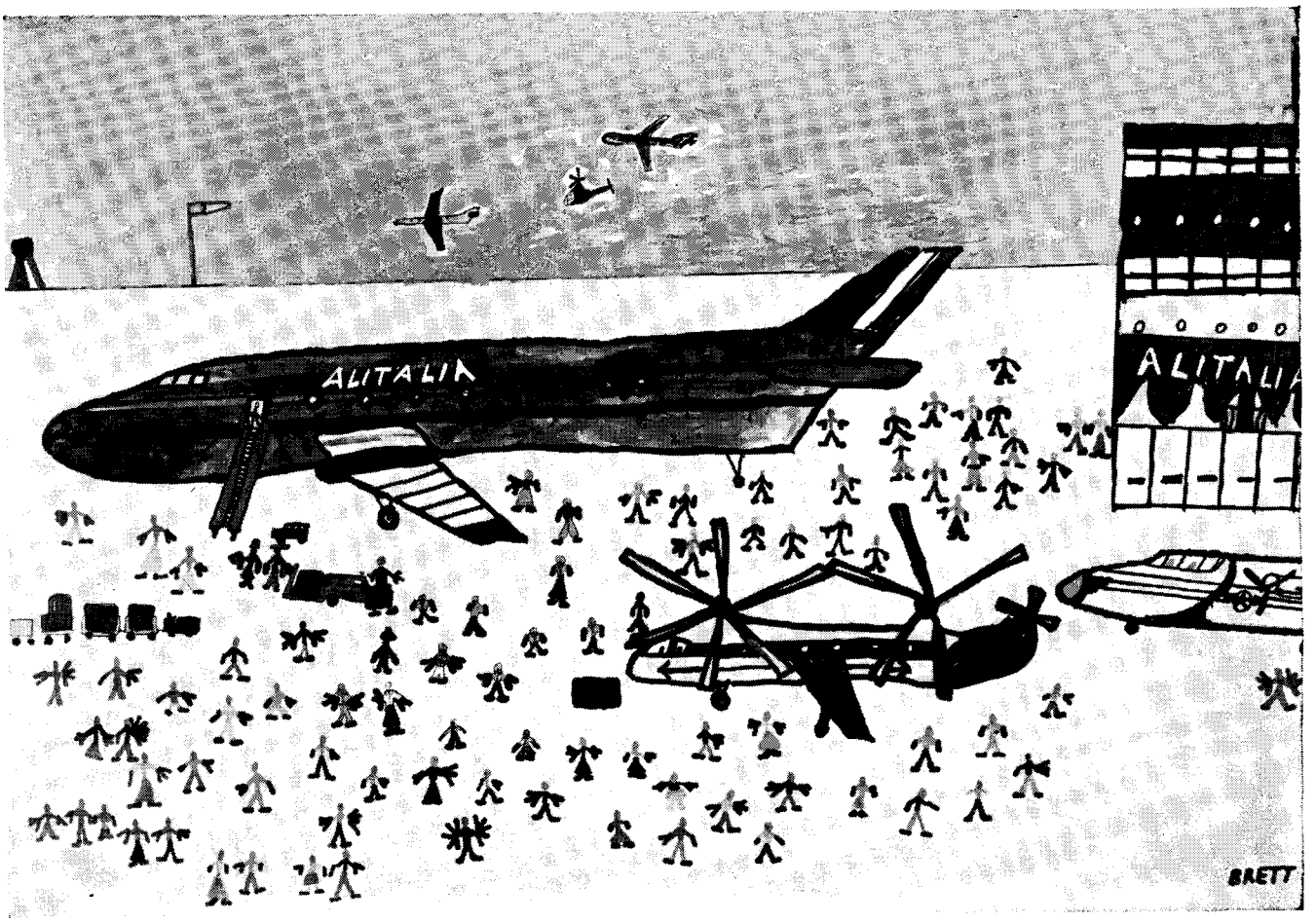
Here's how a 6 million dollar jet looks



from "down under"

To eight-year-old Brett Read of Sydney, Australia, a giant Super DC-8 looks like a million dollars (all the money there is in the world). Brett was one of the hundreds of children that Alitalia invited to sketch its jet installations throughout the world. His work — while not totally accurate — communicates the excitement of the jet age in a wide-eyed way no photograph could capture.

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You'll share this enthusiasm when you board an Alitalia Super DC-8 Rolls-Royce Jet for that long-awaited trip to Europe. And it will increase as you sample Alitalia's famed Winged Arrow Service — attention that is not just a duty or a habit, but a pleasure.

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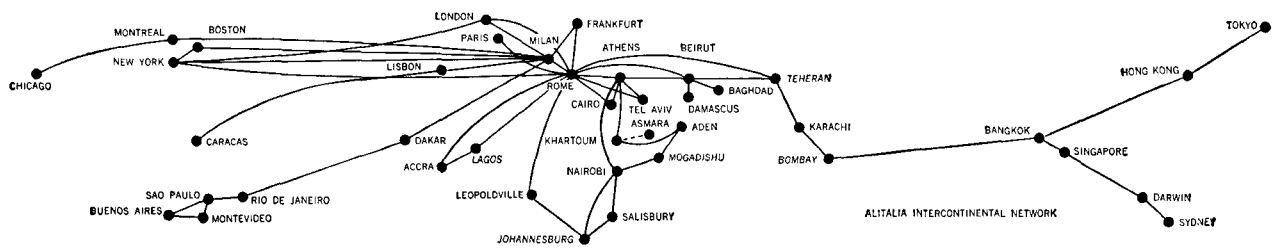

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(Advertisement)

One of the secret rules of this column is that I never write about one of "my" books. (An editor regards each book, at least within the publishing house, as his own.)

But I'm about to break that rule. The reason is a novel called *The Bible Salesman*. The lady whose book it really is—Alma Stone—had one novel, *The Harvard Tree*, published some years ago. Critics compared her favorably with Saroyan, Dylan Thomas, Faulkner, Goyen, Welty, Porter—the kind of comparisons that can be as dangerous for a novelist as helpful.

But her new book suggests to me that other fine writers should now be compared with Miss Stone. The story is about a young man who sets out on the road to sell Bibles. After a sad and subtle leave-taking (the woman he leaves behind is Mamie, his grandmother, surely one of the most endearing females in recent fiction), he has a man-to-man talk with God (surely one of the most colloquial Gods in all fiction). Then he sets up a mission in a community where cultures and characters collide and collaborate. This is the world of uptown New York, of Riverside Drive and what might be called northern Broadway. The Bible Salesman has his effect on everyone.

This is a realistic, fantastic, and wonderfully funny book. I've broken the Editor-at-Large's rule for no small reason. Please read *The Bible Salesman*. He will have his effect on you.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Bible Salesman ($3.95) by Alma Stone is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies of the book may be obtained from your local bookseller, including any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located 744 White Plains Road, Scarsdale, New York.

Saturday Review

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Cover Photo: Courtesy United Nations

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The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, Ray Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLV, No. 19, May, 12, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature"

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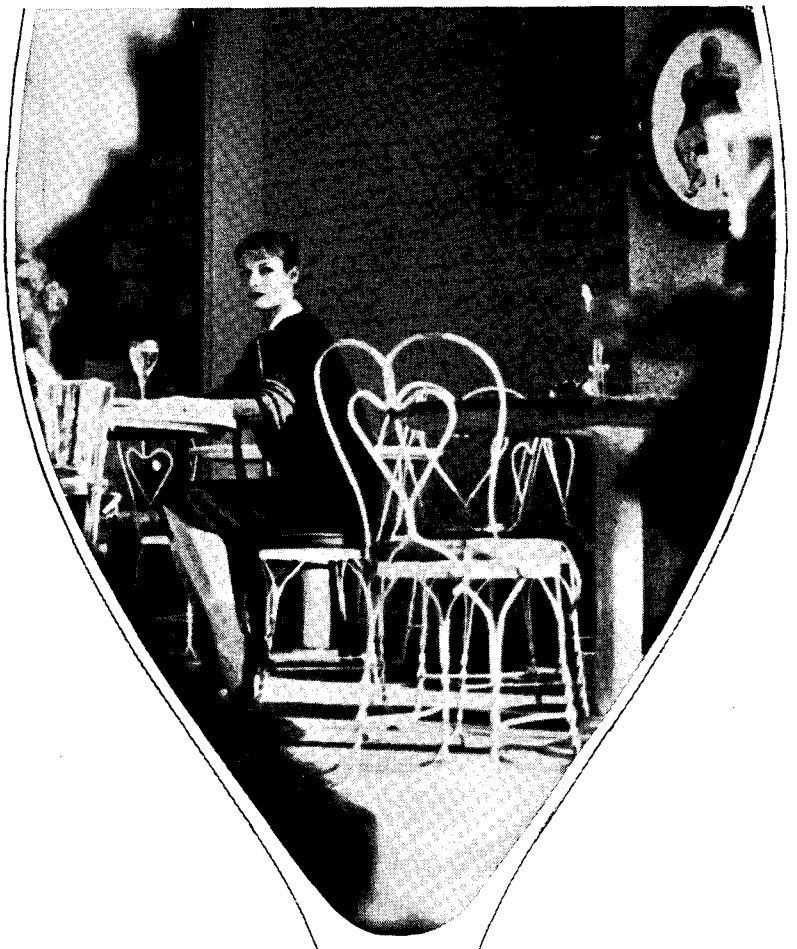

Tonight could be the night even at coffee time

When you settle down for coffee, why settle for *coffee?* The Champagne Break has several advantages we can spot instantly. For one thing, it often occurs at the end of the business day. Sometimes bells ring which have nothing to do with business. You can enjoy it even if you haven't seen the inside of an office for years. Because actually the Paul Masson Champagne Coffee Break can be the high spot of *anyone's* otherwise routine day. Here's how: Choose from Brut, Extra Dry or Pink Champagne; or Sparkling Burgundy. You qualify with: The Jeroboam (34 glasses), The Magnum (17 glasses), The Bottle (8 glasses), The Half-Bottle (4 glasses), or La Petite (2 glasses). Why not write for our booklet? We enjoy our breaks at Saratoga, California.

PAUL MASSON

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE

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Why does it make music?

● A guitar is strings and shining wood. I just pluck a string. It shivers. I hear a sound I can sing but can't say. Why? Why does a shivering string make music?

In the mind of a child, one note can start a concerto of whys. In the minds of many grownups, however, the music of curiosity stopped long ago.

But the world needs more of the grownups who have never lost the curiosity of childhood—the ones who keep asking why. For never before have there been so many big questions to be answered.

That is why Shell invests so much in education. Shell sponsors student scholarships, research grants and the unique Shell Merit Fellowships which train science teachers in better techniques.

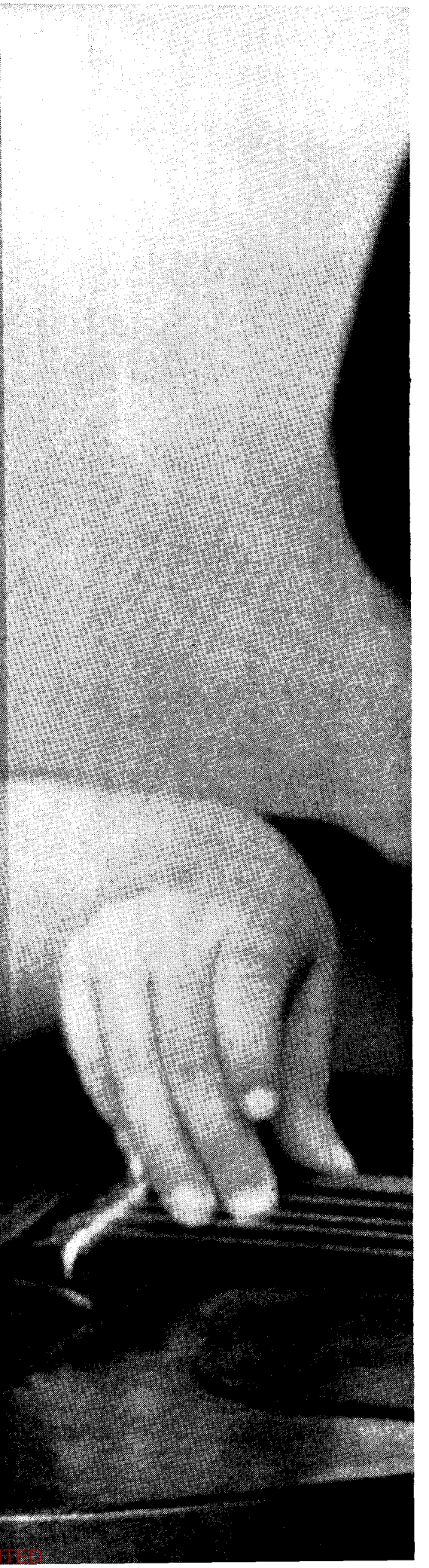
Out of programs such as these come the men and women who keep asking why. We see them every day at Shell Research. We see how their curiosity drives far beyond better and better gasolines and motor oils.

Recently, they developed new resins which help extend the range of the Polaris missile by hundreds of miles. They also invented a high-speed system for fueling jet planes, ending hours of delay. And still they keep asking bigger questions.

Why can't plants be immunized against the kind of disease that results in famine? Why can't highways be skidproof? Why does any man in the world have to fear hunger or disease?

Why is a child. *Why* is Shell Research.

We hope that the sign of the Shell reminds you of the men and women who never stop asking why. Their search for excellence will bring about new products and new ways to serve you better. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company; Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.*



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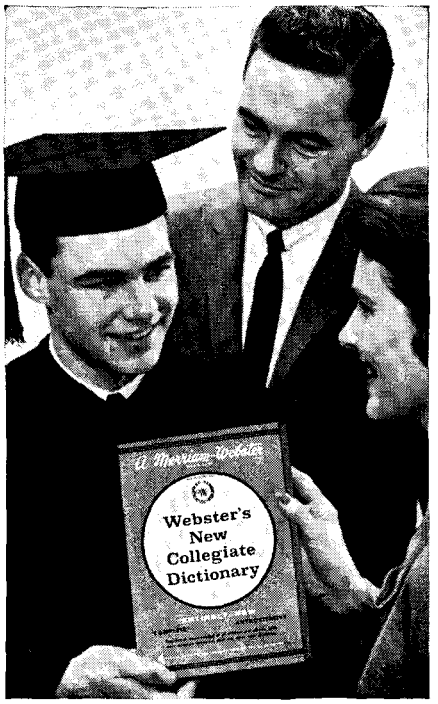

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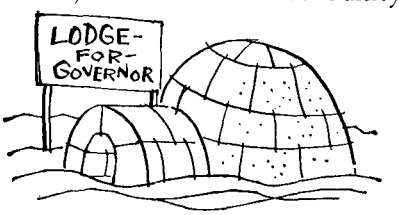
TRADE Winds

IN WRITING a column of potpourri, the main trick is to flow from one disconnected item to the next with the minimum of friction and the maximum of lubrication. For instance, the first item on the agenda (Atrocious Pun Department) is one from *Look*'s Gurney



Williams, who reports that the latest admonition on the Yale campus is "Eskimo Christians, Italian no lies."

It's a simple matter to get from there to the next item, on the basis that Eskimos live in igloos, a word derived from the Eastern Eskimo word *igdlu*, meaning snow house. Houses are found nearly everywhere, including Connecticut, where supporters of John Lodge have been pressing hard to have him run for the Republican candidate for governor. In any event, a vacant store which was hired for the Lodge-for-Governor fund-raising enthusiasts bore the insignia: "American Express cards honored here." Although the sign was a vestigial remnant of a former tenant, it's a great idea for future political fund raisers to ride the tide of the Credit Card Age.

THE CONSUMER CREDIT total in June 1961 stood at $54,786,000,000. This, as you can see, is nearly $55 billion. Now twice 55 is 110. If you subtract 20 from 110, you get 90, which happens to be precisely the age of the nation's oldest book reviewer. His name is Dr. John Rothwell Slater, of the Rochester (N.Y.) *Times-Union*. His prose style continues to be firm, pithy, and vigorous. Younger reviewers please copy.

FOLLOWING OUR SYSTEM of transitional logic, Rochester, New York, has two office buildings which are higher than fifteen stories. One is the Midtown Office Building, and the other the Eastman Kodak Building. Eastman Kodak makes cameras. Cameras take pictures. John Glenn took pictures of his orbital flight. He also will be co-author of a book by all the astronauts which Simon & Schuster will publish in late fall. Earl French, of New Milford, Connecticut, wonders whether the chapter dealing with the people of Perth, Australia, who illuminated their entire city for Glenn, will be titled: "Somebody Down There Likes Me." But a gentleman by the name of A. Winston Davis writes us that Glenn might have been asleep in the upper-Perth and missed the display. Still another comment comes from R. B. R. Massey, who writes that Glenn might have merely caught a quick glimpse of the lights below, or in other words, he was a Perth-snatcher.

PERTH IS IN Australia, and Australia has 2,122,251 telephones. Thailand has 38,247 telephones, and it is a constitutional monarchy. So is Cambodia. But according to press reports Cambodia is having romantic problems. Forty-year-old Prince Norodom Sihanouk was forced to go on the airwaves to issue a sharp warning to Cambodian parents and daughters to watch out for the Don Juan proclivities of his eldest son. "To spare all citizens dishonor and grief I

must inform them that since I have remarked that my eldest son likes only to run after girls I have repeatedly advised and scolded him," the father said on the radio. "I will not allow my son to do such things and I will continually advise and scold him."

SCOLDING IS THE HABIT of magpies, and magpies are birds. The tropical hummingbirds and sunbirds at the Bronx Zoo are housed in air-conditioned areas, where the temperature is kept at a steady 76 degrees the year around. All this leads quite naturally to the fact that Altadena, California, sometimes registers this temperature reading, and from which correspondent Evelyn Swedlow writes to remind us of David McCord's delightful verse on truncated words (TRADE WINDS, April 14):

I know a little man both ept and ert.
An intro? extro? No, he's just a vert.
Sheveled and couth and kempt, pecunious, ane:
His image trudes upon the ceptive brain.

TRUNCATED WORDS are words that are cut off. Prices are sometimes cut down,

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sometime raised. But very seldom are they raised with good selling results. However, Wonder Books, a division of Grossett & Dunlap, recently made the startling discovery that by raising the suggested price of certain children's books from 25 cents to 29 cents, they were able to increase sales among housewives. The publisher found that the numeral "9" is apparently irresistible to them.

A company spokesman said: "If some quirk of human nature brings her to look more favorably upon a book at 29 cents than the same book at 25 cents, then naturally we must oblige."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS cannot help but lead to cowboys, and cowboys are found in the West. Colorado is in the West, and contains 2,600,000 acres of irrigated land. Also in Colorado is Mrs. Anne Henry, who sends us a clipping from the Denver *Post* that tells of a book-fair chairman who purchased for 50 cents a copy of "By Love Possessed" —by Norman Cousins, the news item says.

THE SUBJECT of money reminds us that there is a total stock of $51,947,135,732 in the United States. This is a fact which William Shakespeare never knew. But correspondent Jon Whyte points out that a friend of his was browsing through a bookstore when he discovered that a rare volume of Shakespeare had never been opened, as evidenced by the fact that the pages were still unsliced. "Oh, yes," the bookseller commented, "this is the uncuttest kind of all."

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1466)

MAE W. GOODMAN:
DAYLIGHT SAVING

Go* turn your clocks up one by one,
manipulate the moon and sun,
legislate when day is done:

go* send a notice to the dew,
inform the bees, and just a few
robins, lest they wonder too

how man can tamper so with heaven
that half-past six is half-past seven.

* "Go" substituted for "Now" and "but" to get two G's.

Upward and Onward to Bourbon & Branch

How do people *become* drinkers of bourbon—as against imported whiskies, for example. There seem to be various ways:

1 *They're born lucky.* They are reared in a section of the country where, when a man comes of age he *starts* with straight Kentucky bourbon. These people, you might say, are born with an amber spoon in their mouths.

2 *They work their way up.* This is a development similar to that of food tastes—or from pablum to paté. When such men and women begin to drink socially, they start with blandness. Then as they and their tastes mature...it's straight bourbon for them.

3 *They see the light.* They see their friends taking to bourbon. They discover that it tastes better...and that it tastes *best* undisguised, unchanged, with what country folk call "branch"—plain, pure water. This is the fashionable course to bourbon.

A beautiful Kentucky bourbon to learn on, to lean on, to stay with, is Old Crow, the most famous bourbon in America. Great men in history have praised it in every era. Today, all over the country, more people prefer Old Crow to any other bourbon—which is, you must admit, quite a recommendation.

Light·Mild·86 Proof
OLD CROW
Kentucky Bourbon

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF

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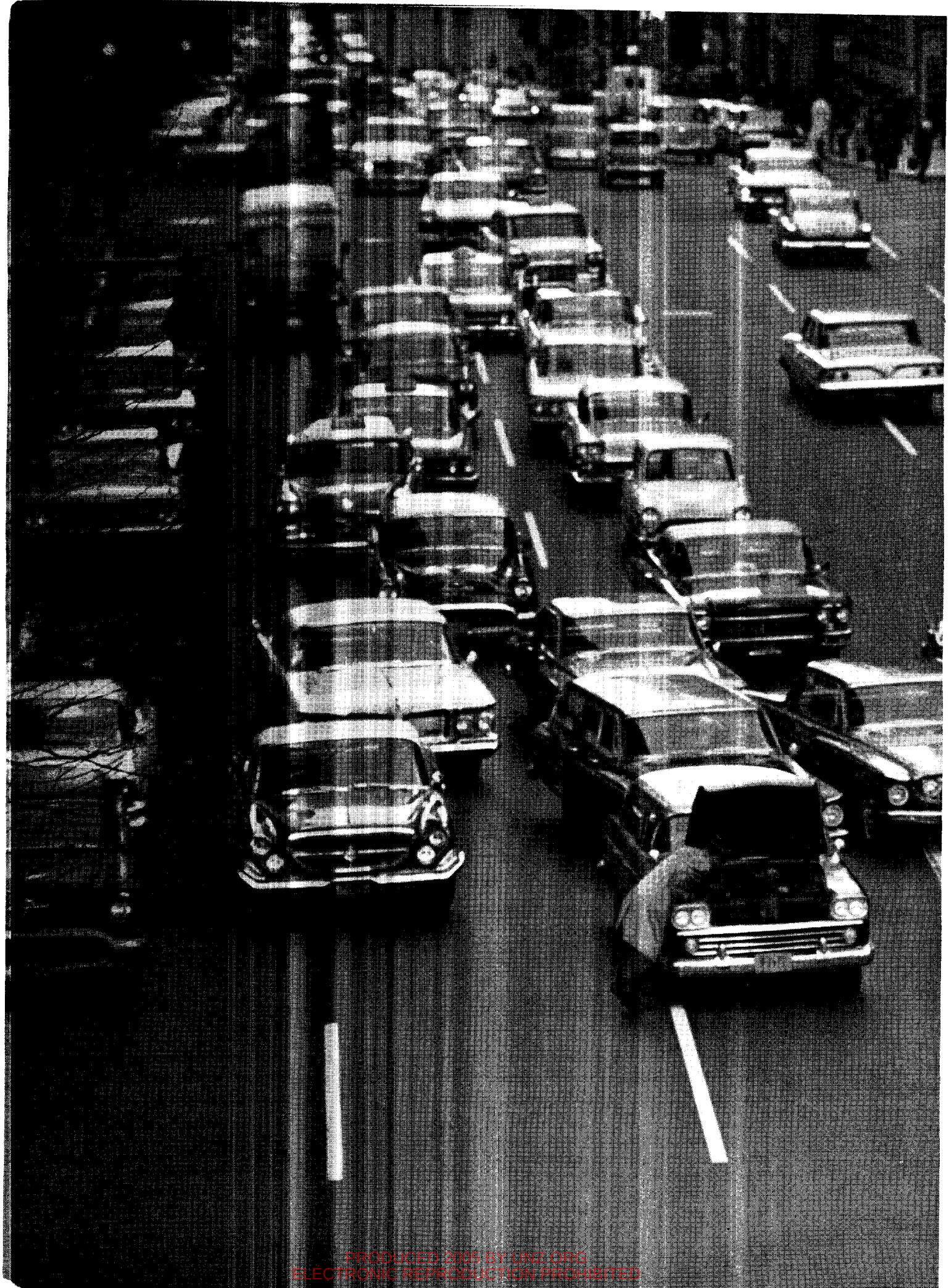

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Another first from Chrysler Corporation . . .

The Alternator keeps the kick in your battery when others are conking out

Pokey traffic can kill off the biggest, toughest batteries and leave you stranded on a crowded street.

But Chrysler Corporation has changed all that with the exclusive Alternator. Unlike the old-fashioned generator, this new kind of electrical system keeps delivering a charge even when you're stuck at a stop light.

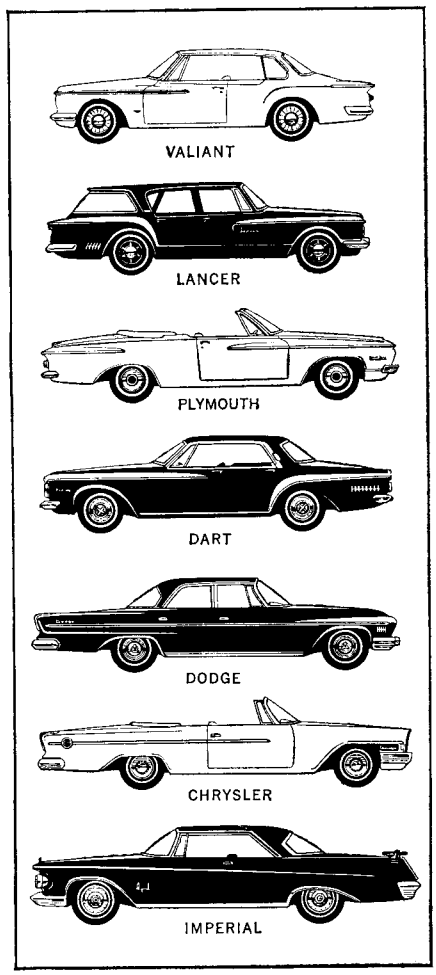
This means that next week, next month and next winter you'll be driving around with more "kick" in your battery. More juice in reserve. The full power potential your battery *should* be giving you.

It also means that two years from now, when many of your friends may be buying new batteries, you'll be driving around $15 to $20 richer. Your battery will last a lot longer with the Alternator.

Someday all cars will probably offer Alternators. But Chrysler Corporation is the first to have this on all its cars . . . and at no extra cost.

You get other exclusive advantages, too. Like strong, quiet Unibody Construction. Seven-soak rust protection. Road-leveling Torsion-Aire Ride. A lot more action on a lot less gas.

See the Chrysler Corporation cars at your dealer's. Even with all the extra value they give you, model for model they're priced as low or lower than other makes.



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HOW LENIN TRIUMPHED

- *"There are no morals in politics; there is only expediency."*
- *"Never reject terror on principle."*
- *"Promises are like pie crusts: made to be broken."*
- *"Scheme, zigzag, retreat—anything to hasten the coming to power of Communism."*

Now, in the new issue of Look Magazine, the chilling story of the man who created the Communist threat to our world! Don't miss this picture-packed, 21-page feature article. It's at your newsstands now!

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A special feature on an exhibit of fifty great photographs at the Museum of Modern Art.

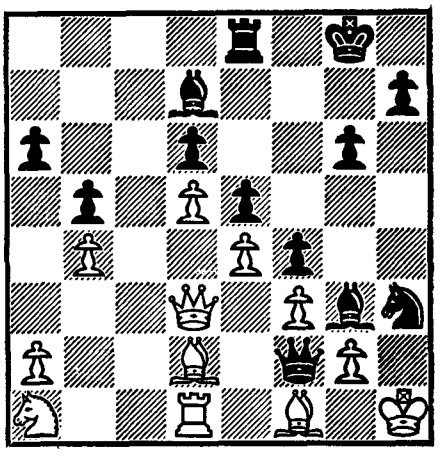
Margaret R. Weiss will edit the eight page supplement.

Chess Corner—No. 70

THE annual Hastings Christmas Congress, traditional cradle of Caissa's future chess titans, was won by Soviet world champion Mikhail Botvinnik, with a final score of 8-1. Yugoslavia's Svetozar Gligorich was second with 6-3. Longest game in the event was between Botvinnik and Gligorich, which went well over 100 moves, and shortest was the "grandmaster" draw between Flohr and the American ace Bisguier, which terminated after eleven moves. Bisguier played at Hastings *en passant* as a prelude to participation in the Interzonal Tournament at Stockholm, where he had hoped to qualify for the Candidates Tournament but failed to do so. Bisguier is a naturally aggressive player, and once he gets an attack rolling he will not be stayed. He has defeated nearly every great player on occasion. Below is his game from Hastings against the Austrian Robatsch. It shows the American in rare form.

RUY LOPEZ

	Robatsch White		Bisguier Black	
1	P-K4	N-QB3	19 B-Q2	P-B3
2	N-KB3	P-K4	20 R-QB1	N-Q1
3	B-N5	P-QR3	21 B-Q3	Q-N2
4	B-R4	N-B3	22 RxR	QxR
5	O-O	P-QN4	23 N-B2	N-B2
6	B-N3	P-Q3	24 N-R2	N-N2
7	P-B3	B-K2	25 N-R1	P-B4
8	P-KR3	N-QR4	26 P-B3	B-R5
9	B-B2	P-B4	27 R-B1	N-R4
10	P-Q4	Q-B2	28 Q-N1	Q-Q1
11	QN-Q2	O-O	29 Q-B1	N-N6
12	R-K1	B-Q2	30 R-Q1	P-B5
13	N-B1	BPxP	31 N-B1	Q-N3ch
14	PxP	QR-B1	32 K-R2	Q-B7
15	N-K3	KR-K1	33 NxN	BxP
16	P-Q5	P-N3	34 B-B1	BxNch!
17	P-QN3	N-N2	35 K-R1	N-N4
18	P-QN4	N-KR4	36 Q-R3	B-Q2
	37 Q-Q3		N-R6!	



	38 B-K2	Q-N8ch
	Resigns	

—AL HOROWITZ.

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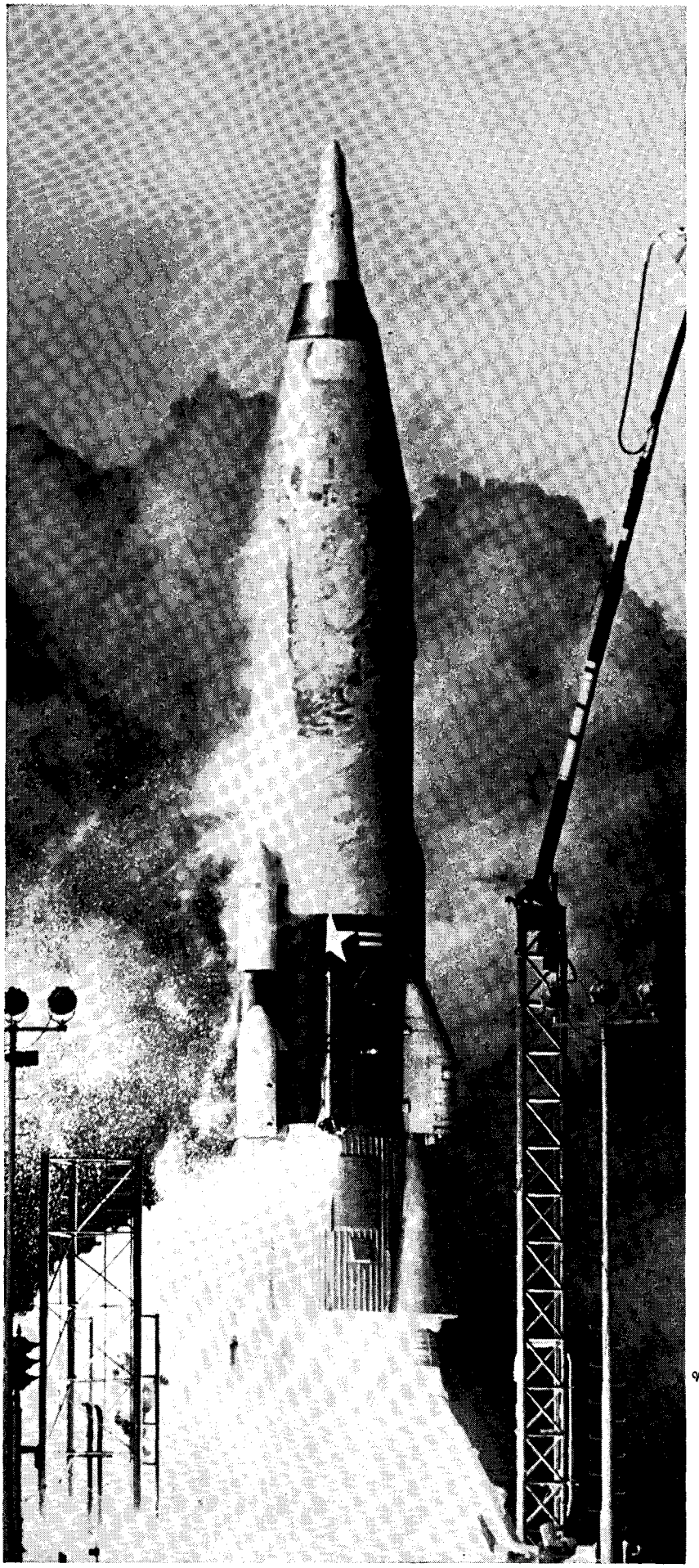

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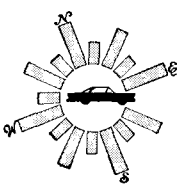

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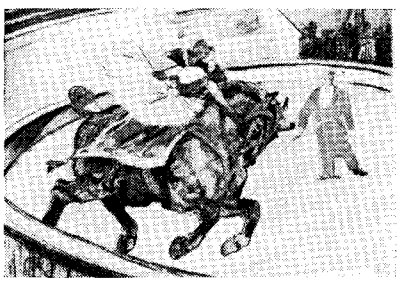

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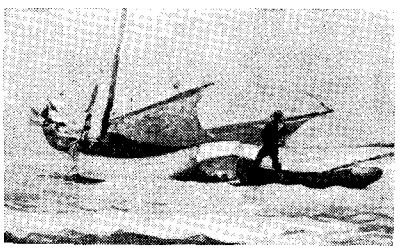

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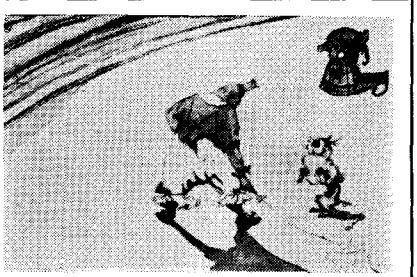

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Toward a Warless World

With this article by Arnold Toynbee, *Saturday Review* begins a series on the possibilities of human society in a warless world. Remote though these possibilities may now seem, it may be useful nonetheless to consider the kind of life that lies within the reach of twentieth century man.

Let us assume that the nuclear arms race can be brought under control. Let us assume that the United Nations can be made into a reasonably effective mechanism for reducing the combustibility of international relationships. In short, let us assume a durable peace. These are big assumptions, but they set the stage for some powerful questions affecting the human future. What kind of energies could be released for the advancement of the human condition? How do we deal with the inevitable problem of change without war? What new frontiers in human development might be opened up?

Dr. Toynbee's article deals with the problem of peaceful change. Later articles will deal with problems and possibilities in the scientific, economic, social, cultural, and spiritual fields.

The articles in this series will not be published in consecutive issues. It is expected that the series will be completed sometime during the fall of this year. The entire series is being brought together for *Saturday Review* under the supervision of Arthur Larson, Director of the World Rule of Law Center of Duke University, and author of "A Republican Looks at His Party." When the series is completed, it will be issued as a *Saturday Review* book by the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. A general introduction to the series by Mr. Larson appears on page 18 of this issue.

HOW TO CHANGE THE WORLD WITHOUT WAR

By Arnold Toynbee

—James Bown of London.
Arnold Toynbee

THE CONTRIBUTIONS to this symposium are all being written on the basis of certain assumptions about a future state of human affairs. It is being assumed that human force and power—spiritual, of course, as well as physical—has been reordered in a way that has effectively deprived the world's local states of their traditional liberty to go to war. In other words, sovereignty has been transferred, in effect, from the local states to a world state. At least the minimum amount of power and authority that is required for the effective maintenance of world peace has been centralized, so it is being assumed, in the hands of what, in virtue of this, can properly be called a world government, though it may still be a rudimentary one for other purposes.

In many Western minds the first reaction to these assumptions is perhaps likely to be negative. The assumptions may strike a Westerner as being so utopian that speculations founded on them will be hardly worth making. They stand condemned in advance to be visionary. In Western history hitherto, the occasional attempts to impose peace through unity have, in fact, all been abortive. Hitler, Napoleon, Charles V, Otto I, Charlemagne—each in turn has been worsted. To find these assumptions translated into Western realities, we have to go back more than 1,500 years. Peace through unity was a reality in the western provinces of the Roman Empire before the Empire's decline and fall in this fringe of its domain. But, for Westerners, their Roman past has, long since, become "ancient history." It has become, for us, something so remote that we do not even feel any nostalgia for it—greatly though we yearn for unity and peace in our time.

Fortunately for the future of the human race, however, we Westerners are a minority and our sad experience in public affairs has been an exception-

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al one. In the historical experience of the greater part of mankind, the state of affairs that is being assumed in this symposium has been a comparatively recent reality. In China, India, and Pakistan, there has been a world state within living memory. The world state in China that finally foundered in 1911 had by then been in existence, off and on, for more than twenty-one centuries. The world state in the Indian subcontinent that split in 1947 had been in existence for one century and had had several predecessors. The world state in Japan that was reduced to being a local state in 1868 had been maintaining itself as a world state for more than two centuries before that.

But how can there ever have been a world state in one group of not very large islands adjoining the largest of the continents? And how can even subcontinents, such as China and India, be equivalents of the whole wide world? The answer is that thinking makes them so. The smallest human community constitutes the whole world for the people inside it if it is insulated from all other human communities on the face of the planet; and it will be insulated from them if its members feel that outsiders do not count. In this —and it is a very practical sense—even tiny Japan was a world state during her two centuries of insulation under the regime of the Tokugawa shoguns. In the same sense the Chinese Empire and the Roman Empire were world states *a fortiori*. In the eyes of its citizens, each of these two empires embraced the entire civilized world. The tribes outside the pale were insignificant barbarians.

IN these virtual world states, we find many cases in which the assumptions that are being made in this symposium have been historical realities. It is therefore worth seeing what light their histories throw on the question of internal change and revolution in a warless world. For these worlds were all warless: this was a common characteristic of theirs. The Roman Empire and the Chinese Empire were warless for several centuries on end; and, if and when they did fall into a bout of anarchy and disruption, they quickly recaptured their former state of unity and peace. It was only in the Roman Empire's backward western provinces that the second breakdown of the Empire was never retrieved. In the Levant the Roman Empire lived on, first in a Byzantine Greek, and then in an Ottoman Turkish avatar, until the final dissolution of the Ottoman Roman Empire in the First World War.

At the present moment we are conscious of the difficulty of transferring sovereignty from local states to a world authority. When once a local community has tasted sovereignty, it is apt to cling to it, whatever the cost of this to itself as well as to its neighbors. In the past, the transfer has occasionally been accomplished, as has been noted; but it has never been accomplished without extreme tribulation; this high cost of unity and peace has made them precious; consequently the world governments of the past have concentrated their energies on self-preservation; and they have tried to preserve themselves by a policy of freezing. They have tried to freeze not only their frontiers against the outer barbarians and not only the structure of public administration inside those frontiers; they have tried to freeze the private lives of their citizens as well.

The most notorious recent instance of this policy is that of the Tokugawa regime in Japan. After all foreigners had been banished from Japan on pain of death, except for one Dutch trading post marooned on the islet of Deshima, the Japanese were forbidden to possess seagoing ships and forbidden to read foreign books. The former war-making feudal principalities on which the shogunate had imposed a compulsory peace were regimented in minute detail. The relations of the feudal lords with the central government and of the feudal lords' retainers with the feudal lords and of the peasants with the lords and with the retainers were laid down in precise regulations. The feudal lords were compelled to spend so many months of the year at the Shogun's court. Every Japanese family had to be registered as being affiliated with a Buddhist monastery, as evidence that it was not crypto-Christian. A Japanese philosopher's philosophy had to be Confucian of a particular school.

The Roman Imperial Government did not carry its internal regimentation to such lengths as this until after its first bout of anarchy. After that, it tried to salvage its tottering economy by compelling sons to take on their fathers' professions and by chaining taxpayers to their municipal taxation districts. But there is a story which, whether true or *ben trovato*, indicates that the freezing of the economy was the Roman Imperial Government's aim even in the empire's early days, when its economy was relatively prosperous.

One day, so this story goes, the Emperor's secretary came into the Emperor's study in a state of mild excitement. "Your Majesty," he said, "we have just had the news that a man has invented unbreakable glass. We thought that your Majesty would be interested to know of this, as you will no doubt wish to reward the man suitably for this valuable service to the community." Without looking up from the papers on his desk, the Emperor muttered, "Have that man put to death." The secretary thought he had misheard, so he repeated what he had said, and the Emperor then repeated his orders. "But, Your Majesty," the secretary exclaimed, "the poor man is a public benefactor, not a criminal," and at this point the overworked and overworried Emperor lost his temper. "Do I really," he shouted, "have to justify my orders by explaining the obvious? Cannot you see for yourself that, if this man's invention is put on the market, it will throw the makers of ordinary glass out of work? The world's economic equilibrium will be upset, and then the world's political and military equilibrium will be in danger. Cannot you see that this man's vexatious invention threatens to undo all my predecessors' work, and all my work too? My predecessors established world unity and peace through blood and tears; I am preserving their achievements by hard labor. Have that man put to death, I tell you, and, more important still, make sure that that the blueprints of his invention are destroyed."

IF there is any truth in this story, the Emperor did succeed in postponing the marketing of unbreakable glass for about 1,900 years; but this achievement was not, of course, an important one. If unbreakable glass had been marketed in the first century of the Christian Era, the Roman Empire's stability (such as it was) would not really have been menaced. This was the nightmare of a harassed ruler who was haunted by fears of a return of a recent state of anarchy that had been intolerable; and, like many harassed people, he missed a vital point in fussing over a trifle. Unbreakable glass was kept off the market for the next nineteen centuries; but the Roman Empire's economy was not kept going for longer than the next four centuries—not, at least, in the western provinces. There

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". . . it is impossible for a government to freeze human life . . ."

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Toward a Warless World

Practical Purpose of the Symposium

This analysis, to which about twenty outstanding authorities will contribute, has been initiated in the conviction that it will supply a practical and perhaps even indispensable part of the "homework" that must precede any successful moves toward disarmament and improved peace-keeping machinery. Beginning with the speech of Secretary of State Herter to the National Press Club in February 1960 and the American disarmament proposals of June 1960, continuing through President Kennedy's United Nations speech, and most recently culminating in the detailed American disarmament proposals of April 1962, runs this new and crucially important theme: as we tear down armaments, we must build up peace-keeping machinery to take their place, until eventually the peace is kept by a system of international law and tribunals backed by an unchallengeable international force. But would this kind of system really work? Could we keep it going even if we got it started? What would be the effect on national security, on the processes of change and revolution, on the struggle of values and ideologies, on economic development or disruption, on the population problem, on freedom and justice, and on the moral, psychological, and religious state of mankind?

One immediate practical value of this symposium stems from the fact that desirable progress in disarmament negotiation is undoubtedly being impeded by subconscious and unspoken fears of the risks thought to attend the dismantling of weapons systems. The fear of depression and unemployment is the only one that has had much study or discussion. But there are others. Among the stronger, better established nations, the fear of insecurity may loom largest. But among the newly developing countries, and among progressive-minded people everywhere, a quite different fear may predominate: the fear that the status quo may be crystallized and that desirable change may be stifled. In addition, there may be in many minds a secret fear that the ideas and values of one's particular culture would lose out against those of competing cultures and ideologies, if not backed by armaments. Such thoughts are often felt to be so shameful that they are kept suppressed in the ratty sub-regions of the collective consciousness where they continue to influence public attitudes and national policy. This symposium can help to drag some of these hidden fears out into the daylight where they can be properly studied and appraised in a rational atmosphere.

The other principal purpose of the series is to analyze and present the variety, range, and extent of the positive benefits that would flow from disarmament under law. This has never been attempted in adequate detail, perhaps because of the fear of seeming visionary. Consequently, there has never been a chance to have the incentive for progress in negotiations that would come from a full weighing of risks against gains.

Assumptions of the Symposium

To achieve the purpose of the symposium, the contributors are all beginning from a common set of assumptions. The fact that a writer participates in this analysis does not, however, mean that he believes that the conditions postulated are probable or even possible. As several writers in this field have pointed out, there is nothing unusual about this technique, since it is used repeatedly in "war gaming"—and surely it is just as legitimate to postulate a world living under law as a world devastated by nuclear war.

The assumptions underlying the symposium are: that disarmament has been achieved under an agreement entered into voluntarily and in good faith by all states whose participation would be necessary to make such an arrangement effective; that disarmament in this sense is taken to be a condition in which national arms have been reduced to the level of police forces necessary to keep internal order, and in which there is an internationally administered armed force stronger than any combination of national forces that might be aligned against it; and that disarmament has been accompanied by the creation of a peace-keeping and dispute-settling system with at least the minimal amount of law and organization necessary to prevent large-scale organized armed conflict among states.

The use of this beginning point is further justified by the fact that existing writings, such as the special Fall 1960 issue of *Daedalus* on arms control and the book based on this issue entitled "Arms Control, Disarmament and National Security," have examined in detail the problems of arms control and disarmament in today's world, and in a world of transition toward disarmament. This symposium is intended, in short, to start where the *Daedalus* symposium leaves off.

The Outline

Since the individual articles may be more meaningful if seen in the setting of the complete symposium, the working outline of the series will be given here:

Forewords and Introductions: I. Change and Revolution in a Warless World; II. Security in a Warless World; III. Economic Problems and Opportunities in a Warless World; IV. Psychological and Spiritual Problems and Opportunities; V. A Balance Sheet of Gains and Risks.

It will be seen that, apart from the introductory materials and summing-up section, the main body of the material falls under four headings. These were suggested by the thought that there are four main needs that must be affirmatively served by a world without war: change, security, material well-being and progress, and spiritual, moral, and psychological well-being and progress. This breakdown also fits the four principal fears mentioned earlier: the fear, principally in newer countries, that change might be blocked; the fear, especially in the stronger countries, that safety might be weakened; the fear that disarmament might cause economic hardship; and the fear that ideals such as freedom and justice might not survive without arms backing.

There has been no effort to prejudge the tone or the findings that will emerge from the thinking that goes into these papers. The two-way theme of "problems and opportunities" calls for presenting the rough with the smooth, and there is no presumption that any particular line of inquiry must always lead to a happy ending. If anyone is in doubt on this point, Toynbee's stark presentation of the difficulties of change in the "warless worlds" of the past should serve as a salutary corrective.

It is hoped that the combination of basic research, experience in public life, and intellectual ingenuity assembled by this symposium, acting upon the unprecedented difficulties and opportunities suggested by the stated assumptions, will produce some useful fresh lines of thought on the world's most pressing problem. —ARTHUR LARSON.

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was a genuine economic menace of major proportions in these provinces, which this emperor and his successors either did not perceive or else ignored because they despaired of being able to cope with it.

THEIR menace, which did materialize, and which was a principal cause of the Roman Empire's decline and fall in the west, was the increasing load that was being placed on a backward agricultural economy by the growth of economically parasitic cities. The Greco-Roman civilization was an urban one, and, in the progressive eastern provinces, the cities paid their way by being economically productive. They were hives of manufacturing industry and trade. In imitation of the east, the west, too, felt that it must build up cities for itself and must adorn them with expensive public buildings in the eastern style; but these exotic cities in the west were an incubus on the countryside. Instead of being hives of industry, they were dens of rentiers who drew incomes from the surrounding agricultural lands without making any adequate economic or social return to the community.

This major economic miscarriage did have disastrous social and political consequences. In the western provinces of the Empire, the third century of the Christian Era saw peasant revolts, the fourth century saw the cities go bankrupt, the fifth century saw the countryside take its revenge on the cities and saw it bring the Empire itself to the ground in this part of its domain. The rural population sought to protect itself in the hands of big landlords; and power and wealth flowed into their hands out of the hands, not only of the urban rentiers, but of the central government as well. This was a countermovement to the transfer of power in the opposite direction—from local states to a world government—that had originally brought the Roman Empire into existence.

The internal history of Japan under the Tokugawa regime followed a similar course. The central government was so intent on keeping the feudal lords' wings clipped that it did not see, or not till too late, that, in its efforts to keep this part of Japan's social system frozen, it was unintentionally setting other parts in motion. The central government deliberately made life expensive for the feudal lords during their compulsory annual residence in the capital. It was glad to see them financially embarrassed; it was not sorry to see them ruined outright. It was slow to wake up to the truth that, in diminishing the already limited power and wealth of the feudal lords, it was working, not for its own profit, but for the profit of a rising urban commercial and industrial middle class.

The romantic figures in the later years of the Tokugawa regime are the handful of intellectuals who met together, in the dead of night, to spell out Dutch manuals of Western science at the risk of their lives. They were defying the regime's ban on "dangerous thought," and they played their modest part in preparing the way for the revolution by which the regime was eventually to be overthrown. But the major role in the prelude to the Meiji Revolution was played, not by the intellectuals, and not in defiance of the law. It was played by the businessmen, in broad daylight and with impunity. The shoguns had not thought of forbidding the new urban business class to finance the feudal lords' compulsory overspending and so to get the lords into their debt and the lords' property into their pockets. While the shoguns supposed that they were keeping the Japanese people's life frozen, a major economic revolution was taking place under their noses—and this a revolution that did not suit their policy. The Japanese Shogunate, like the Roman Imperial Government, was jealous of all potential competitors. It had no more intention of making the businessmen's fortunes than it had of letting the feudal lords retain theirs. It did not see that, in its efforts to keep its old competitors down, it was creating an opportunity for new competitors to rise.

The common experience of the virtual world states of the past does throw light on the domestic prospects of a literal world state, if we succeed in establishing one. The gist of the common experience is that it is impossible for a government to freeze human life, however hard it may try, and however propitious the circumstances may seem to be. No government could have tried harder than the Tokugawa Government in Japan tried during the period when it was keeping Japan insulated from the rest of the World. Yet the result was the total defeat of the Tokugawa Shoguns' policy. They would have been defeated by the shift in the domestic balance of power, even if there had been no Western world, and no Western Industrial Revolution forging new weapons, to impinge on Japan from outside. In the Soviet Union under the present Communist regime, it looks as if comparable shifts in the domestic balance of power are taking place today, regardless of the efforts made by an ostensibly omnipotent government to keep the country imprisoned in the strait jacket of the Communist system.

The historical evidence suggests that the policy of trying to freeze a domestic situation is foredoomed to failure—and this even if there is no intervention from outside. Human affairs will never freeze; they will always stew; and the sure effect of putting the lid on them

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"Just tell your mommy it's fate knocking at her door."

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St. Louis Meets a Problem

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The guest editorial this week is by Merrimon Cuninggim, executive director of the Danforth Foundation, St. Louis, Missouri.*

AT LEAST one good thing can be said for the present crop of Know-Nothings. Sometimes they wake the educators up.

In many a place across the land schools and colleges have been under raucous attack – they use dangerous books, they examine alien ideas, they probably harbor Communists. But every time a state legislature gets pushed into requiring its high schools to provide a course on Communism, educators become alert to the invasion and determined to fend off the efforts of propagandists. Every time a vigilante spreads his—or her—suspicion in the P.T.A., the schoolmen respond, sometimes in fright, always in self-analysis, often in constructive action.

But two other alarms have also waked up the educators. The second negative one is the real, as distinct from the imagined or under-the-bed, threat of Communism. Schoolmen have begun to realize that they are indeed vulnerable to the charge that their students have not been sufficiently informed about the nature of the Communist ideology and the spread and power of its system. Even when a legislature has not invaded the schools' domain, the educators themselves have been eager to repair this deficiency in their programs. Solid instruction about Communism, perhaps not in a separate course—at least not on the high school level—but certainly in the regular curriculum, is long overdue.

The third factor is the only affirmative one, and the most powerful. The chief reason that schools and colleges want to provide better instruction in civic understanding is not fear and distaste either of the far right or of the far left, but is the positive belief in the idea of America, the meaning of freedom, the value of a democratic society. That students do not sufficiently understand and appreciate these is now everywhere recognized. The handwringing stage is passing fast; educators are hard at work in a number of ways—overcoming their embarrassment at the use of simplicities in language that the general public will applaud, retooling their courses of study, upgrading the teaching of democracy's meaning and its denials, and striking common cause.

An illustration of this new mood and activity on the part of educators is furnished by recent happenings in metropolitan St. Louis. A year ago things were rocking along pretty much as usual—no special attention paid to Communism, a few pseudo-patriots buzzing around, and faith in America pretty much taken for granted. But an uneasiness among the educators themselves, sparked perhaps by a local anti-Communism "school" last spring, produced a willingness among representatives of various educational agencies to talk about the problem informally. Through the summer and fall their conversations removed initial distrust of others' motives, provided for exchanges of similar experiences, fears and hopes, and produced a desire for a cooperative program.

Accordingly, announcement was made in December of the formation of an agency which they called the Educational Council for Responsible Citizenship. Its constituent members at the time of formation were the public school systems of St. Louis County (including some of the strongest small systems in the country), the private schools of the area, the Catholic parochial schools, the Lutheran parochial schools, St. Louis University, and Washington University. Never before had this group of institutions come together for a cooperative educational program; and apart from the particular task to which they pledged their common effort, their very cooperation was a significant departure from customary unilateral action.

This is reflected in the first slate of officers: Chairman of the Council Herbert Schooling, Superintendent of Webster Groves Public Schools; Vice-Chairman Thomas Eliot, Chancellor-Elect, Washington University; Father Robert Henle, Dean of the Graduate School, St. Louis University; Treasurer Paul Lange, Superintendent of Lutheran High Schools. The Council's first Executive Secretary was recently chosen: R. M. Inbody, presently Assistant Superintendent for the St. Louis public schools.

THE Council has already developed an ambitious program of analysis of existing curricula and teaching resources, locally and nationally, and a varied group of projects to improve their current efforts. Each project is administered by one or more of the constituent member institutions of the Council, under the general aegis of the total group; every project must be submitted to and approved by the Council as a whole. Some of the projects are: two 6-week summer study institutes for selected high school civics teachers, one on freedom, the other on Communism, offered by St. Louis University; an intensive 5-week summer seminar for

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SCIENCE AND NONSENSE

IN THESE DAYS the power of applied science has led to crucial moral questions and to expressions of man's confrontation with these questions in books and movies like "On the Beach" and "The Day the Earth Caught Fire." It is a good thing to see morally sensitive men attempt to communicate a little of their moral indignation via these science fiction endeavors. Unfortunately, however, the writers all too often fail to talk to scientists to find out if a given premise is scientifically tenable *before* building a literary work about it. This failure results in the scientists among the readers or viewers having their attention distracted away from the main points by the use of untenable premises; and the nonscientists are given confused notions of what could happen.

The movie "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" would appear by Hollis Alpert's review to be a good production from the literary and artistic point of view. However, its premise is downright ludicrous to any astronomer or physicist who takes the trouble to calculate possible shifting of the earth's axis by thermonuclear explosions. If mankind devoted all the atomic and thermonuclear bombs and fuel currently on hand to shifting the earth's axis in the most efficient manner possible, it would fail to shift the axis enough for the most sensitive measurements to detect!

PAUL A. SMITH,
Department of Physics,
Tufts University.
Medford, Mass.

WHAT LISTENERS CAN DO

THANKS FOR Robert Lewis Shayon's article on Listener's Lobby of Detroit and the Detroit radio stations [*SR*, Apr. 21]. Detroiters now have many good radio stations, and some of us in other parts of the state envy them.

It isn't really accurate, however, to call CBE in Windsor a commercial station. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation encourages its stations to carry commercials to pay for part of the cost of operations, but there are mighty few commercials, and those only at certain hours. The quality of CBC programming is the best public relations promotion for Canada.

JOHN NEUFELD.
East Lansing, Mich.

LIFE COMES FIRST

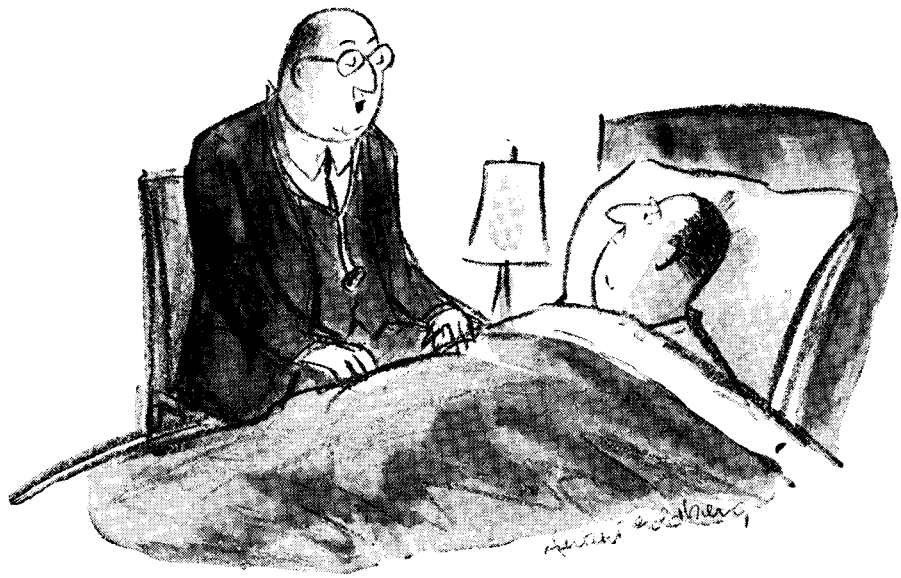
ENGLAND HAS NOW given us permission to destroy one of her islands with our atomic testing. Martian historians in 2060 will no doubt write about the ironic tragedy involved:

> About 100 years ago, the earth nation calling itself 'Us' blew up and destroyed Christmas (!) island in the Pacific (!) ocean, shortly after Easter (!). This event set off a stepped-up atom weapons race among several nations, ending, naturally, in the catastrophe of a planet-wide holocaust, killing all life: human, animal, insect, and plant.

As a resident of this still-populated earth, I strongly urge every reader of this letter to protest against this misuse of our planet by the military.

Our Declaration of Independence insists that our rights must include life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The first of these is life. And we are on the way to getting rid of that, if we do not stop this arms race—*now*.

C. H. RICHARDSON.
Altadena, Calif.



"I'm afraid you'll have to make your choice, Mr. Friedman —is it to be the Time magazine's medical section or me?"

KRUTCH ON EXISTENTIALISM

MAY I THANK you for giving your readers the recent articles by Joseph Wood Krutch, "Challenge to an Unknown Writer" [*SR*, Mar. 10] and "What I Learned About Existentialism" [*SR*, Apr. 21]. They contain the clearest deductions I have read, and make such sense that they have the effect of a cool hand on a fevered brow. If our writers (and script-writers) could take a course in Joseph Wood Krutch, the result would be a step forward in sanity.

ALICE CAMERON BROWN.
Beamsville, Ontario

TO SAY THAT Joseph Wood Krutch is "slightly befogged" by existentialism is an understatement: I am more than slightly dismayed by the fact that such a distinguished writer (and former colleague) could so distort the ideas of another writer as to make them unrecognizable.

Admittedly his essay is a highly personal one and lays no claim to objectivity—but coming from one of *SR*'s editors-at-large and given a lead position, it does carry some weight and cannot be left unchallenged.

Since, as Mr. Krutch recognizes with a certain amount of annoyance, existentialism is an attitude out of which any number of philosophies may spring, it is sometimes difficult to decide about what variety of existentialism he is writing. This also enables him to set up straw men, and neatly knock them down—or to damn Sartre because of the "surrealistic"(!) dramas of Beckett. One thing, however, is fairly clear: Mr. Krutch strongly objects to atheistic existentialism, and, as a result, Sartre is his principal *bête noire*.

Such antagonism is of course perfectly legitimate; there are a number of things about Sartre that I do not like either. What is not legitimate, on the other hand, is to attribute to Sartre something that is incompatible with Sartre's own existentialist thought. I find one instance of this distortion when Mr. Krutch, granting Sartre's emphasis on freedom and the necessity for man to create his own morality and meaning, goes on to write that this freedom could lead to an individual's exclaiming, like Milton's Lucifer: "Evil be thou good." Sartre, however, denies that there is either an absolute good or an absolute evil: how could he possibly conceive making a choice such as Mr. Krutch imagines? This is pure nonsense; such a choice could only be made by an idealist, and Sartre himself has clearly satirized such people in his play "Lucifer and the Lord."

A second major distortion occurs when Mr. Krutch literally invents an "existential" piece of reasoning leading up to the statement that "man may demonstrate his

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A Writer at Home with Her Heritage

By GRANVILLE HICKS

MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.

MILLEDGEVILLE, capital of the state from 1807 to 1868, seems to the Northern visitor exactly what a Southern town ought to be. If it is less picturesque than Charleston, it is perhaps even more impressive, for here one finds one mansion after another, each with its white columns, each with its lawns and its gardens, full just now of azalea and dogwood, though both are passing. Located in the center of town is the campus of the Woman's College of Georgia, whose president occupies what was once the Governor's mansion.

Milledgeville people are proud of their town, and with reason. Many are also proud that this is the home of Flannery O'Connor, whom they know as a person and admire as a novelist and writer of short stories. ("Which do you like better," they ask at teas, "her novels or her short stories?")

Miss O'Connor lives with her mother on the outskirts of town in a farmhouse built early in the nineteenth century. It is not a mansion but a real farmhouse, a substantial, unpretentious, two-story building. This is a plantation of some 500 acres, devoted to the raising of beef cattle, and there are horses in the fields and a variety of domestic fowl about the house. But one is most aware of the peafowl, which are Miss O'Connor's particular enthusiasm. She doesn't know, she says, just how many of them there are—twenty-five or thirty. They are everywhere one looks, the cocks strutting about the yard and crying out at us from shed roofs, and periodically, for this is the right season, spreading their incredible tails.

Miss O'Connor is on crutches, which she has had to use for the past six years as a result of disseminated lupus. "They don't interfere with anything," she says, and they don't seem to. She is a pleasant, poised, quiet young woman, rather inscrutable—or perhaps I think that only because I have read her work—but instantly likable. She talks well, answering questions concisely and without the least hesitation, and I have no doubt that she is a woman who knows her mind.

We begin with Milledgeville. She has spent a good part of her life here, but not all. She was born in Savannah, but she moved to Milledgeville, which had been the home of her mother's family for several generations, when she was a girl, and she attended college here. Afterwards she studied for three years at the University of Iowa, devoting most of her time to writing. She spent a winter at Yaddo, several months in New York City, and two years in Connecticut. But for ten years she has been living on this farm, and, she says, it is exactly where she wants to live.

She is not at all, as some reporters have suggested, a recluse. Fairly often she goes away to lecture or to read her work. (She had just returned from North Carolina State College when I saw her, was leaving in a few days for a conference at Converse, had a later engagement at Notre Dame.) She has many friends in Milledgeville whom she visits and is visited by. She corresponds with writers in various parts of the country, and sometimes they come to see her. All in all, she thinks she has quite enough contact with the literary life: "I think you can see too much of writers; I don't like writers' talk."

She is definite about her working schedule: "I write from nine to twelve, and spend the rest of the day recuperating from it." She reads, she tells me, watches the peacocks, and talks to people. She used to paint a little, but the crutches make the preparation for painting a tedious job. (As a matter of fact, her friends once expected her to be a painter rather than a writer.)

Flannery O'Connor—reality by way of the grotesque

She has no doubt that, as a writer, she belongs in Georgia. Some Southern writers, she acknowledges, can be successfully cosmopolitan, and she cites Katherine Anne Porter; but she is sure that she herself could not. ("If I went to Japan and tried to write credible stories about Japanese, all my Japanese would sound like Herman Talmadge.") Her ear is tuned to Georgia speech, and since she regards the ear as one of the writer's major assets, she does not want to lose any of her sensitivity.

Recently, in praising Marion Montgomery's "The Wandering of Desire," Miss O'Connor said that any Southern writer has two great advantages—a knowledge of the Bible and a sense of history. Certainly here in Milledgeville the visitor, even a visitor with roots in New England, is impressed by the feeling people have for the continuity of experience. As for the Bible, Miss O'Connor asserts that it is still a great power in the South and that it continues to influence the Southern writer. For one thing, it conditions him to think in concrete terms: "We don't discuss problems; we tell stories." More important, the Bible gives meaning and dignity to the lives of the poor people of the South, and the writer, particularly the Christian writer, has something in common with them.

Her comments on this point naturally lead me to ask Miss O'Connor why she, a Catholic, has written about Fundamentalist Protestants in both of her novels, "Wise Blood" and "The Violent Bear It Away," and many short stories. Her answer is quiet but emphatic. "I'm not interested in the sects as sects; I'm concerned with the religious individual, the backwoods prophet. Old Tarwater is the hero of 'The Violent Bear It Away,' and I'm right behind him 100 per cent."

Since there are not many Catholics in Miss O'Connor's part of Georgia, she has to write about Protestants, and she finds such characters as Old Tarwater completely congenial. He is, she suggests, a crypto-Catholic: "He lacks the visible Church, but Christ is the center of his life." His religion is closer to hers than either the outright secularism or the diluted Protestantism of the North. Being a Catholic in the South,

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she thinks, may help a novelist to understand both the South and Catholicism more clearly.

I ask her about her relationship with Milledgeville: doesn't she feel alienated both as a writer and as a Catholic? She doesn't think so. People accept her as a person, and that is all that matters: "If I cared what they thought about what I write, I'd have dried up a long time ago." As a Catholic, of course, she is a member of a minority group, but it is a group that has long been recognized by the community. The first mass said in Milledgeville was said in her great-grandfather's hotel room, and another ancestor gave the ground on which the local Catholic church stands. It would be ridiculous, she feels, to suggest that she is alienated from Milledgeville because she is a Catholic.

In short, she has no complaints about her situation as a writer. What she has here is what she wants and what she can use. At North Carolina State College, she tells me, she spoke on "The Grotesque in Southern Fiction." Her argument, I gather, was that in these times the most reliable path to reality, to the kind of reality that seems to her important, is by way of the grotesque. The grotesque, she puts it, is more real than the real, and what many people regard as the real seems to her more grotesque than any of the characters she has created. Her vision of life is given her by Catholicism; the material with which she works is provided by the South. Natural endowment and firm discipline have done the rest.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 980

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 980 will be found in the next issue.

ENSTCF: RLC SBR AFRDCWDP NXNGLPD FRQQCFT QT DNHGLX NSNT DBC DCKA-DNDGRL.

KCLWHCL

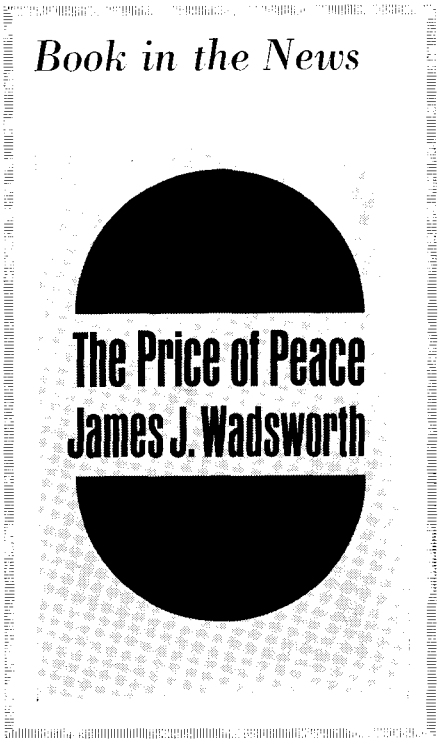
———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 979

Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable.

—GOETHE.

Book in the News



By CHARLES O. PORTER, *former Congressman from Oregon.*

SPEAKING now for himself and not officially for the United States, James J. Wadsworth deserves to be heard on how we can achieve a peaceful world. He served as Deputy U.S. Representative in the United Nations from 1953 to 1960, when he moved up to the position vacated by Henry Cabot Lodge. After the change of Administration he became president of the Peace Research Institute, Washington, D.C.

Senator Barry Goldwater and his wing of the Republican Party won't fancy **"The Price of Peace"** (Praeger, $3.95). In it Wadsworth, whose credentials as a Republican and a foreign policy expert are hard to challenge, does not plump against what Goldwater decries as a "no-win" policy.

Instead he winds up his book calling for our nation's leadership in persistent attempts to "launch another and yet another offensive toward the realization of the kind of world where we will not see East or West, Communism or Democracy, win the struggle, but where the victor will be Mankind itself."

He goes further in disagreeing with policies dear to the hearts of rightist Republicans. We have to deal with the enemy, Wadsworth believes, both at the disarmament table and in the United Nations—however wrong, stubborn, unreasonable, tricky, and absurdly suspicious he may be. And this includes Red China as well as the Soviet Union.

Disarmament at this particular time is not negotiable, according to Wadsworth, who mentions Berlin, Laos, resumption of tests, and other East-West cold war conflicts. He suggests that "a continued period without formal negotiations would be healthy in order to restore perspective and give time for a cooling of the atmosphere." He does not say how long a period, or how the lapse of time would help restore perspective or cool the atmosphere. Elsewhere he argues that disarmament negotiations and political settlement between the East and West must proceed simultaneously—a more tenable position, I would say, since they affect each other so vitally.

In an effort to clarify our aims Wadsworth has coined the word "minarmament." He says that is what we really mean when we refer to "gradual disarmament to the level where no nation will be strong enough to commit aggression against another."

You could make similar refinements about the word "peace." Of course, we don't want peace at *any* price. We don't want the peace of surrender or the peace of the grave. Our goal of peace does not include being Red or dead. It includes freedom and better economic conditions. This can, I think, go without saying or without contriving a new word such as "frepeace."

"Survival" may be a better word in this context than peace. Our chief aim right now is to avert universal destruction from the use of unprecedentedly terrible new weapons. But even if we succeed in this, we shall still live in a perplexing world of new nations and old miseries.

For all his experience and common sense, Wadsworth omits any mention of the danger of nuclear war by accident or miscalculation, a probability in my opinion far more threatening than the intentional action of some "irresponsible government." I agree with him that disarmament must come slowly although it is not clear that we have much time, certainly not the ten years he estimates may be needed.

The Russians will read this book and they should. Some of the sensitive ones may wince at passages of castigatory rhetoric directed at the Soviets in the fashion popular under the white lights in the United Nations arena. However, Wadsworth takes the sting out of such references as "strident talk and overweening self-confidence" by admitting that many of the Russian charges are not "cynical propaganda" but do reflect deep convictions. "Perhaps," he concedes, "our motives may not be 100-percent altruistic."

He holds no great hope that the United Nations itself will lead the world to peace although he looks to it for

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inspection teams and ultimately a peace force. The major powers are the only ones who can take the lead.

"We must recognize," he writes, "the fear of both sides that the risks of giving up weapons on which their national security now depends are greater than the present risk of war." Neither side is willing to give up the right to use force if matters are pushed to a showdown. The price of peace is the end of the cold war but neither side is yet willing to pay it.

Wadsworth realizes that the United States is partly to blame that disarmament treaties have bogged down in conference. We appeared at many meetings poorly prepared. He hails the creation of the U. S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and notes that "we have only begun to give the subject of disarmament the intensity of study and depth of exploration it deserves."

The A.C.D.A. needs more than its present $2 million appropriation and 100 persons if it is to fulfill its mission for President Kennedy. This is well understood in the White House and by Senators like Humphrey, Clark, and Morse. The price of peace surely includes at least $10 million annually and 1,000 experts to be devoted to organizing, planning, researching, and negotiating Mankind's survival.

Wadsworth discusses areas for action in settling the cold war. He wants the United States to make its commitment to disarmament crystal clear to the world's peoples, to continue to push "package" proposals even though for the time being they may not be negotiable, and to recognize that there are no "foolproof" safeguards for disarmament schemes—just as there are none for the thousands of armed and pointed nuclear weapons, U.S. and Soviet alike.

Peace objectives, Wadsworth asserts, can be reached "if we desire them enough, and if we have the imagination to act."

> How can we [asks Wadsworth] reach international agreement to disarm, to limit national sovereignty, or to set up an international force when we cannot agree on applying the Charter of the United Nations?
>
> In the present atmosphere, it is nearly unthinkable. But if we do not look ahead, if we do not work actively both for a different atmosphere and for progress in the minarmament field, the world may slide irresistibly into the nuclear war no one wants.

It may indeed. The price of peace, however high, is much lower than the price of nuclear war. This book is required reading for those who search for ways to work constructively for the survival of Mankind.

FICTION

Shuttle to Identification

Raymond Williams—"the holiness of life, honestly felt."

"Border Country," by Raymond Williams *(Horizon. 351 pp. $4.50), studies the life of a Welsh valley community as a living heritage through which one of its exiled sons is able to recapture his identity. Barry Spacks, who teaches humanities at MIT, frequently comments on British fiction.*

By BARRY SPACKS

THIS is a novel which one starts to read with a certain uneasiness, unavoidably I think, for although Raymond Williams began it well before his "Culture and Society," he appears at first to be that awkward figure, the academic cultural historian having a go at fiction. However, if the machinery of the book sometimes labors in the early pages to produce stock figures or pat sociological verdicts, one nevertheless settles in to enjoy the extraordinary wealth of detail, discounting the narrative framework as a mere convenience. And the story is, indeed, simplicity itself: Matthew Price, a lecturer in economic history, returns from London to the bedside of his dying father; we follow his efforts to find a way back to his heritage, while that heritage is further evoked in counterpoint through the history of his father and his father's generation.

If the reader comes to "Border Country" with a qualified historical interest, he leaves with a reaction little short of reverence. There is holiness here—the holiness of life itself, honestly felt and unsparingly penetrated. To reach for language of the highest praise, what Mr. Williams has ultimately created is a true work of literature.

The craftsmanship demonstrates in esthetic terms the process on which it focuses, the translation of traditional values into the sinews of the present. One feels the strong resonance of the leisurely novels of Mr. Williams's own artistic forebears, the exactly rendered scenes of universal ceremony—birth and marriage, work and death—reminiscent of Galsworthy, Hardy, and George Eliot, of Arnold Bennett at his best as in "The Old Wives' Tale."

But the scene is very much of our own time, "the history of a whole people being changed," where sons become strangers to their origins, where fast lorries turn a village and a way of life into "a name you pass through, houses along the road." It is not only the contrast between England and Wales that Mr. Williams's title points to, but the sterner border between the parochial past and a present so formless that, as one of the characters remarks, "We're getting the results of our own denying. We're getting it all except the life." Matthew Price, after his crossings and recrossings, claims the rights of both worlds, the beauty of his father's integrity and the assurance alive in him as he takes up the special burdens of his own generation.

These two strands are masterfully intertwined. Matthew, estranged by his education, recaptures his identity through a place and "a way of seeing" he had almost lost: through the railway signal box and the gardens on which his father spent his working life, through the mountains, the trains in the valley, the village of Glynmawr as it is and was, the festivals and griefs of the people, the very flavor of their speech and values.

Unpretentious, deeply serious, "Border Country" is a work that illuminates and nourishes the spirit; it is a major contribution to the mid-century renaissance of British fiction.

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A Long Nose for Tomorrow's News

"Voyages to the Moon and the Sun," by Cyrano de Bergerac, *translated by Richard Aldington (Orion. 289 pp. $6), demonstrates that the real-life seventeenth-century satirist and author of prophetic science fiction is even more colorful than the legendary romantic figure popularized by Rostand. Otis Fellows has written several studies of the French Enlightenment.*

By OTIS FELLOWS

THREE centuries have passed since Savinien de Cyrano de Bergerac first burst forth upon this world to give evidence through fact and fiction that he had a touch of genius as wayward as it was bizarre. As for the facts, he was a Parisian by birth, a soldier and duelist of no small repute, and a freethinker with a studious, original turn of mind, an active pen, and a long nose.

When, almost forty years ago, Richard Aldington, poet, novelist, and critic, first brought out his unexpurgated translation with commentary of Cyrano's fictional voyages into outer space, he was able to shed considerable light on their author. The present volume is an attractive reprint of Mr. Aldington's 1923 version. The Introduction and Notes still make informative reading, but they fall short of what—in the light of recent developments in scholarship and science — a reader in 1962 has a reasonable right to expect.

Furthermore, the tone, slightly defensive and a little apologetic, that runs through the Aldington presentation no longer seems justified. It is now common knowledge that Edmond Rostand's dramatic portrait of Cyrano has little foundation in reality. It is even conceivable that the swashbuckling hero and pining, frustrated lover immortalized by the famous play is of considerably less interest today than the boldly speculative flesh-and-blood writer who was the friend of Molière and disciple of Gassendi.

Cyrano's cosmic voyages—they have often been called "comic" as well—are as entertaining and provocative in the 1960s as they were when Aldington first began work on his edition, and

—*From the book.*

Cyrano de Bergerac—a prophetic imagination.

they are far more timely. This seventeenth-century "madman" had the effrontery to propose that the stars were so many suns that could well be the centers of other planetary systems, and as late as 1910 his official biographer greeted this notion with *"Quelle idée folle!"* His fiction offered other ideas even more fantastic, more wildly absurd: man could travel from France to Canada within a few hours; he could take an extraterrestrial journey —and even reach the moon—by utilizing a series of rockets and the forces of attraction (the laws which Newton was to discover and define some thirty years later); he could observe the continents of the earth succeed one another far beneath his cabin as it was jet-propelled through outer space. In fact, Cyrano's prophetic imagination seemed to know no bounds.

But these stories are more than early examples of science fiction. They are brilliant parodies of the imaginary voyage by a man who was in the vanguard of contemporary scientific thought. Even more, they are highly significant and devastating satire directed against man's ego, his stupidity, superstitions, prejudices, social abuses, and intolerances.

Moving with extreme caution in this area, Mr. Aldington is not of much help to the uninitiated, and such important controversies in the history of ideas as that of beast-machine and man-machine, for instance, are given short shrift. He has not failed to point out in passing, however, the debt that such master satirists as Swift and Voltaire owed to their long-nosed forebear. Like theirs, Cyrano's spirit was bold and free. Still, never was Swift more vitriolic or Voltaire more mordant in ridicule against the human race than Cyrano quoting his judges on the Sun as saying that he was not a monkey as he had boasted, but merely a man.

Birth of a Faith, American Style

"The Devil's Rainbow," by J. C. Furnas *(Harper. 331 pp. $4.95), recreates in fiction the extraordinary man who founded the Mormon Church. Paul Darcy Boles is a novelist and short-story writer.*

By PAUL DARCY BOLES

BRIGHAM YOUNG, the Saint Paul—or the Stalin—of the Mormon Church, and first of the twelve apostles of Joseph Smith, would have found plenty to carp at in J. C. Furnas's fine novel, which deals in freewheeling but beautifully sure style with that church's origins. But any reader sensitive to a sure eye for human values and a wonderfully perceptive ear for speech rhythms can only stand up and cheer. This is an exciting, honestly robust, often very funny, often extremely moving story that never once sacrifices humanity to a thesis or joy in life to a term-paper design. One feels that it *was* like this; that from the moment Joe Pomeroy, narrator of the novel, opens with "Even Mom and me knowed about him, and we lived way out in the woods and when the weather was bad we might go a month at a time and never speak to a living soul . . ." to the last word he says on the subject, this is the goods, the light behind the life, the deep-rooted and final, definitive fictional insight into the amazing Joseph Smith.

Many "historical" novels have a certain gusto, a lively thrust of power which, if it doesn't pardon excesses, at

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least lays a glossy screen over the grinding of axes. There is no axe-grinding here; neither is there any of that aura of noble hero-worship and special mystique found in Vardis Fisher's "Children of God" or Maurine Whipple's "The Giant Joshua." There is Joseph Smith, full-blown, egocentric as a mule full of corn, erotic as a Barbary ape, enormously gifted, always fascinating, indubitably paranoid. Neither the narrator nor Mr. Furnas makes any "judgments" about him; he is simply there, like a force of nature, and this is his book. To put a living man in front of us, and to let him live, is by itself a job better worth doing than any amount of cautious semitheological speculation. But Mr. Furnas does even more.

By putting the emphasis where it should be, and letting it all roll from the mouth and soul of Joe Pomeroy, he allows us the freedom of our own definitions. And Joe, though fictional, is a "creation" who, for mother-wit, originality, and blighted but bountiful humanity, is fit to stand alongside Huckleberry Finn and breathe the same honest air. His laughter is real as a river, and his grief rings like Hoosier ground in iron December. He holds the lapels of the listener from start to finish, and one shuts the book with a satisfied sigh —only to open it again and marvel at the vast amount of research that has found its way into an absolutely convincing yarn. There are, no doubt, juicy, controversial areas here; and today's Mormons may well become angry about the whole approach. But if they are wise, they will let it stand without comment; the spirit in "The Devil's Rainbow" is intensely real, and therefore holy.

One can think of no greater compliment than to say that Bernard De Voto would have relished this book. It has that shock of greatness that may with luck come to a discerning and hungry searcher a dozen times during his life.

NEUROTIC QUARTET: The publishers of **"Interchange"** (Knopf, $2.95) are to be congratulated for offering the reading public 273 pages for under three dollars. Beyond that, this first novel by Judith Shatnoff is no bargain.

Though Miss Shatnoff possesses talent, she has done everything within her power to prevent the reader from recognizing it. To begin with, she has made the common mistake of assuming that neurosis alone makes a character interesting. Therefore, she has taken four neurotics and turned them loose without the help of a solidly constructed plot, believing that the very qualities she describes as distasteful in them will make them highly palatable to the reader. They don't.

Her story boils down to nothing much more than a fat, unattractive, pseudo-intellectual female deserting her hypochondriacal husband to run off with her lover, who eventually abandons her in favor of a stag-party harpist (she strums stripped to the waist). Around the fringes are the abandoned husband and a schizophrenic bellboy, who wander off on their own tangents.

The style that Miss Shatnoff has chosen to encase her novel would test the strength of a well-seasoned author. Each character narrates in the first person whenever his or her turn comes up to inch the story along. This trick construction automatically demands four styles of writing (there are a few moments when, trapped in her own invention, Miss Shatnoff sneaks in the bellboy's sister for some solo passages). Unfortunately, the quartet, regardless of sex and background, all speak with one voice, and you know whose that is.

Let's hope "Interchange" represents a purge rather than a way of life for Judith Shatnoff. If it's the former, she should be all ready for a good novel.

—Haskel Frankel.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHICH IS WHICH?

Here are sundry historical and fictional personages who are sometimes hard to tell apart. James P. Killen of Chicago, Illinois, asks you to tell them apart. Answers on page 49.

1. Catherine Howard and Catherine of Aragon were two of Henry VIII's six wives. One was divorced, one beheaded. Which was which?

2. Castor and Pollux were mythological twins. One was famous for his boxing skill, the other for his horsemanship. Which for which?

3. Hero and Leander were legendary lovers. One swam the Hellespont to reach the other. Which swam?

4. Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger were an uncle-and-nephew literary team of ancient Rome. One is noted for his "Natural History," the other for his "Letters." Which for which?

5. Charles Lever and Samuel Lover were native Dubliners and nineteenth-century novelists. One wrote "Handy Andy," and one wrote "Charles O'Malley." Which did which?

6. There was an American Winston Churchill and there is an English Winston Churchill. One wrote "The Crisis" and the other wrote "The World Crisis." Which wrote which?

7. Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, first Earl of Lytton, was the son of Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, first Baron Lytton. One of them wrote "Lucile," and the other wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii." Which did which?

8. The Prince and the Pauper were two young Mark Twain heroes. One was named Tom and the other Edward. Which was the Prince?

9. Sohrab and Rustum were legendary father-and-son warriors. One killed the other in battle. Who slew whom?

10. Tweedledum and Tweedledee were a couple of Lewis Carroll characters. One accused the other of stealing his rattle. Who accused whom?

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Yorkshire Rebel in Silken Chains

"O Dreams, O Destinations: An Autobiography," by Phyllis Bentley *(Macmillan. 272 pp. $4.50), describes the difficulties encountered by a middle-class Englishwoman in becoming a writer and an independent human being. Lillian Smith's "Killers of the Dream" was recently published by Norton in a revised edition.*

By LILLIAN SMITH

EVERY man, as Paracelsus says, is the son of two fathers—one of Heaven, one of Earth. I thought of this as I was reading Phyllis Bentley's autobiography. She is earthbound and she knows it, but she never ceases to reach toward the sky—sometimes with a longing so intense that she almost tears herself in two in a silent effort to free herself from the fixating stuff of Yorkshire County.

Her account of her longing to write, her need to escape the soft, silk-covered chains that bound all middle-class girls of her generation, is so drily written that a careless or blunted reader may fail to perceive the drama, the pathos, and the mastered ordeals that are revealed in its pages. She yearned for adventure, yearned to write "a great novel," yearned to express the humor and wit she knew she possessed in words that would endure; now she knows that she has not achieved what she wanted to do. That she has achieved excellence as a woman and a true *areté* of spirit she seems only dimly aware, although, with good Yorkshire understatement, she might defend the rightness of her life *for her,* if you questioned it.

She was a most intense and ambivalent member of that first generation of girl rebels. Her family were Tory; her father and brothers were textile mill-owners; she loved the initiative and courage and hard work that built up the textile industry; she respected Yorkshire "tycoons" even as she smiled at them; at the same time, she was concerned about low wages and bad housing, was unillusioned about war, and knew well the difficulties women met as they tried to take their place in a man's world. But she found it almost impossible to rebel openly against

Phyllis Bentley—"a muted poignancy."

the evils she saw so clearly, for at the moment of seeing the evils she also saw the good entwined with the evil; when she was most strongly tempted to be a changer, a maker of a new world, she also felt the value of the conservators, the maintainers of what was good in the past. Phyllis Bentley's mind was not a mind that supports itself easily on an ideology, either of reaction or of progress.

When she speaks of Yorkshire, of its industry, its patterns of economic and cultural life, of its people's psychology, I found her book of much interest. Her mind is tough and perceptive, she is shrewd, and she has interesting things to say.

But what I miss in the book is poetry. Again and again, I was reminded of Emily Dickinson: curiously enough, there is something of Emily in Phyllis Bentley—if we can think of an Emily without the talent for expressing the poetry of her inward-looking spirit. But Miss Bentley writes only prose. This is her weakness as an artist—and perhaps her strength as a Yorkshire daughter. She split herself into dreamer and daughter, and pushed the dreamer so deep down inside her that she rarely had access to it. She seems blocked off from the fury and wildness and sweetness of imagination, from the surprises that the mythic mind might have offered her had she been able to communicate with it.

Her writings reveal the profound difference between daydreams and imagination. Her habit of secret daydreaming from early childhood undoubtedly gave her facility in making up all sorts of fictitious people and situations, but they were curiously thin, superficial, and, at times, of a naïve quality. Perhaps her love of the Brontë sisters, a lifelong preoccupation, suggests that she felt they made journeys into places of the imagination to which she could obtain no passport. Yorkshire County, which she loved and is loyal to, held her prisoner on too many levels of her being.

One has only to remember the autobiographies of Pasternak, Stendhal, and Rilke, or Dorothy Wordsworth's journal, or Virginia Woolf's diaries, or the letters of van Gogh to know at once that "O Dreams, O Destinations" does not achieve a high quality of human revelation. Nor can it touch Vera Brittain's "Testament of Youth" in eloquence, or Paul Nash's perceptive powers of observation of the countryside in "Outline."

What her book does give us is an earthy sense of Yorkshire County. We feel we have lived among its sheep, wandered across the Pennines, stared at its smokestacks, and watched its people make a community of themselves. The book also gives us a hurting awareness of the twentieth-century woman's difficulties in becoming simply a person; and we listen carefully as in her whispered agony Phyllis Bentley describes the difficulty of writing in a household where a mother's soft, smothering hands held her inaccessible to the tumults and the exaltations of passionate relationships with her world. When she tells of these matters she achieves a muted poignancy that is not soon forgotten by the reader.

Preface to a Poetry Reading

By Samuel Hazo

SINCE eyes are deaf and ears are blind to words
in all their ways, I speak the sounds I write,
hoping you see what somehow stays unheard
and hear what never is quite clear at sight.

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Persuasionist for the Crown

"Dust in the Lion's Paw: Autobiography 1939-1946," by Freya Stark *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 283 pp. $6.75), contains excerpts from letters, speeches, and diaries written by the author during her wartime experiences with the British Colonial Office. Hal Lehrman, author, lecturer, and foreign correspondent, spent the war years as OWI chief in Turkey.*

By HAL LEHRMAN

IF ONE was just a plain foreign correspondent or a routine word-slinger for this or that Allied propaganda agency, one will not find in one's attic a dusty knapsack like Freya Stark's, rich with yellowing letters to and from such great and almost-great friends as Field-Marshal Earl Wavell, Sir Harold Nicolson, Sir Kinahan Cornwallis, Brigadier Clayton (inventor of the Arab League), or even Isaiah Berlin and Mrs. Otto Kahn. This stuff of history, stitched together with other memorabilia from scraps of speeches or from diary excerpts first written in tranquil evenings after animated days in hot spots and all firmly connected by transitional passages of fresh text, makes an inimitable and invaluable volume.

It is sometimes too much the author's own, larded with Briticisms as obscure for most of us over here as those uproariously blank jokes in jolly old *Punch,* or with snippets of bureaucratic gossip meaningful only to office neighbors or to individual confidantes far away. Nevertheless, the book is worth an outsider's full attention. It has style. It has authority, nourished by personal attendance on the front lines no less than at garden parties. And, quite often, it has revelation, the inner view of a redoubtable observer.

Essentially, and so labeled, the book is autobiography, not so much of private experience as of ideas, visible adventures, and public appearances. It has very little narrative from Palestine, where Miss Stark in this period halted only occasionally and briefly. She was a top-drawer propagandist (or persuasionist, as she prefers to think of it). She was town-crier of news about the war effort to a daily assembly of turbans in a main Aden square. She cajoled the Imam's harem out of zeal for Il Duce by flickering a cargo of British documentary films on Yemeni palace screens. She rooted thousands of pro-British (but now utterly extinct) "Brotherhood of Freedom" clubs the length of the Egyptian Nile. She transplanted the Brotherhood to Iraq in time to get holed up in the Embassy compound while Rashid Ali was abortively opting for the Third Reich and German planes strafed the RAF's runway at Habbaniya. She carried the good British word to Iran, to India, to Canada, even to us, all the way from Manhattan to San Francisco. When the war was barely done around her beloved hill-house in Asolo, they had her creating "reading centers" in northern Italy for British newspapers which her Ministry of Information habitually neglected to deliver for her avid clientele.

All this provides hearty though kaleidoscopic reading, on a global scale. But ever and anon, no matter where, the main theme recurs to make everything tidy: that Zionist "arrogance," plus the folly of British politicians, estranged the Arabs, driving Britain pretty nearly out of the entire irate Moslem world.

Miss Stark is least edifying when she is recounting her triumphs over pro-Zionist hecklers. She seems somehow never to have lost a point or failed to demolish the enemy, while audiences cheered her, throughout the long American tour. (It is only fair to add that she allowed herself one quick salute to Palestinian Jewish achievement; she possessed and enjoyed some Jewish friends, inexorably identified as "moderates"; but she took a dim view in the main of the complete United States in all its parts.)

Miss Stark is at her best, on the other hand, when excoriating for its own sake (not Britain's) the grievance done the Arab population of a predominantly Arab land. She considers Jewish immigration into Palestine without Arab consent a violation of native sovereignty. She stresses the non-Zionist considerations in that monumental vagueness known as the Balfour Declaration.

But she does not mourn the tragedy of decimated European Jewry blockaded from its Palestine refuge, nor show awareness of the equally apparent pro-Zionist considerations in the Balfour paper, nor admit that an Ernest Bevin and his kind ever existed. She sees only one side of a case that notoriously has a dozen sides.

She Shot the Gunfire

"What's a Woman Doing Here?," by Dickey Chapelle *(Morrow. 285 pp. $5), recalls the experiences of a female reporter-photographer whose destiny it was to seek out danger, the disapproval of old-fashioned generals notwithstanding. Quentin Reynolds is a veteran of the journalistic scene at war and at peace.*

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

PSYCHOLOGISTS often claim that women are the stronger sex. Doctors state that most women are able to bear pain better than men, and that they are less susceptible to fear. Those of us who were war correspondents (male) during World War II must, no matter how reluctantly, agree with the conclusions of these experts. We saw such correspondents (female) as Helen Kirkpatrick, Mary Welsh, Marguerite Higgins, Eve Curie, fabulous Maggie Bourke-White (just to name a few) establish the tradition that anything we could do, they could do as well or better.

During the early years of the war they labored under a handicap we males didn't suffer; when any of them wrangled her way to a fighting front some general would be sure to roar, "What's a woman doing here?" Dickey Chapelle, one of the most capable of her breed, has used that apt phrase for the title of her autobiography. Dickey began her flirtation with danger at the age of eighteen, when she conned test pilot Earl T. Converse into taking her for a flight in his Grumman F-3, a two-seated biplane. He gave her the full treatment, which meant charging up to 12,000 feet and then slamming the aircraft into a straight down power dive. He hit terminal velocity almost immediately and then held it until he had to pull out at nine full Gs. Dickey wrote a story detailing the clinical effects of an overdose of G, and when she sold it to the New York *Times,* she knew her destiny. It was

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to be in dangerous situations and not only write about them but photograph whatever was happening.

By 1941 she was married and doing fairly well as a free-lance writer-photographer. Her husband enlisted in the Navy immediately after Pearl Harbor and was sent to Coco Solo Naval Air Station in Panama. Dickey couldn't go along as a naval wife, but she talked *Look* magazine into assigning her to that area. She was accredited by the army to photograph the training exercises of the Fourteenth Infantry Regiment in the jungles of Panama. But she had to be okayed by Colonel Ernest R. Dupuy of Army Public Relations. She reports the interview:

> "I presume you know, Mrs. Chapelle," he said sternly, "that troops in the field have no facilities for women."
>
> "Colonel," I said earnestly, "I'm sure the Fourteenth Infantry has solved much tougher problems than that. They'll probably think of a way to lick this one too."

They did. So did the Marines at Iwo Jima, where Dickey landed on D-plus-two, and at Guam and Okinawa. Dickey saw a great many men killed in battle, and on beaches and hospital ships she talked to and photographed hundreds who were badly wounded. She had a ringside seat in the Pacific.

When it was all over, there was no reason why she couldn't stay home and take pictures away from the sound of gunfire. Instead, she followed her destiny. During the ensuing years she parachuted into Korea, covered the Algerian fighting, photographed Castro's troops in combat. Unable to get proper credentials at the time of the Hungarian uprising, she was smuggled into the satellite by two freedom fighters and was captured and held for eighty days by the secret police, mostly in solitary confinement.

Dickey Chapelle has led an exciting life in many lands where fighting was going on. It is unlikely that any general seeing her today would dare to roar, "What's a Woman Doing Here?"

Dickey Chapelle—"she knew her destiny."

DICKENSIAN SPIRIT: In show business many are called but few are chosen. Emlyn Williams is one of the few. He was destined to become one of the fine actors of our time and a successful playwright as well. In his case, since he grew up in Wales in circumstances of near-poverty, the call, when he heard it, was difficult to identify. The real suspense and chief fascination of **"George: An Early Autobiography"** (Random House, $5.95) are contained in Williams's description of the slow and often painful process through which he recognized his destiny.

This is an unusual kind of success story in that the happy ending toward which it progresses is not merely that of applause and riches but the ultimate transformation of a lonely, imaginative child, who was not a rebel but an escapist, into a conscious artist able to make his way in a difficult world. The story ends as Williams enters the life of the professional theatre. Nevertheless, this is always a theatre person's book and must be one of the best autobiographies of its kind ever written. What makes it so is Williams's almost complete conquest of the dramatic temperament, which asserts itself where it will, against all odds, and often disastrously, but in him produced a man equal to its demands and capable of its rewards.

Williams has waited to recollect until he could do so in tranquillity. Thus, he is able to write about the George Williams who became Emlyn Williams without prejudice, bitterness, or self-delusion, almost as if they were two different people. He understands his limited but sympathetic parents and writes about them with love, as he does about all the people who affected or influenced him at home in Wales, in France, where he went as a student, and at Oxford. He tells in full the story of Miss Cooke, the person who did most for him and to whom he paid tribute in his play "The Corn Is Green." There is no doubt that Miss Cooke, if she could read this book, would feel herself repaid.

One of Emlyn Williams's greatest triumphs in the theatre was his portrayal of Charles Dickens reading from his works. This was no mere tour de force but a unique and moving experience. Williams's autobiography demonstrates that his extraordinary identification with Dickens is due to more than an actor's genius. He appears to have Dickens's nature and a good share of his talent as a writer. Time and again readers of this book—and they will be many—will recognize in its lively cleverness and genuine humor, in its elaborate but eloquent style, and, above all, in its tolerance and compassion the true Dickensian spirit.

—VICTOR CHAPIN.

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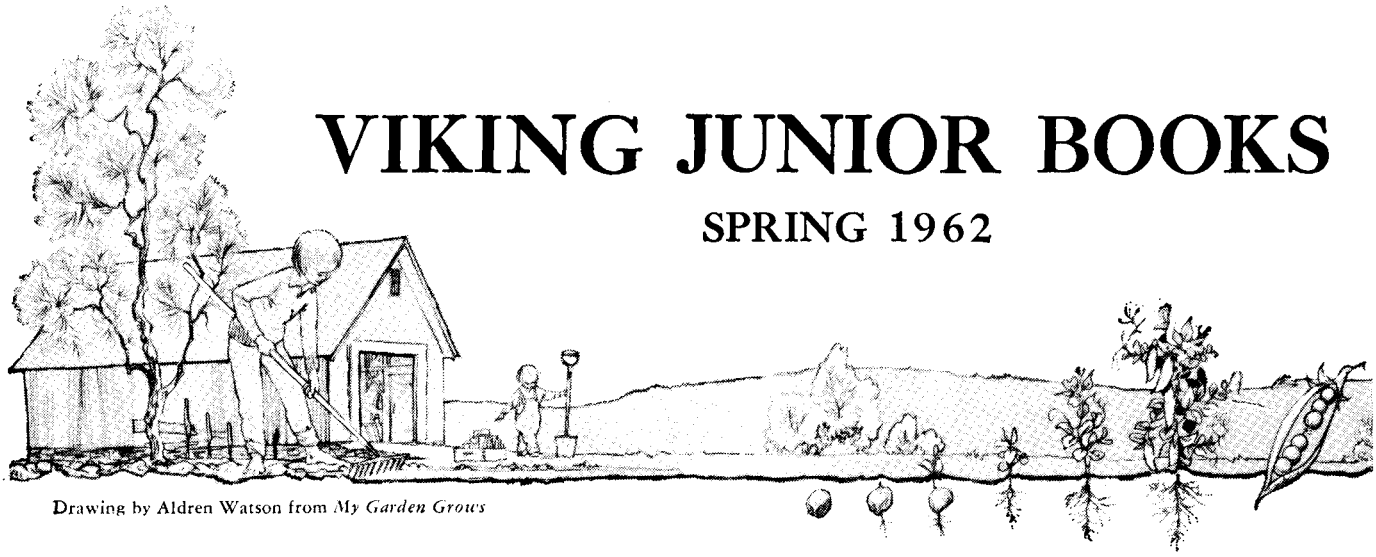

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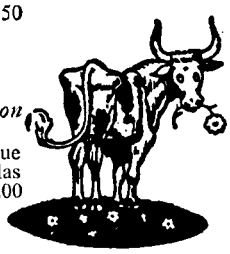

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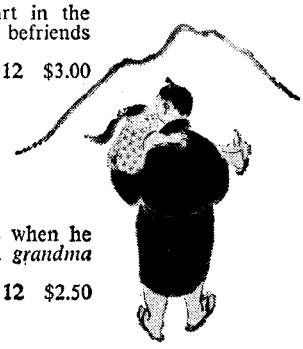

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Fairy Tales: A Tradition for Excellence Today

By WILLIAM LIPKIND

—*From "Indian Tales."*

THE FLOW of new children's books has now become a flood. Books big and small, fat and thin, broad and narrow, jacketed in every color of the rainbow. Books for every age and condition. Books for the beginning reader, the poor reader, the good reader, and the nonreader. Books on every conceivable subject that might interest a child or that somebody thinks ought to interest a child. Books with every style of illustration from unconscious Victorian to sophisticated mock-Victorian, from imitation Infantile to simple Childlike, from standard Academic to all the divergent varieties of Modernist, not excluding the Nonobjective. Books ranging in setting from Greenland to fairyland, from earth to the other planets to the other galaxies. And in time from the geologic past to the imagined future, to say nothing of the timeless. Something for every taste, every mood, every purse. More than any reviewer can examine. How John Newbery, who started it over 200 years ago, would marvel, could he see what the first children's bookshop and publishing house has grown to. A veritable cornucopia.

The abundance and variety are exhilarating, as is the prospect of further exuberant growth. But a shadow of doubt falls on the jubilation as soon as one takes a critical glance at the books themselves. In all this plenty one thing is scarce: the book of high quality. Fairly good books are less rare. Their number increases as the total output goes up, but the proportion of them in the total output appears to be diminishing. The bulk of the mushroom growth is, to put it bluntly, trash: sham books, concocted books, books that are banal in theme and stale in writing, smart-alecky attempts to set a new fashion, watered-down imitations of what was never more than mildly savory, thinly disguised migrants from the comics, the movies, and television. Clearly, the industrious pursuit of profit in a boom market leaves little time for the gradual maturation of creative work and the cultivation of budding talent. And artistic integrity seldom wins when pitted against mercenaries.

In itself the lack of quality in current children's books would not be alarming. It is merely another instance of the pervasive phenomenon of mass manufacturing in our time. What is disturbing is the paucity of critical standards and sustained critical evaluation of the books as they pile up year after year. A brief review is all. It makes hardly any difference what is said, the treatment is usually so perfunctory, and the book gets no further evaluation. And if it lasts a few years, it automatically becomes a "classic."

A classic is a book of the first rank, one on which standards are based. Can one talk of classics in a critical vacuum? Is it justifiable even to talk of children's literature—except in the sense in which one talks of medical literature—when the body of criticism that flourishes in every other branch of literature—the untiring search for what is permanent and of solid worth, the persistent reconsideration of the old in the light of the new, and examination of the new in the light of the old—is almost wholly lacking?

I gladly concede that children's literature in the more demanding sense of the word "literature" does in fact exist, and has its classics, although the body of criticism that could establish their stature is as yet a mere shadow. And throughout children's literature can be sensed a central tradition, which links the best contemporary work with the seminal classics.

Among all claimants to classical status in children's literature the fairy tales stand first. A search for critical standards and the bones of the central tradition must begin with them. Let us briefly list their salient features. They are stories that are strongly patterned, with rhythmic repetition in matching episodes, verbal formulae, and recurring songs and charms. Simple in plot and without subplot, the stories move briskly, from action to action, untrammeled by description or exposition. Their moral universe is also simple, though sometimes with subtle undertones: the struggle of good against evil, with the weaker protagonist on the side of good and always winning. While their world is a world of marvels, spacious and mysterious, the foreground is always vividly objectified with homely detail. It is a world in which the relationship between human beings and animals and plants and even inanimate things is extraordinarily intimate. Above all, the telling is important: direct, exact, animated, humorous, the narrator believes in his story and relives it with zest. One can hear his voice with its personal tone and rhythm.

These are the essential points, baldly summarized without any attempt to show the beauty of the tales and the aura of poetic suggestion emanating from them. In the words of great storytellers, such as Perrault or the Grimms, they sweep the reader up to peaks of exaltation, sometimes even in a single phrase. It is impossible to convey the impact in Perrault's "Sleeping Beauty" of the first words of the Princess after

WILLIAM LIPKIND, an anthropologist, has written two children's books that use that background—"Boy of the Islands" and "Boy with a Harpoon." Under the pseudonyms "Will and Nicolas," he and the artist Nicolas Mordvinoff have collaborated on a number of picture books, among them, "The Two Reds," "Finders Keepers" (Caldecott Medal 1952), and "Billy the Kid." "Days to Remember" was published last year by Obolensky under the name of William Lipkind. He teaches anthropology at New York University and also gives a course in "Writing Books for Children" at Hunter College.

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FUN AND ADVENTURE AHEAD!

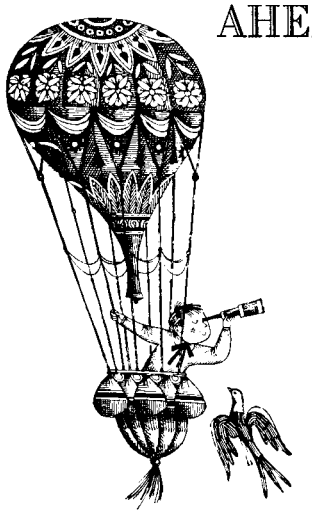

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Illustration from *Where in the World Do You Live?*

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—From "The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe."

the Prince wakes her from her magic sleep with a kiss: "Is it you, my prince? I have been waiting for you so long." Or that of the Grimms's Rumpelstiltskin when he refuses to take riches instead of the promised baby: "No, something human is dearer to me than all the treasures of the earth."

We must now move down to a lower plane and consider works by two great writers, works not written for children but appropriated by them with a sure instinct for what will nourish them: "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels." The first is the classic story of shipwreck and adventure. With all its points of difference, how close it is to the fairy tale in its essential characteristics. The telling is circumstantial, exact, meant to be credible in every detail. The simple moral universe, the sense of the marvelous (though in this case not supernatural), the kinship with nature—they are all here. It is instructive to consider what has been eliminated to make it a children's book: sermons, homilies, reflections on human life—some of them excellent but all of them impeding the forward movement of the action.

In its first incarnation "Gulliver's Travels" was a bitter satire, savage in its contempt for man. But children saw the wonderful fantasy that lay beneath, stripped it of its angry stings, leaving only what appealed to their imagination. In its new form it is a gripping story of adventure in a fantastic world, told with the most scrupulous precision. "The rogue never hazards a metaphor," said Dr. Johnson of Swift. This is true; Swift's first concern is to make the reader see clearly; he does it with sober and exact detail. The child can feel at home in his world as in a game where the rules are strictly observed, and delight in the sparkling play of inexhaustible invention.

Later works belonging to the central tradition follow the same pattern. Each writer adds something of his own: a new tone of voice, fresh turns of humor, inventions in plot and setting and character. But the basic requirements, which in the profoundest sense were established by children themselves, remain the same: a speaking voice with a distinct personality of its own telling the story, vivid and rhythmic but at the same time exact and credible; an uninterrupted, clear, forward movement of the action; a simple moral universe with justice at its heart; a world with room in it for the wonderful; the kinship of man with all other living beings.

A volume would be needed to follow the tradition in all its ramifications. A glance at the chief innovators will at least demonstrate its scope. Hans Christian Andersen, the greatest writer of original tales, is at his best and most fully himself in the stories that are closest in structure to the traditional fairy tale. Lewis Carroll departs from only one principle, that of clear action; but in sparkling wit and delightful absurdity he makes generous payment for the liberty he takes. The fantasies of George Macdonald are in the central line with an added dream quality and suggestion of allegory. In "Pinocchio" Collodi fuses the traditional tale with the comic verve of the *Commèdia dell' arte*. Stevenson brought the adventure story to perfect artistic finish in "Treasure Island." In "Huckleberry Finn," a boy's story that adults have appropriated, Mark Twain made vernacular American viable as an artistic language. Howard Pyle, the best writer of original fairy tales after Andersen, though a long way after, showed what resources still lay in the traditional tale, spiced with brisk, homespun humor. Except for the intrusion of many tumors of Swedish geography and history, Selma Lagerlöf utilizes the traditional canons magnificently in "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils"; skilled

—"The Adventures of Pinocchio."

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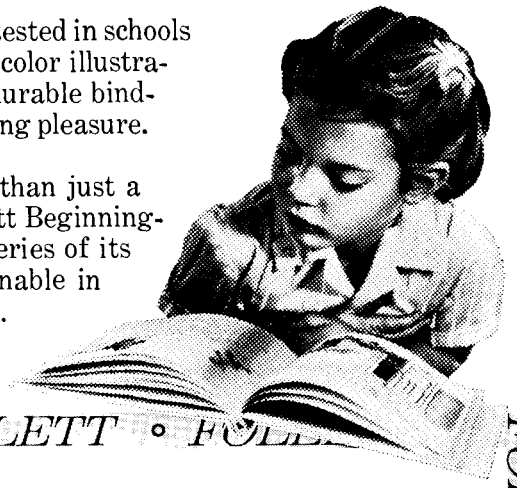

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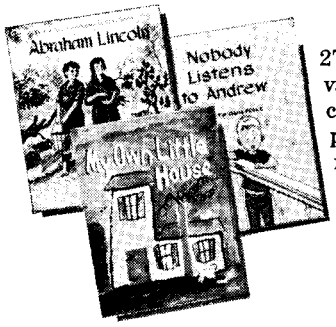

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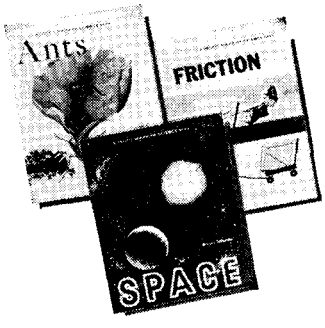

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surgery would make an even greater book of it. What she almost does, Kipling does perfectly in the Jungle Books, an original animal world after the traditional pattern. And Beatrix Potter shows that it can be done on a miniature scale with equal perfection.

Perhaps these few examples chosen from books that everyone has read will be enough to indicate how vigorously and variously the tradition has grown. It remains to show that the tradition is still very much alive in certain contemporary books and has recently budded out into brilliant new developments.

One could discuss in detail Charles Vildrac's "Rose Island" and Erich Kästner's "Emil and the Detectives" and Pamela Travers's "Mary Poppins" and Mary Norton's "The Borrowers" and E. B. White's "Charlotte's Web" and C. S. Lewis's Narnia stories and Eleanor Estes's stories of the Moffats and the science fiction of Robert Heinlein and André Norton. And there are others. So many new voices, so much fresh invention, with the traditional principles still operative at the source! Instead, I prefer to focus on three contemporary books that have a strong claim to be considered as of the first rank. My three potential classics are English, German, and American.

The English book is "The Hobbit." In it J. R. R. Tolkien has created an original fairy tale world that seems as true as history, and peopled it with all the creatures of traditional lore, as well as a few of his own invention. The story, exciting, humorous, touching, and poetic, is of an adventurous quest. On the firm basis of the traditional principles Mr. Tolkien has written a children's epic, an imaginative work of great power, sweep, nobility, and tenderness.

—From "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils."

—From "The Princess and the Goblin."

The German book is "Big Tiger and Christian." Writing out of his own experience, Fritz Mühlenweg portrays the Gobi Desert and the Mongolian nomads with the intimacy that only profound knowledge can give. And yet, curiously, the general impression left by this story of a dangerous journey is not very different from that left by "The Hobbit." The vast distances and strange ways of life through which the stirring action moves arouse a similar feeling of wonder. And though the book is only about the adventure of two small boys, it also swells to an epic stature, arising in part from the sense of space, and in part from the variety and individuality of the characters.

The American book is "Indian Tales," by Jaime de Angulo. It is also a story of a journey, but the journey is neither dangerous nor exciting. And yet it is wholly absorbing at every stage. Are the characters humans or are they animals? Both, it seems. Some of them are even minerals. De Angulo has built out of the myths of the California Indians a convincing fairy tale world; no other book brings the reader so close to the Indian spirit. And it is told in a simple, rhythmic American, free of dialect, but with a strange flavor of its own.

Of all contemporary children's books that I have read, these three strike me as likely to be read in the twenty-first century. And all three base their various inventions on principles implicit in the fairy tale. Are these principles limitations or are they the portals of discovery? Whichever—any writer who thinks he can disregard them and produce a book that will at once entertain children and be a work of art has my best wishes! I think Coleridge was right when he said, "Do not let us introduce an Act of Uniformity against Poets."

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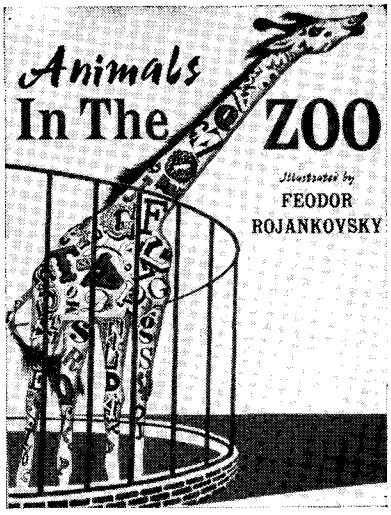
First Leaves of Spring

ANIMALS IN THE ZOO. *Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. Knopf. 40 pp.* $2.95. What a handsome book! Parents, librarians, and teachers should take delight in putting it into children's hands. It is Rojankovsky at his best, and whether it is used as a visit to the zoo or an alphabet book does not matter. There is no text, simply the name of the animal and the letter of its name in upper and lower case—leaving plenty of white space for those wonderful pictures. Some of the animals are exotic; do you know what a *nandu* or a *vari* is? Well, it's a good exercise in mind-stretching before going to the zoo to find the creatures. One of the book's most delightful aspects is that amazing giraffe on the jacket and title page. She is covered with letters of the alphabet, plain and fancy. And, for the comfort of the literal-minded, the giraffe also appears inside the book with her own exact markings, so nobody will be misled into thinking she normally wears the letters of the alphabet. Ages 3-6.



DID YOU EVER SEE? *Written and illustrated by Walter Einsel. William R. Scott. 64 pp.* $3. Although this is one of the most decorative books of the spring and one that will make children laugh, one has to be sure that they know enough to see the absurdity of the situations. Laughter depends on being "in the know." "Did you ever see a giraffe [turn page] laugh?" "Did you ever see a sheep—sleep?" The latter could be a complete flop because the sheep is counting *people*. Most of the rhymes, however, are perfectly clear, and may lead on to further rhyming. Ages 4-6.

ALL SIZES OF NOISES. *By Karla Kuskin. Harper. 32 pp.* $1.95. Ever since Margaret Wise Brown's "Noisy Books" (still in print and also Harper's) there have been other books about noise, which children love up to a point, and which adults deplore. The first page in this simple little book is so deceptively quiet that the reader will almost jump as the alarm clock goes off. After that we follow the noises through John's day—some big, some small, and all city noises. Now the young listener likes

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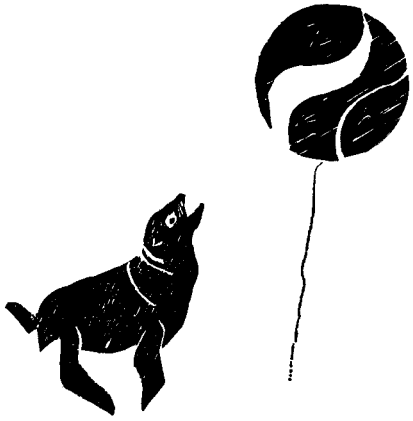
to join in the noisemaking but later he will know about decibels. A slight book, and more for quiet young children than for eight-year-olds. Ages 4-8.

MAMA, I WISH I WAS SNOW/CHILD YOU'D BE VERY COLD. *By Ruth Krauss. Woodcuts by Ellen Raskin. Atheneum.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. The little Spanish poem by Garcia Lorca, reproduced in the front of this book is charming; whether the idea remains so as enlarged upon by Ruth Krauss is another matter. Parents whose children wish they were chairs, paper, a fire plug (of all things!) *are* going to need "new insights," as the description of the book suggests.

It is, of course, a game in dialogue, and a resourceful mother may be able to go on with the playing of it indefinitely. The woodcuts are interesting as design, and colorful. But a seven-year-old would be bored by the whole thing. Ages 4-7.

PLOP PLOP PLOPPIE. *Story and pictures by Elizabeth Olds. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. Based on the true story of a trained sea lion that escapes from its master and is finally found by him in the Coney Island Aquarium, this book is made by the pictures, which are most handsome and entertaining. They are in a four-color combination of woodcut and pencil. Children will be glad that Ploppie finally goes home and revisits the aquarium each year to perform for the visiting children. However, climaxes, which are suitably dramatized in the pictures, could have been a little more dramatic in text. Ages 5-8.



—From "Plop Plop Ploppie."

JEFF AND MR. JAMES' POND. *By Esther MacBain Meeks. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 36 *pp.* $2.95. Paul Galdone's pictures transform a pleasant, friendly, outdoor story into a most attractive book. One of the few artists who know how little boys of six or so really look, he can be funny without caricature—and create a decorative effect at the same time. Jeff helps his grownup friend Mr. James make a pond for his cows. The cows love it until the water gets too full of water fleas. They get minnows to eat the fleas, blue gills to eat the surplus minnows. Then Jeff has to call in all his young friends to go fishing, to maintain the balance of population in the pond—which makes everyone happy. Including all the cats in town, who get fish dinners. Ages 5-9.

GOOD HUNTING, LITTLE INDIAN. *By Peggy Parish. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. William R. Scott.* 48 *pp.* $3. On the first pages of this colorful book we meet little Indian and Papa (modern evidently, for they wear shirts and trousers). Little Indian announces he is going hunting with the bow and six arrows he has made. "Good hunting," says Papa. "Bring home something big." We now accompany little Indian through the woods as he shoots with his sadly inadequate bow—and misses. Then charged by a wild boar, he jumps in the air, descends on the boar, rides him into the village, where the boar is shot by Papa Indian. A highly improbable story that nevertheless is attractive and fun to read. Children will enjoy listening to it and reading it themselves. Ages 4-7.

MY GARDEN GROWS. *Written and illustrated by Alden A. Watson. Viking.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. All too often a book for young gardeners is rather dull, but this is one that children can enjoy either as beginning gardeners or without turning a shovelful of earth. Alden Watson tells about the vegetables planted, and he has hit on the idea of making decorative yet realistic pictures showing the growth of seed to vegetable below and above the soil. Which should encourage children waiting anxiously for seeds to come up. The toad that lives in the garden adds to the book's interest. Ages 4-6 (or 7).

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE. *An Aesop Fable. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Whittlesey House.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. In the last thirty years or so someone developed the idea that elementary schoolchildren couldn't understand fables and we almost lost them for good. Nowadays, "Slow and steady often wins the race" will undoubtedly be appreciated by those known as "slow learners," but the moral seems to have lost something in its travels from the early adult editions of Aesop's Fables. There the emphasis was on being "up and doing" and on not sleeping by the way. Also: "Victory is not always to the strong nor to the swift." Ages 5-9.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT. *By Edward Lear. Illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Doubleday.* 24 *pp.* $1.75. While this is the masculine view of romance, my heart remains with Barbara Cooney's pictures for "Le Hibou et la Poussiquette," in which the Poussiquette approaches marriage with feminine wiles. One look into the coldly calculating blue eyes of Mr. du Bois's Pussy Cat makes one marvel that the henpecked Owl does not remember he has wings. Children will probably not get the fine points of all this, and find it good fun. Color is skilfully used to suggest more colors than four, but the book seems too small for its pictures. Ages 4-8.

LIKE NOTHING AT ALL. *By Aileen Fisher. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Crowell.* 37 *pp.* $3.50. What a nice, woodsy, spring-like book—using light brown and green so successfully that it really does seem to go through the four seasons it depicts. Aileen Fisher's poetic text and Leonard

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Weisgard's atmospheric illustrations seem made for each other, and the way in which the light green wash is carried on the text page is also pleasing.

The child who is in theory the narrator begins with an account of a spring walk: "wild-flowers/springing up eagerly/and robins/singing inside of me!"—then takes other seasonal walks, discovering that animals have what is more formally known as protective coloration, but aptly described as "looking like Nothing at All." Finally the child tries a little of this herself. Ages 4-8.

THE DESERT PEOPLE. *By Ann Nolan Clark. Illustrated by Allan Houser. Viking.* 59 *pp.* $3. It is springtime in the East but there is spring in the West, too. In the Southwest country of the Desert People the Indians know that "Green moon walks across the night sky/and calls to the sleeping desert/to waken./Plant things send upward/thin green fingers. . . . This is the time of the new Green Moon."

Ann Nolan Clark, whose book "In My Mother's House" is so well known, now lets a boy of the desert take us through the moons of the year, and through the daily life of his home and his village. The text is rhythmic. The pictures in terra-cotta, purple, green, and turquoise are by a recognized Indian artist. We wish that all his pictures could be in color but that evidently isn't possible. Closing the book after having lived with its people, perhaps a little idealistically (for Indian artists can romanticize, though Mr. Houser does it less than some of the others), we hope indeed that "These are our ways/We must not forget them/We must not change them/These are the footsteps of our Ancients." But time brings rapid change. Will the Indians keep their tribal ways? Ages 6-10.

TARO AND THE TOFU. *By Masako Matsuno. Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura. World.* 32 *pp.* $3. Tofu in Japanese is bean curd, and one evening Taro was sent out by his mother to buy some. The old man in the shop gave him too much change—so temptation begins, and a real struggle takes place within the boy. He could buy candy: no one would know. But honesty wins out. A very moral tale—though perhaps our children will like to know that a boy in another country can have the same difficulty that they may at some time experience. The Japanese pictures do not seem as pleasing as those for "A Pair of Red Clogs," but that may be because the story itself, being so much a matter of inner self, has little action. Ages 6-8.

HI TOM. *By Nanda Ward. Pictures by Lynd Ward. Hastings House.* 48 *pp.* $3. Tom, who lived "clear across Lonesome Valley and nearly to the top of Hermit Mountain," was lonely after school. One day he took a new way home—and on this walk when he called, "Hi Tom!," an echo came back to him. An echo was company to Tom, but not to someone else, an old hermit who wished that he could have things QUIET. How this was resolved makes a story (individual fancy, allegory, tall tale?) that is unusual and made more so by Lynd Ward's illustrations

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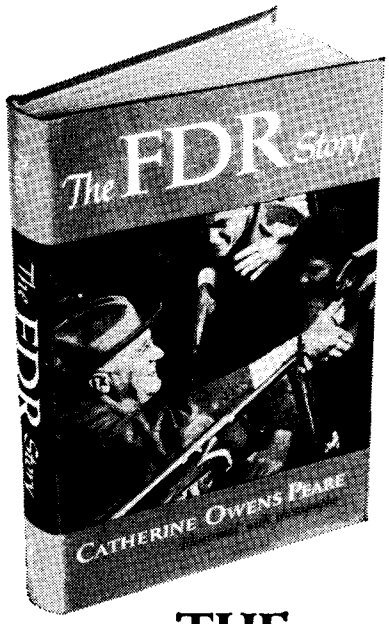

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•

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in luminous blue and red-brown. Nanda Ward is Lynd Ward's daughter, and one feels that he illustrated this book with great pleasure. Ages 6-9.

DAN AND THE MIRANDA. *By Wilson Gage. Illustrated by Glen Rounds. World.* 128 *pp.* $2.95. With science fairs burgeoning all over the country, it is good to have this amusing story of a boy divided in his feeling between science as a project and his love of living things. As his interest Dan chooses spiders, which his teacher wants preserved in some way, but dead. Dan grows more and more attached to them alive. (A more understanding teacher would have sensed this.) The reader follows Dan through his adventures and misadventures with spiders, finding out about them on the way. Dan was surprised to learn that many spiders spin most untidy webs, for they were perfect orb webs in all of his books (artists and authors take note: the perfect orb-web spinner is *she* not *he*!). Finally there is the Miranda spider, with her egg case. What Dan does about the little spiders is contrary to his teacher's ideas but makes a satisfying ending. Ages 8-12.

MARTHA'S SECRET WISH. *By Ella Gibson. Illustrated by Reisie Lonette. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 174 *pp.* $3. It is always enjoyable to meet a new author who can write a pleasant everyday story for girls in this transitional age. Martha has no father, her mother goes to work, and Martha's "secret wish" is naturally for a father. She finds a lost dog and adopts it; but the owner appears. Tragedy. Fortunately, he likes Martha's mother, and Martha helps to give him a push in the right direction. Not too much suspense, but a warm friendly feeling. Ages 7-10.

ONE DAY IN ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND. *By G. B. Kirtland. Drawings by Jerome Snyder. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 40 *pp.* $2.50. Don't be surprised if the children start talking Elizabethan English after reading this book. "You're daff," "You're yglesome," they say to each other. And parents possibly say, "No brabbling if you please," or "Do not be clumpertons." Possibly there finally comes a *twanking.* (Glossary in book.)

With its humorous decorative pictures, this book follows the pattern of "One Day in Ancient Rome," and parents and children who like to play with words can have fun with it, though for some reason it is not as funny as the first book. Here the children are preparing to meet the Queen, and the boy, who has to take a bath, although he had one only a year ago, wonders if he will remember his "grandiloquent" speech. He does, and here it is:

> The rose is red—the leves are grene
> God save Elizabeth—our noble Queene!

Ages 7-10, also adults.

UP FROM THE SEA CAME AN ISLAND. *By Hazel Allen. Illustrated by Marilyn Miller. Scribners.* 64 *pp.* $2.75. Hazel Allen tells us: "I think I have always been amazed by the mysterious behavior of things in inaccessible places, the things

—From "Tammy Climbs Pyramid Mountain."

down there, and up there and out there, which I could never see, nor hear nor touch. This thing in itself amazes me, for I am not really a scientist at all—only the wife of one." (Her husband is a geophysicist.)

While this is the story of a volcanic island from its birth in the depths of the ocean to the time when people come to live on it, there is not the slightest resemblance to a formal textbook. Information is there — yes — but presented with poetic feeling both in pictures and text. The island is not a specific one but it has overtones of being Hawaiian. The boy, Keoki, who first seems to hear the island calling, "Child of the islands/Child of the sea/Come with your people/Come to me," is sensitively presented by both author and artist. Ages 7-10.

TAMMY CLIMBS PYRAMID MOUNTAIN. *By Elizabeth Baker. Illustrated by Beth Krush. Houghton Mifflin.* 104 *pp.* $2.50. This book has everything a seven- or eight-year-old girl just beginning to read "on her own" might desire: a story, mild adventure, some surprises and some humor, plus most inviting type and pictures. Tammy and her father are climbing the mountain when Harold, a plump, apparently tiresome boy, joins them. However, Harold is the kind who grows on one with time, and Tammy begins to find his interest in geology an asset. Moreover, when they get lost in a storm, what Harold knows about the outdoors also comes in handy. As for Harold, climbing the mountain is a great achievement for him; he even demands an affidavit signed by Tammy's father to show his mother that he got to the top: "At home she can hardly get me to climb the stairs." Ages 6-9.

OUR LADY'S BOOK. *Pictures and words by Lauren Ford. Dodd, Mead.* 269 *pp.* $4.50. For Catholic children this is a beautiful gift book, by an outstanding and devout Catholic artist-writer. It tells of

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the various apparitions of the Virgin, including the story of the Vision of Fatima. Some of the pictures are in pencil, while several are reproductions of full-color paintings. Ages 7-10.

THE SUMMER BIRDS. *By Penelope Farmer. Illustrated by James J. Spanfeller. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 160 *pp.* $2.95. A strange, almost sad little fantasy,—allegory—call it what you will—that imaginative children will enjoy and some others may not follow. The scene is the coast of England, just before the end of school and during the summer holidays. A strange boy suddenly appears in the village and teaches the children to fly. They have a picnic in the air (an enchanting idea) and a tournament (complicated). They also make the delightful discovery that their teacher understands about flying: once she could do it herself. The story is rather like Peter Pan in reverse: at the end of the carefree, joyous summer the children are growing up, and with one exception (a child who has no family to leave behind) they refuse to follow the bird-boy to his bird island. Some of the children, who are well characterized, have names perhaps not so strange in an English village as they seem here. Ages 7-9.

THE MAGIC JACKET. *By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Paul Kennedy. Knopf.* 277 *pp.* $3.25. A poignant little note "about the author" in the back of this book states: "For many years he earned his living as a statistician in the office of the Anglo-American Oil Company. In 1908 the British Government awarded him a small pension, thus setting him free to devote all his energies to writing. An artist of complete integrity, he never considered the demands of his market." He was, when this "pension" was awarded only thirty-five years old—and a long writing life still lay ahead. His unusual books have been kept alive by his devoted followers, by his publishers (Knopf has recently done real service in reprinting them in new formats), and by those children who still have an appreciation of the strange, the mystic—the skilfully built *chill* of his stories. Perhaps the most icy of all is "Alice's Godmother," in which Alice visits her godmother, aged 300 years, and is offered the same lifetime if she withdraws from the world, from her family, and lives in this old house as her godmother does. "It means," says her godmother in a bone-chilling scene, "freedom from the cares and anxieties and follies that are the lot of the poor creatures in the world beyond . . . It means, my child, postponing a visit to a certain old friend of ours—whose name is Death."

Alice makes her decision to stay with her friends and family, to live in the world. These are—as I mentioned—unusual stories. They have, as Leonard Clarke says, "an unearthly stillness." They are as much for adults, perhaps more so, than for children. All ages.

WALTER DE LA MARE. *A Walck Monograph by Leonard Clark. Henry Z. Walck.* 81 *pp.* $2.50. Walck has been publishing a series of interesting little monographs about English children's authors for teachers, librarians, and all interested in books for young people. There are now several of these, including "Beatrix Potter," by Marcus Crouch, and "Rudyard Kipling," by Rosemary Sutcliff. Here we are concerned with the monograph on Walter de la Mare. This rather slight little book by a friend of de la Mare's is mainly uncritical, except that Mr. Clark places the poems above the stories. He quotes James Southall Wilson of the University of Virginia as saying, "When taste in America swings back (as of course it will) for a time, at least, to beauty and form in

I LEARN TO SWIM written and illustrated by Ellie Fleuridas. Get your young'uns in the swim with this big splash of color pictures and easy instructions based on Red Cross principles. Fetching little boys and girls are shown learning the fun of fundamentals, "I walk like a crab, jellyfish float, swim like a dog—and jump like a frog! I do a deadman's float. That's to stand up straight and then just PLOP!" With this book at lakeside or seaside, children and water mix beautifully! Ages 3-6. $2.50

AMANDA written by Ruth Loomis, illustrated by Sheila Greenwald. When Amanda comes to town, anything is possible! A flying red horse takes a spin around town. A backyard rocket hits the moon—for real. And much more as this 10 year old heroine of magic and mischief, whimsy and wonder makes things happen that never happened before. Liz and Keechie Dunn follow Amanda's winsome wiles through episodes that bounce with humor and charm . . . and so will every 9 to 11 year old reader! $3.00

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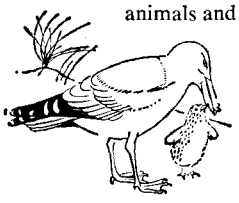

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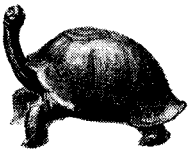

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literature, de la Mare will be more recognized for his exquisite and rare art . . . especially in his unique short stories." That was written in 1956. Since then the pendulum seems to have swung the other way; who knows when it will swing back? There are slight signs—but very slight.

A WRINKLE IN TIME. *By Madeleine L'Engle. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* 211 *pp.* $3.25. Of all the spring books this is perhaps the most difficult to describe. It has the general appearance of being science fiction, but it is not, except that by means of "a tesseract"—a wrinkle in time—the children are transported from one planet to another without time seeming to elapse. There is mystery, mysticism, a feeling of indefinable, brooding horror. During the children's search for their father, a scientist who has disappeared, they reach the planet "Camazotz," which is controlled by a CENTRAL Central Intelligence, by IT, a brain "lying pulsing and quivering on the dais, soft and exposed and nauseating." Again, as in several recent books, the pervading theme is love: Meg could not love IT but she could love her small brother and so rescue him. One feels that this book quests desperately for something it never quite touches. It is original, different, exciting—and in some parts frustrating. It will be interesting to know what young people think of it. No age level.

THISTLE AND THYME. Tales and Legends from Scotland. *By Sorche Nic Leodhas. Illustrated by Evaline Ness. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 143 *pp.* $3.50. "An old Laird had a young daughter once and she was the pawkiest piece in all the world. Her father petted her and her mother cosseted her till the wonder of it was that she wasn't so spoiled that she couldn't be borne." Now this was all right when she was a wee thing—but when the Laird tried to find her a husband, that was different.

These romantic stories are told with the rhythm of the Gaelic that the author tells us it is so important to keep. They will take good readers—and rather older readers than most fairy tales—but they are worth the effort. The striking woodcuts by Evaline Ness seem to be reproduced in halftone, as woodcuts should not be. Perhaps they were photographed from color woodcuts? Though they are in tones of gray here, the book is still effective. Ages 8-12 (better for 10-12).

BONANZA GIRL. *By Patricia Beatty. Illustrated by Liz Dauber. Morrow.* 224 *pp.* $2.95. This time it's a Western in reverse: Mrs. Scott, when Papa dies, decides to start for Idaho Territory from Portland, Oregon. All those gold miners out there; they must have children, need a school, and Mama has been a teacher. So she and Jemmy and Ann Katherine, who tells the story, start out for Eagle City. It isn't what they expect: no children, no chance for a school. No unrented houses, either; they live in a tent, and the food is so terrible Mama wisely decides to start a restaurant. In her enterprise she has the cooperation of Nehemiah Spotted Horse and Helga, a brawny Swedish girl who has managed to attach herself to them. At the end there is a double wedding—Mama's and Helga's. Both story and pictures are quite consistently amusing, and the West is wild and woolly (the author in a note at the end assures us that it later became even more so). Certainly one of the livelier books of the season, "Bonanza Girl" is a relief after the period pieces that plod heavily along. Ages 10-14.

AUTOMOBILES OF YESTERYEAR. *Written by Thea Bergere. Illustrated by Richard Bergere. Dodd, Mead.* 151 *pp.* $3.50. In the late nineteenth century—the year 1896 to be exact—Barnum & Bailey featured an automobile as an "oddity" in its circus parade. The preface to this book gives a brief history of the changes made in American life by the car. Then the book goes along year by year, page by page, showing new models, new products. At the top of each page, to tie the car down as it were to its times, there is a little summary in italics such as: *"1903, Wright Brothers make first successful flight at Kitty Hawk. Edison Studio produces 'The Great Train Robbery,' first film with a complete story. Latest song is 'Sweet Adeline.' Best seller is 'The Call of the Wild.'"* The automobile pictured is the 1903 model A Ford. The main text gives brief summaries of what was going on in the automobile world. (The first trip across the U.S. in a car was made in 1903.) The book is particularly useful for young people who want to orient themselves in a period they did not live through. Ages 10 and over.

MADAME AMBASSADOR. The Life of Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit. *By Anne Guthrie. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 192 *pp.* $3.75. The first chapter of this direct, never fictionalized biography wisely sets the stage with a dramatic scene at the United Nations, in which the retiring President announces, "Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit is elected President of the Eighth General Assembly of the United Nations." There is then, in the next chapter, a flashback to the childhood of Swarup Kumari Nehru, known as Nan Nehru (Nanhi means "little daughter"), who grew up in

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—From "Madame Ambassador."

Dag Hammarskjold with Mme. Pandit.

her father's home, "The Abode of Happiness," with her brother Jawaharlal. The brief account of her girlhood gives an interesting picture of British India. Then comes the chapter "Gandhi and the Nehrus," which tells of a dramatic change in the life of the Nehru family.

Girls will warm to Nan's wedding ceremonies and the young woman's problems with the bridal sari, for this had to be not of silk but of khadi (handwoven cloth of a coarse texture). As the latter would not take dye and the bride could not wear a white sari (sign of widowhood), Mrs. Gandhi herself wove a length of finer material.

Subsequently, Nan, now Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, has her own home and three little daughters, becomes active in the Congress Party, goes to prison three times for her beliefs, is elected Minister of Health, Ambassador to the USSR, and Ambassador to the U.N. Finally the circle seems to come round: India has won her freedom, and Mrs. Pandit is Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

Much that happened now seems almost incredible, but the story of India's freedom is best presented for girls through this account of a woman with great faith. It should give them some insight into that remarkable though (to us) sometimes puzzling country.

The author is a friend of Mrs. Pandit and wrote the book with her cooperation. As is often apt to be the case with a biography of a living person, it is almost completely uncritical. The bibliography includes magazine articles by Mrs. Pandit and suggestions for further reading. Ages 12 up.

MODERN DISCOVERIES IN ARCHAEOLOGY. *By Robert C. Suggs. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Crowell.* 128 *pp.* $2.95. An extremely simple, direct and interesting introduction to archaeology and the most recent discoveries, this book shows the part that Carbon-14 has played in dating the findings. The author, a practicing archaeologist, has selected only seven topics after his first chapter on C-14. They include "The Dead Sea Scrolls" and "The Sunken Galley": the finding of amphorae in the Mediterranean by two Aqualung divers, one of them Yves Cousteau, inventor of the Aqualung. Leonard Fisher's pictures are well suited to this book—controlled and yet dramatic. There is an excellent bibliography. Ages 12 up.

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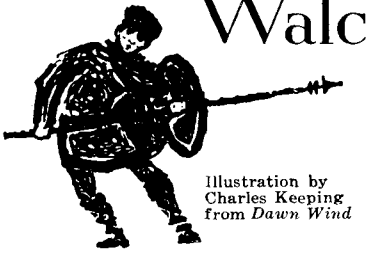

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At the Vortex of Decisions

General Leslie R. Groves—"often criticized but he had to be respected."

"Now It Can Be Told: The Story of the Manhattan Project," by Lieutenant General Leslie R. Groves *(Harper. 465 pp. $6.95), chronicles the inception of the Atomic Age from the viewpoint of a key figure in its creation. David Hawkins, professor of philosophy at the University of Colorado, is working on a history of the wartime activities of Los Alamos Laboratory.*

By DAVID HAWKINS

GENERAL GROVES's story, a good deal of which was classified information until recently, adds much to the growing documentation of the history of the atomic bomb. The narrative opens with the formation of the Manhattan Project and ends with the postwar beginnings of American nuclear policy and the creation of the AEC. While the general outline of the story is familiar, the details are here filled in from the unique viewpoint of one who was at the center where decisions were made. The tale of the Congo uranium, of the American laboratories and production plants, of Military Intelligence in Italy, France, and Germany, of Alamogordo and Wendover, Tinian and Japan, is also the story of a blunt and capable general who got things done but who did not—as he himself remarks—try to win popularity contests. He was often criticized, but he had to be respected.

General Groves was an engineer and not a physicist, and if in his own account he seems at times unduly in command of the atom, this must be weighed against his very real reliance on and support of the civilian scientists. His backing of them was of course necessary, but it was not inevitable; *vide* his later personal support of J. Robert Oppenheimer, in which one sees the man as well as the job—a man who, when he recognizes failure, takes the blame, as in the dismal affair of the Japanese cyclotrons.

Groves is motivated by a simple and all-sufficing patriotism that is untroubled by what others see in the atom. He does not probe for any new vision of national interest in the age he helped to create. Toward all international arrangements he is mistrustful. Yet he obviously respected Stimson, who had more prescience than most, and he quotes Oppenheimer in expressing his own feelings about the future. He admits that he was in error when he argued with Stimson for Kyoto as an atomic target, unmoved by the ancient capital's historic significance, of which the Secretary of War was deeply aware.

On questions of high policy Groves gives no new essential information, but his book is revealing in another sense. Men can organize great efforts, but the momentum thus generated may easily go beyond their control. Groves remarks that investment implied use: "As time went on, and as we poured more and more money and effort into the project, the government became increasingly committed to the use of the bomb. . . ." If this is the law of motion for our world, and constrains generals and statesmen alike, our prospects are dim indeed. But the basic law of society is one of evolution. The Manhattan Project enormously compressed the normal time-scale of a technological evolution. A like compression in the time-scale for reworking our institutions is on the agenda.

Cerberus of Subversion

"The Committee and Its Critics: A Calm Review of the House Committee on Un-American Activities," by William F. Buckley, Jr., and the Editors of National Review *(Putnam. 275 pp. $4.95), claims that Congressional investigations are indispensable to "the informing function." Louis W. Koenig professor of government at New York University wrote "The Invisible Presidency."*

By LOUIS W. KOENIG

CONGRESSIONAL investigating committees have figured prominently in recent years in the selection of Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates. Harry Truman and Estes Kefauver were sped toward their Vice-Presidential nominations by special Senate inquiries, and Robert Kennedy's investigation of labor and management malpractices boosted his brother's candidacy for the White House. Richard M. Nixon acknowledges that a friend may have been right in saying, "If it hadn't been for the Hiss case, you never would have been Vice President of the United States or candidate for President."

Mr. Nixon's friend is, of course, referring to the work of the House Committee on un-American Activities, the subject of a new book by William F. Buckley, Jr., and ten co-authors, chiefly from the editorial staff of *National Review*.

Buckley and his colleagues take as their task the answering of the committee's numerous critics. The case for the committee is rested upon what so respectable a source as Woodrow Wilson has called "the informing function," or the right of Congress to inform itself and the people on occurrences of concern to the nation. The informing function, it is further argued, must be applied to the tactic of internal subversion employed by international Communism. While the feeble character of domestic Communism somewhat embarrasses the authors' argument, the difficulty is faced with the contention that domestic and international Communism are both part of an integrated, conspiratorial pattern.

While arguing the indispensability of the committee, the authors concede that

(*Continued on page* 47)

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Beach and bay off Las Croabas, Puerto Rico, a dandy spot for a party pitcher of Daiquiris. John Stewart photograph.

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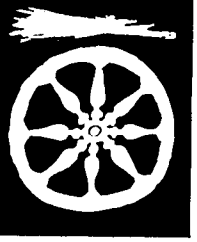

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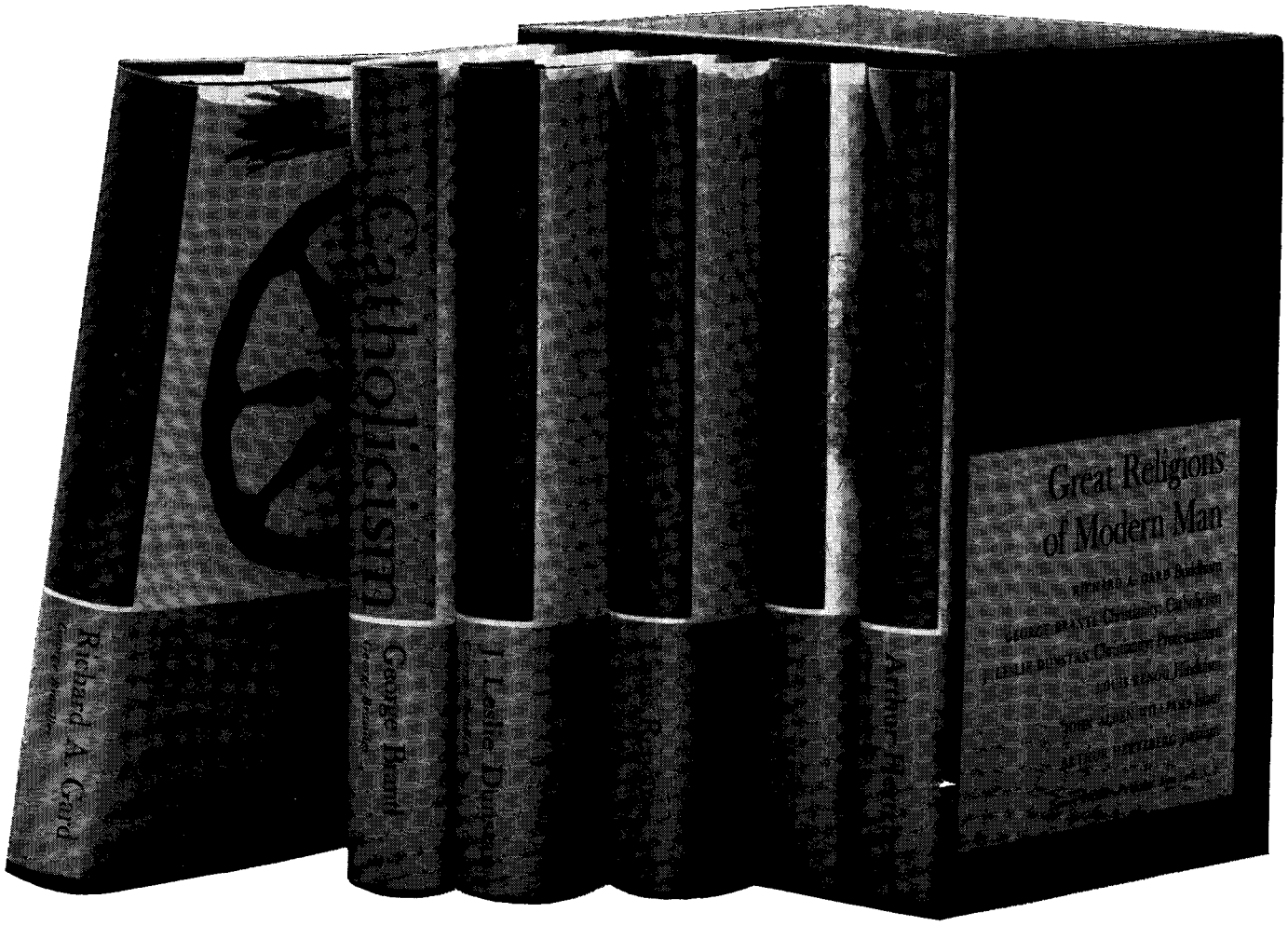

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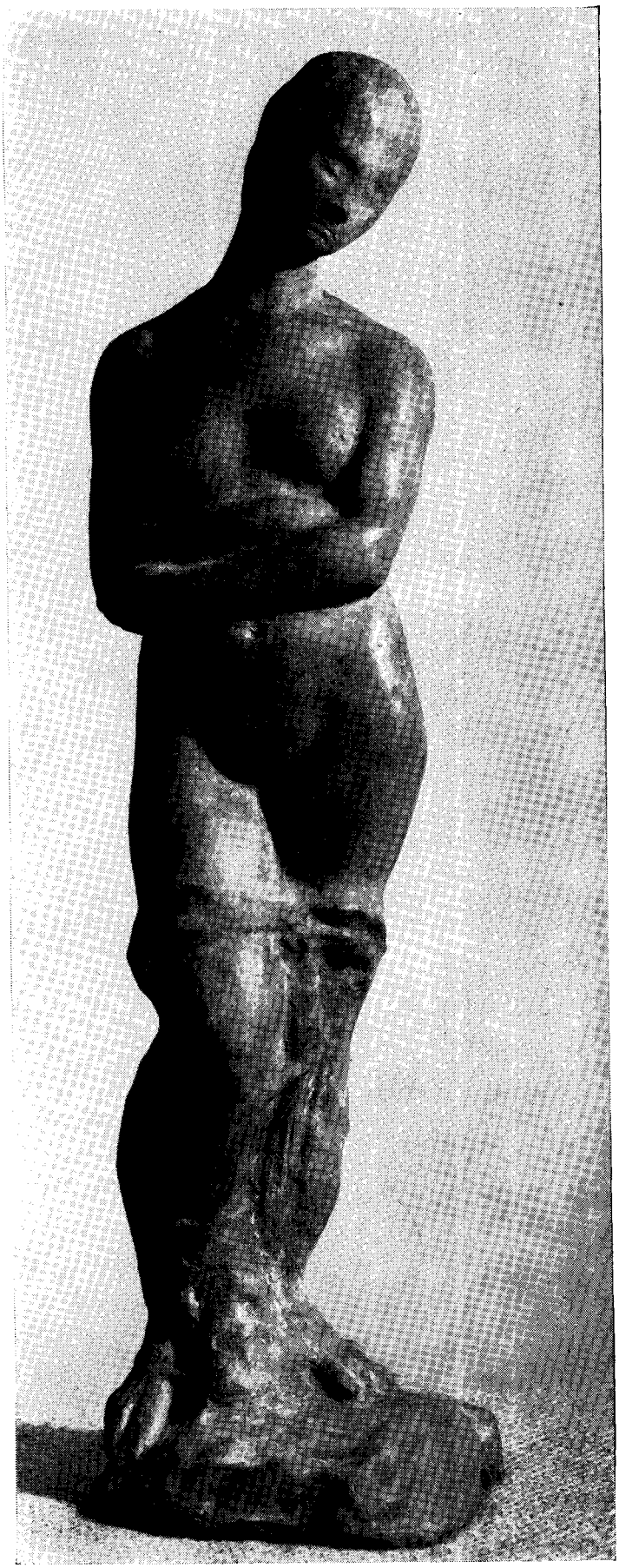
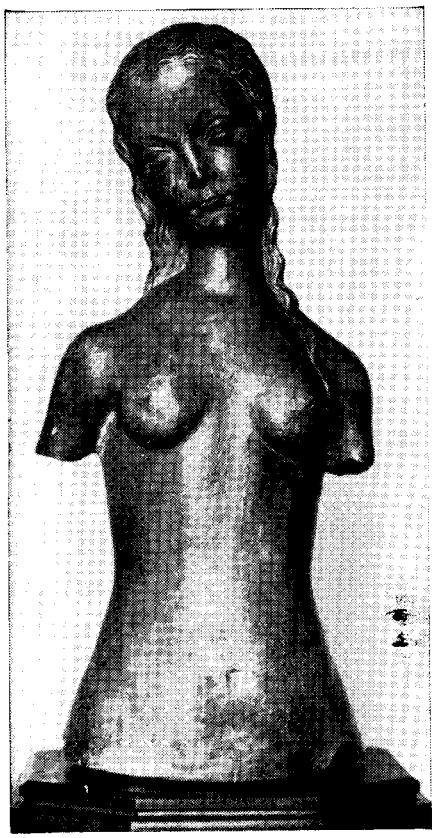


"Standing Woman," by Wilhelm Lehmbruck, 1911.



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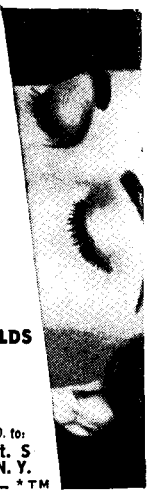

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Continued from page 42

it has certain imperfections in its design and functioning. Mr. Buckley himself admits that the exploration of "un-American activities" is too broad a license. Other contributors agree that at times the committee has been guilty of procedural excesses, of political exploitation to advance the careers of certain of its members, of distortions, as in its film "Operation Abolition," based on the San Francisco student demonstrations in May 1960.

THE book contains several proposals for strengthening the committee. Approval is expressed of legislation introduced by Senator Kenneth Keating that would have the effect of relieving a witness of the necessity of answering a question posed by the committee unless he is instructed to do so by court order. Only after the court has ruled that a witness must testify—because of the committee's power to ask the question—could he be held in contempt for refusing to answer. One contributor, Irving Ferman, formerly chief counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, urges higher standards for the committee's investigative work, holding that much past abuse has been due to its having occasionally been sloppy and incomplete.

Readers who have been following the lengthy debate over the committee between the major opposing camps will have noticed that the present book follows an established pattern. A concession or two is made that all is not perfect with the committee, and then the advocate takes over, quickly carrying the argument to extremes, even to the point where Mr. Buckley is found declaring that "it is nothing short of preposterous willingly to tolerate an active conspiracy in our midst; and if the Constitution is not, as presently understood, resilient enough to cope with the contemporary requirements of survival, then the Constitution should be modified, as it has been before." Mr. Buckley makes this as a bald statement and leaves the reader with the queasy feeling that he is ready to accept arbitrary government or dictatorship here and now as the price of survival. But let it also be added that the attacks upon the committee have gone to intolerable extremes as well. Certainly the students whose clamor subdued the committee's hearing in San Francisco were engaging in the very suppression of speech of which they were accusing the committee.

All this is to say that we are still a long way off from constructive discussion of the problem of subversion.

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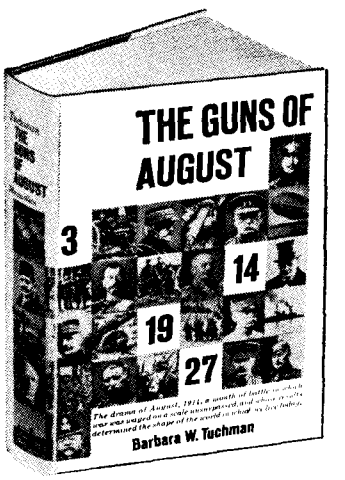

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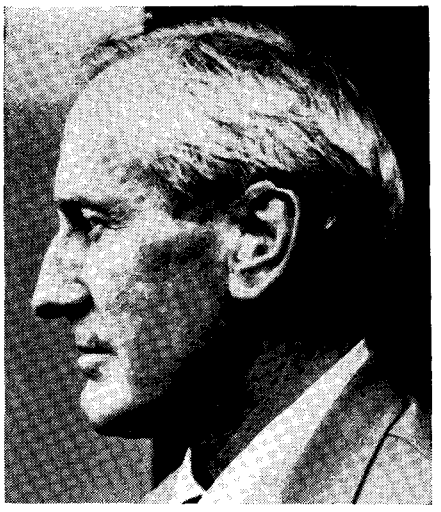
Indulgence of a Local Birthright



T. S. Matthews—a tone of tolerant pride

"Oh My America! Notes on a Trip," by T. S. Matthews *(Simon & Schuster. 219 pp. $3.95), propounds "the right of every American to be an annoyance, within legal limits." William L. Rivers has written about travel for a number of national magazines.*

By WILLIAM L. RIVERS

TO DEVELOP a complete appreciation of T. S. Matthews, one must recognize that he is not a man of his time. He seems not to have heard that the familiar essay died many years ago. He has such faint interest in the stuff of current reportage—the clangorous quotation and the unassailable statistic—that he writes of his research method at one point in this strange book, "I wanted to find an old friend who worked on a local newspaper and who could be guaranteed not to burden me with facts."

It is difficult to reconcile this attitude—and the clear, quiet prose that informs it—with the fact that Mr. Matthews was once the editor of *Time*. One can only suppose that during his twenty-four years with Luce Mr. Matthews was somewhere else in spirit.

Certainly "Oh My America!" is persistently unpretentious. It consists largely of a collection of notes set down during a trip around the United States, and it ends with rambling observations on what's going wrong with the American Dream. Mr. Matthews is so offhand about the whole business that he identifies his traveling companions only as "Omi" and "M." Omi is M.'s mother, it becomes clear eventually, but one must consult the dust jacket to learn that M. is Mrs. Matthews (Martha Gellhorn).

The author is similarly elliptical throughout the book. He observes, takes notes, and passes on. "A pretty name, Idlewild," he writes. "But hardly appropriate to the place itself, which gives the impression of going somewhere, loudly and ostentatiously, without ever getting there." He reports his conversations with M.:

> "Americans don't seem to like *questions* about America," said M.
> "Perhaps they feel that questions are
> "And criticism of America is un-American. Or anyhow anti."
> "Well, isn't it?"
> "No, damn it! It's our birthright. What do we pay taxes for?"
> "Intercontinental missiles, mostly."

The result of this literary jerry-building is a sketchy, disjointed, and curiously satisfying book. It is personal without being self-conscious. One gets only impressions, but they are filtered through an interesting mind.

Neither the author nor a critical young friend who is quoted in the last chapter is quite aware of what Mr. Matthews has accomplished. The friend, who had read portions of the book in manuscript, challenges the author: "Who's *interested* in a bookful of your annoyances on a trumped-up trip? . . . You want a title? 'Running Down America.'" Matthews responds defensively, "The fact is, I am simply exercising the right of every American to be an annoyance, with legal limits." The fact really is, Mr. Matthews uses the words of the critic, but he doesn't set them to savage music. His expression of distaste for the poking-about of government investigators is a tender thing beside the late Bernard De Voto's caustic "Due Notice to the FBI." His tone is never that of slashing attack, but always one of tolerant pride in a country that seems to him to be groping. And, although Mr. Matthews has been living in London for the past seven years, it is quite clear that he considers himself not above it all, but part of it.

Hyung Sook longs to go to school. But schooling is not free in Korea and the boy's widowed mother cannot afford the school fees. She works as a seamstress and earns about $4.00 a week. Every penny goes for rice and rent for their one small room.

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Toynbee

Continued from page 19

is to make them boil over. We are assuming that war has been suppressed, and that revolution by force of arms has also been ruled out. The price of banning violence may be to slow down the pace of change, but it seems most improbable that the effect will be to bring change to a halt. The frozen stream of human life will go on moving, even if only at glacier pace. Wealth and, with it, power will continue to pass from one class to another. Officially established ideologies will tacitly be put in cold storage while continuing nominally to be honored. Satellite states and subject races will gradually succeed in asserting their human rights. When the use of physical force as an instrument of social change is abandoned, the spiritual force, which Gandhi released in India with such potent effect, will continue to do its transforming work. The Negro minority in the United States could never have asserted its human rights by force of arms, and the military victory of the North in the Civil War did not solve the problem either. Insofar as it is being solved in our time, it is being solved by the force of conscience. The fifth column that is sapping the Southern whites' resistance to the doing of social justice is an awareness in their own hearts that their cause is not, after all, a just one.

Attempts to freeze a situation are apt to have the opposite effect to what is intended. So far from being sedative, they are explosive. The attempt, in the western provinces of the Roman Empire, to corral the taxpayer and to chain the artisan's son to his father's trade did not keep the economy going; it hastened its collapse. The contrast between the fall of the Roman Empire in the west and Meiji Revolution in Japan illustrates this point. In the nineteenth century, Japan performed an uncommonly difficult feat. Without running into disaster, she transformed herself from being an insulated and would-be frozen world state into one of the many local states of the rapidly moving modern world that she had been keeping at arm's length during the preceding two centuries. How was this Japanese miracle accomplished? There were some Japanese fanatics who, in this crisis in Japan's history, did their worst to bring Japan ruin by resisting change; but this was not the reaction of the majority of those Japanese who, at that time, were in positions of power and privilege. The majority had the wisdom to read the signs of the times, and also had the public spirit to accept necessary changes while there was still time to make them peacefully—though, after two centuries of freezing, these necessary changes were revolutionary, and required the sacrifice of personal interests and class interests. The Tokugawa House recognized that its mandate was exhausted, and handed back to the Imperial House, without a struggle, the usurped power that had been won by blood and iron two and a half centuries back. The feudal lords and their retainers voluntarily renounced their social privileges. These privileges had already proved to be illusory, but it needed insight to take the point, and public spirit to act on the insight.

There is surely a lesson here for a future warless world. The lesson is that, if unity and peace have been established, the only way to preserve these precious achievements will be to recognize, and act on, the truth that continuous change is of the essence of human life. Change cannot be brought to a halt. To try to halt change is to court an explosion. The constructive way of dealing with the inevitability of change is to make changes voluntarily before they impose themselves. The earlier we take action, the wider will be our range of choice. If we foresee a necessary change soon enough, we shall have some chance of controlling it and of guiding it into channels in which its effects will not be devastating, but constructive.

This is a lesson for a future society that has achieved a warless world, because it is a lesson for all human beings at all times and in all circumstances. In this new age of atomic weapons a warless world has become a necessity of human life and a necessary condition for mankind's survival. A policy of accepting and promoting peaceful change is a necessary condition for the maintenance of a warless world.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Catherine of Aragon was divorced. 2. Pollux was the pugilist. 3. Leander swam. 4. Pliny the Elder wrote the "Natural History." 5. Charles Lever wrote "Charles O'Malley." 6. The American Winston Churchill wrote "The Crisis." 7. The Baron wrote "Pompeii," the Earl "Lucile." 8. Edward (VI) was the Prince, Tom (Canty) the Pauper. 9. Rustum, the father, killed Sohrab. 10. Tweedledum accused Tweedledee.

Coming May 19th

Behind the New York City Teachers' Strike

Articles by Paul Woodring, Fred Hechinger, and Joseph Deitch

Editorial

Continued from page 20

gifted high school students on the principles of American democracy, offered by Washington University; a workshop in American and un-American ideologies, for high school teachers of various subjects, sponsored jointly by the public, Catholic, and Lutheran school systems of St. Louis; a continuing study by eighteen or twenty high school social science teachers of syllabi and bibliographical materials, sponsored by the County public school systems. The general response can be gauged by the excellent attendance at a series of twelve late afternoon lectures on "Freedom Under Law" arranged by the Bill of Rights Committee of the Bar Association of St. Louis as its contribution to the program of the Council (of which the Bar Association, along with two or three other community groups, is an associate member): a total of 125 high school teachers have actually attended these lectures for graduate credit.

THE point of it all, of course, is to enable the local schools and colleges to do a better job of educating their students in an understanding of America, an awareness of the dangers we face at home and abroad, and an appreciation of the meaning and marks of freedom in our society. Those who would argue that this could easily become indoctrination and propaganda would find ready agreement among the educators of St. Louis—and this is why they mean to keep this task in their own hands. But those who would argue that this is not the proper business of education at all (yet are there really any such these days?) would provoke strenuous rebuttal from the local group. They believe that we Americans are long overdue for a genuinely educational effort at building an informed, inspirited and responsible citizenry.

Thus, backed by generous local support, the Educational Council for Responsible Citizenship is making a conscientious try in St. Louis at meeting and solving what is, surely, a national problem. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* editorialized, "The Council can be a positive force for good, and set a pattern here in St. Louis which eventually, we hope, might be emulated in countless cities and communities throughout the nation." And the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* said: "The schools are wise to emphasize the positive side of American life in this way. The nation will be more secure when more of its citizens understand what it stands for."

—MERRIMON CUNINGGIM.

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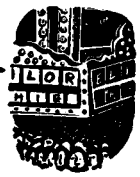

Jules, Jim, and Catherine

"JULES AND JIM," a new Francois Truffaut film, is not a complete delight, but it does have numerous delights and surprises, due to the whimsical manner in which Truffaut tells a basically sad tale. How to bring off his chosen mixture of modes was obviously his most difficult problem, and to his great credit he came very close to managing it. There is very little in this lengthy and episodic story of a *ménage à trois* that fails to interest; but a picture filled with as many caprices as this director chooses to inject is bound to puzzle, and sometimes to annoy, for we are not always sure when the joke is private, and when, so to speak, public.

Truffaut adapted (with Jean Grualt) "Jules and Jim" from a first novel by Henri-Pierre Roche. The book was written when Roche was seventy-four; it detailed in somewhat autobiographical fashion a relationship of two men with a woman, and it rambled over a period of some twenty-five years. Jules was German, Jim French. They met in Paris, talked endlessly about such important matters as love, art, and poetry, and introduced girls to each other. Then into their life comes Catherine, a young woman of temperament and ideals, passionate impulses, and an unwillingness to be subservient to conventional morals. She is a heroine not unlike certain women in novels of the Twenties, and her willfulness creates a good deal of emotional turmoil in the lives of her two companions.

Truffaut races quickly through the period in which Jules and Jim have not yet met Catherine, and in almost whirlwind style captures the flavor of the decade before World War I. He slows down long enough to show the devotion of Jules and Jim to Catherine, and the strain on the friendship caused by Catherine's marriage to Jules. The First World War then intervenes. Jules and Jim, in different uniforms, pray they won't have to shoot one another, and resume their friendship after the war. Settled in the Rhineland with her husband and child, Catherine becomes aware that she has loved Jim all along, and the three work the matter out by living together. All this is told so nicely and innocently that the resolution of the dilemma seems less perverse than misguided. And eventually it is Catherine herself who breaks the emotional deadlock with a decisive action that is both tragic and comically startling.

This summary is hasty, and, I'm afraid, gives little idea of the richness of character detail, and the charming, ironic, and humorous incidents with which Truffaut embellishes the story. All this is fine. Dubious, however, are some of the cinematic flourishes Truffaut uses. He impishly stops the camera for a brief moment, uses old-fashioned screen "wipes" and windows, sometimes cuts from one brief scene to the next with such rapidity that the eye is confused. It takes, in fact, at least ten minutes before the audience is fully sure which is Jim and which is Jules. He is not always being quixotic, but probably hopes not to bore us with too much time spent on the less dramatic moments, and therefore rushes us into the more essential scenes—upon which he slows the pace to a walk. Here, he seems to say, more time is needed.

And he approaches fantasy when he shows Jules and Jim searching for an ideal woman who will eventually turn out to be Catherine. They come across a statue of a smiling woman on a Greek island, and then look for the counterpart of that smile among the women they meet. This is premeditated nonsense, of course, and hardly blends with the more realistic scenes later on, including some harrowing shots of World War I, borrowed from official French film files. The players do much to give the film at least some sense of unity. Jeanne Moreau, who is surely one of the world's major film actresses, is captivating; Oskar Werner as Jules and Henri Serre as Jim are always sympathetic and quietly deft in suggesting the charm of the companionship.

There is not the slightest doubt that Truffaut's is an important film talent, and I, for one, am entirely willing to allow him his youthful, exploratory exuberance. His errors derive from intelligence and enthusiasm, and never from a lack of taste, and if "Jules and Jim" does not always hold together, it does, on the other hand, make a series of flavorsome ironic points. And it is tacitly assumed, at the end of the film, that if two is not the ideal number for a marriage it is nevertheless the only really workable one. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

The Only Card I Got on My Birthday Was from an Insurance Man

By William Stafford

ON upland farms into abandoned wells
on a line meridian high
state by state my birthday star comes on
and peers, my birthday night,
and in my eyes it stands while past its light
the world and I turn, just and far, till
every well scans over the year like spokes
of a wheel returning the long soft look of the sky.

Star in a well, dark message: when I die,
my glance drawn over galaxies,
all through one night let a candle nurse the dark
to mark this instant of what I was,
this once—not putting my hand out
blessing for business' sake any frail markers
of human years: we want real friends or none;
what's genuine will accompany every man.

Who travel these lonely wells can drink that star.

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The Tenth Play?

FOR *SR*'s reputedly perverse drama critic, his new task of selecting the ten "best" for "The Best Plays of 1961-1962" is most interesting, especially in those choices where he suspects he will stand alone against his horrified colleagues. For while the volume must make occasional obeisance to certain "overrated" plays that have been overwhelmingly acclaimed by critics whose opinion one respects, it must above all reflect one's own taste.

Looking at this season's plays, the first four selections are simple. "The Caretaker," "The Night of the Iguana," "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," and "A Man for All Seasons" would be chosen no matter who was making the selection.

The next three would probably be chosen by a majority of the reviewers. "Gideon" is so fascinating in its dialogues between Gideon and God that we can excuse its lapses into conventional Biblical spectacle. "The Complaisant Lover" is both amusing and serious in its probe of the state of marriage in contemporary British middle-class society, and we can readily forgive it for being somewhat less true of our own. And despite its inconclusive resolution, "A Thousand Clowns" is refreshingly original, and accurately pinpoints some special Nervousville types.

Perhaps only a minority of my colleagues would pick "Oh, Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," because, as a play about the very rich, it lacks universal appeal, and because it was produced Off-Broadway. However, my readers are reminded that my eminent predecessor, Louis Kronenberger, included Off-Broadway's "The Connection" as a bonus selection in a previous volume, and that the inclusion of one or two Off-Broadway plays as part of the ten is only my enthusiastic and stubborn further development of a policy he wisely set in motion.

As for the ninth selection, no one else would have picked "The Egg." However, having had the unfair advantage of seeing this delightful play beautifully done at Washington's Arena Stage last season, it would be ungenerous to deprive readers of a treasure because of the accidents of its unfortunate Broadway production.

The tenth play must be arrived at by a process of elimination. First to be crossed off the eligible list are those which the reader might better enjoy by reading the book on which they were based. "Passage to India," "The Aspern Papers," "A Gift of Time," "Ross," and "I Can Get it for You Wholesale" fall in this category. Then there are the popular successes which are better to see than they are to read. "Write Me a Murder," "A Shot in the Dark," "Take Her, She's Mine," "Milk and Honey," and "Purlie Victorious" are all more or less in this classification. And while it might be interesting for the reader to have some of Richard Rodgers's above-average lyrics, the "No Strings" libretto would suffer more on the printed page than it does in the theatre.

The eligible plays remaining can be further subdivided into two groups. One of these, the slice-of-life honestly delineated, would include "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl," "Look We've Come Through," "Great Day in the Morning," and "Who'll Save the Plowboy?" Any of these could be the tenth play, without apology.

On the other hand, one is tempted to favor a more ambitious, large, thought-provoking work. Thornton Wilder provokes plenty of thought with his "Plays for Bleecker Street," but three one-act plays do not lend themselves easily to the "Best Plays" format. "Romulus" we would prefer to set aside until someone produces Duerrenmatt's original version. "One Way Pendulum" is incisively funny but not terribly effective for American audiences. And though "Noontide" is touched with greatness, can we include a play written more than fifty years ago? The two plays that seem best qualified to be the tenth choice are both by established playwrights, are both large and contemporary, and are both Off-Broadway failures. Robert Ardrey's "Shadow of Heroes" attempts to portray with as little simplification as possible the most significant historical event of our time, the Hungarian uprising of 1956. Smaller in size, but thrillingly audacious in its probing of the area between what prosperous happy America pretends and what it really thinks is William Archibald's "The Cantilevered Terrace." One can argue that these are defective works and that we should wait for better efforts to cover these subjects. Yet by publishing either of them would we not encourage these better efforts, and broaden the reader's horizon?

—HENRY HEWES.

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Yes, We Have No Boiled Green Bananas

—*Fritz Henle, Monkmeyer.*

The two worlds of Puerto Rico—above, "installing oneself in a tall lacquered hostelry," in this case, La Concha, is one kind of island vacation. Below—back country where the cane and palm groves stretch out of sight.

—*Proi, Monkmeyer.*

I WOULD not for a minute knock that gorgeous sybaritic system of busting off to Puerto Rico in three hours' time from Manhattan and installing oneself in a tall and lacquered hostelry alongside the sea until time or money run out or ennui sets in. It's just that I was beginning to believe, after any number of short sessions in those air-conditioned temples, that they offered the only lodging for a transient checking into San Juan. I have lately, I'm delighted to say, disabused myself of that rather narrow notion, having discovered a whole wild growth of guest houses that seem to have sprung up about San Juan when I was looking the other way. Not only that but there is the attractive possibility of renting the villa of an absentee owner.

The *San Juan Star,* the English-language newspaper published by the Cowles family, carries classified listings of houses to rent, and the official visitors' guide to Puerto Rico, offered free to immigrants from colder climes, lists no fewer than thirty-six guest houses. Their rates run anywhere from $3 for a single room at the cheapest of them to $26 for a double at the most expensive. The two I visited, The Duffy's and Don Pedro's, both in Isla Verde near the international airport, extract about $10 to $14 for singles and from $12 to $16 for doubles. Both are within a block from the beach, but their personality is vastly different. The Duffy's is operated by a former Manhattan advertising executive who tends the free-flowing bar in the evenings, while functioning as a sort of *conferencier* for the lively types who inhabit the place, whereas Don Pedro's is a remake of the family manse which suddenly found itself within ear-splitting distance of the new jet runways. Don Pedro, scion of the family, redid it like a villa in Seville, and it glistens with tile floors, stark white walls, and black grills hanging on every available portal. Even the kitchen units in the housekeeping rooms have been paved with tiles, and the whole place has been air-conditioned against the temperature and the basso profundo turbines which uncork a thundering aria every few minutes.

Night had long since fallen when the gypsy band of which I was the nominal head appeared for the first time before Don Pedro's iron grills to claim its reservations. Bearing a Liliputian in tow, we were at the rag-tag end of a flight that had been delayed four hours out of New York. Had I not been so weary I would have taken immediate steps to arrange for the assassination of those maiden ladies who are forever penning Pollyanna pieces telling me how joyously simple it is to travel with children. I am here to tell

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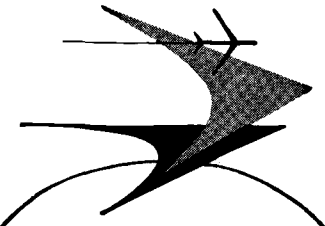

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them, or at least to gasp, that getting there is none of the fun. In these matters I count myself a disciple of the Benchley school, for it was that crafty surveyor of the social scene who once said that traveling with children is like traveling third class in Bulgaria.

What, dear ladies with the pearly pens, do you do with the bundle of joy when you arrive at the airport and pull a four-hour delay that runs into nap time? The chairs are rakish and modern out in the wilds of Idlewild, and the bars are stocked with a bottomless supply of anesthesia for the tall people, but no kindly hostess has ever ushered me or mine into a transient nursery where you can pull the shades and salt the angel away with a bottle. And what has happened to coloring books, and for that matter orange juice, or lounges, or coat racks, none of which were carried in the no-nonsense run between N.Y. and P.R.? I speak not of third class in Bulgaria, but first class in the U.S.A.

What do you do when you arrive so late that the commissaries have long since shut and ditto the diaper services? There is Cecilia's Place, just across from the guest house, which will gladly send in food, your choice: *guineitos hervidos* (boiled green bananas), *morcillitas frescas* (fresh pork blood sausage), and *cabrito en fricasse y arroz* (baby goat fricasseed with rice). And when dawn finally dawns the next day and you are at San Juan's lone diaper service, what do you tell the corsair who demands a twenty-five-dollar deposit or no diapers?

A day later I had located a fine house on the Atlantic shore of the island beyond the settlement of Dorado and the handsome resort by that name which the Rockefellers have fashioned on the shore. I rented a compact from Hertz and with it packed with the necessary equipment for traveling with children, we rolled out of San Juan, looking, I'm sure, like a supply wagon of the Eighth Montenegrin Hussars fleeing in disordered retreat.

San Juan's intricate system of freeways dissolves finally into the Carretera Militar, the military highway that runs through the mangrove flats that are remindful of the Jersey lowlands at the approaches to New York, passing water treatment plants, cement factories, the public works center, and other scenic displays. Out of the old suburb of Cataño which faces Old San Juan across the bay, there is a splendid new highway that rims the very edge of the sea, bordering sand stretches and palm groves and distracting views of the Atlantic as it washes this northern shore.

This strip, which the Rockefellers pioneered when they bought an old grapefruit plantation and began con-

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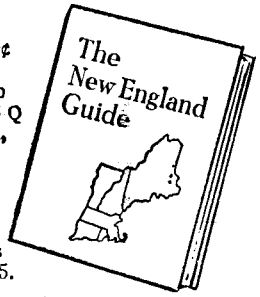

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struction of a golf course in 1955 and the hotel in 1957, has suddenly come alive. A large development of week-end homes called the Costa de Oro del Dorado is being built in a lovely seaside palm grove where, for reasons I know not, the Atlantic comes in tame as a New England pond. Nearby, the new Riviera Hotel will unveil its 220 rooms for the fall season, all of them fashioned in a style which is being called modern Moorish. By that its builders mean to imply a certain reference to Spanish design, accepting the influences that are so heavy in Old San Juan across the bay. There will be other influences too: an eighteen-hole golf course to match the Robert Trent Jones layout which the Rockefellers built, tennis and badminton courts, a nightclub and a gambling casino. The Rockefellers have already matched *that* move by installing a small but humming casino of their own at Dorado Beach.

Our own villa by the sea lay at the end of a bumpy country road two miles beyond the stately entrance to the Dorado Beach Club. It was separated by centuries from the pink beach-pajama world of Dorado, for the pathway to our house was lined with potholes, tethered old sows, loose chickens, and work gangs chopping away at the tall forests of cane that grew there. Palm groves stretched out of sight and there were days when two men in a rumbling cart would roam the palms collecting coconuts, with one member of the team occasionally climbing the trunk to cut the clusters of coconuts hidden in the fronds. It was a feat which the young gardener who came to water our grass would do without ropes, walking up the eighty-foot trees and sending the green coconuts hurtling to the ground with resounding thumps. On Saturday nights our road would fill with cars which disgorged platoons of fishermen who came down to the beach in front of our house to probe with flashlight for the hermit crabs that make ideal bait. So many lights were flashing in the night that we thought it best to arrange for a watchman. The head of the security department of the Dorado Beach Hotel kindly arranged to send one over, a diminutive young man named Alberto who armed himself with an enormous machete. Each night we provided Alberto with sandwiches and large jugs of strong Puerto Rican coffee which we were sure would keep anyone who swallowed a cup of the brew awake around the clock. However, the club's patrols rolled past our house on their rounds and I was shortly in receipt of a note from Captain Robles, head of the Dorado police unit, stating that the man he had hired to afford security coverage to my house had been found fast asleep in the carport, the machete by his side, and had been fired.

Although it had no phone, the house was fully equipped with everything else, including a six-page manual on how to operate it, and a Spanish-English phrase book to help us deal with anyone who came to the door. The phrase book proved of limited help, for there seemed little value in greeting the neighbor who came to borrow tools with *¿Quiropodista en asistencia?* (Have you a chiropodist in attendance?) or Can you recharge my battery?—to pick merely two nuggets that happened to pop out at me when in desperation I leafed its pages.

True to the owner's manual, a maid came walking down the hill each morning at nine, promenading along the dirt road under her parasol. She stayed for two hours, dusting and cleaning, and then promenaded off again under her parasol. Cows were frequently on the neighboring hillocks when we awoke in the mornings, lizards slithered about at all hours, and in the evenings frogs sat about the steps and rested along the paths. Following the manual, we kept the gates closed at all times to keep the goats from nibbling on the hibiscus, the almond trees, and the lime trees. A goat that is liable to end up as a fricassee cannot spend his lifetime ingesting tin cans and paper.

Some 13,000 citizens live in the north-coast settlement of Dorado, but the only thing that was super about the so-called supermarkets were the self-service system and the rolling carts. We shopped in Bayamon, forty minutes away, a town equipped with an enormous supermarket where we filled the cart with Puerto Rican pineapples, now almost as good as Hawaiian ones; with frozen *pastelillos* a local turnover filled with meat or cheese to be deep fried until crisp; plantains, an oversized green banana to be boiled or sliced, fried, and salted. With Puerto Rican rum selling at $1.98 a fifth, it was easy to see how those refugees from Connecticut so frequently seen in the advertisements could indeed discover rum in Puerto Rico and never be heard from again.

The Dorado Beach Hotel, so near to our castle by the sea, had, I thought, been vastly embellished since the first

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Tsukiko

■ Tsukiko Yamazaki's father is a professor of botany, but her own interest in flowers is mainly aesthetic. As a girl she studied ikebana, flower arrangement, and also origami, the ancient Japanese art of folding paper into flowers, birds and other shapes. With such a cultivated feeling for beauty and serenity, it is not surprising that Tsukiko makes a charming hostess on the DC-8 Jet Couriers of Japan Air Lines. In her colorful kimono she is herself a living and lovely part of the calm beauty of Japan that surrounds you as you fly to the Orient at almost the speed of sound.

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time I saw it a few days before it opened four years ago. A wall of enormous boulders had been dropped offshore making a broad expanse of its eastern beach, and a gentle lake of the Atlantic waters that washed on it. On week-ends the big pool was filled with dozens of kids up from San Juan for the day. Mornings by the sea, the terrace brimmed with vacationers starting the day with guayabana and tamarindo juice. Coffee is roasted, ground, and brewed on the spot, and anyone who got up for breakfast could always rest from that exertion in the lacy rope hammocks strung between coconut trees by the sea's edge.

If you had a car you could drive it in twenty minutes time along the new sea-kissed highway to Cataño (Hertz's compacts rent for $55 a week plus 11 cents a mile). It costs a thin dime to sail across the Bahia de San Juan on the Cataño ferry which docks at the edge of the old city. Each season brings new restorations to this part of the city which was settled in 1524. A beaded curtain of cork and green and blue glass beads screens the entranceway of a new island handicraft shop called La Tinaja which occupies an old house once owned by Muñoz Rivera, father of the present governor. Art galleries seem to wind in an endless maze of arches through the old stone buildings. One of the most splendid belongs to the Spanish artist Angel Botello, who has been painting and sculpting in Puerto Rico the last few years and made a great success with his gallery in the old Pan American Guest House alongside the Caribé Hilton. He bought the ancient house at Calle Cristo 208 three years ago and spent a year doing it over. Half gallery and half home, it offers a fine display case for Botello's sculptures and paintings, for his matchless collection of primitive *santos* gathered from all corners of Puerto Rico. The penthouse apartment upstairs, half out-of-doors and half in, has rooftop views, a small pool, and a kitchen paved with Spanish tiles.

Among the long term tenants in old San Juan, Martha Sleeper's shop surrounds a lovely brick patio unaccountably decorated with fake geraniums. The courtyard, which has a small bar, has become a local landmark since it was used in a rum-and-Puerto Rico ad that was headlined, "Mel Spotted that Rum Collins and All Shopping Stopped." In between libations one can shop for resort dresses, beads, straw hats, *muumuus*—a style imported from Hawaii, and even four-dollar potholders encrusted with glass beads. Saint Amour, which also has branches in the Virgin Islands, carries French and Italian sportswear, ties from Jacques Fath and huge cocktail rings made of Bromo-Seltzer blue glass. Casa Cavanaugh, another inhabitant of ancient quarters on Cristo St. has Thai silk ties at about the same price they sell for in Bangkok, Madras jackets, silk bows from Liberty of London, four-in-hands from the house of Dior, and all sorts of goods from the east. Another importer from the Orient, Dolphin Court, near the chapel at the end of Cristo St., specializes in straw blinds, but it also has, or had, a pile of finely woven straw ladies hats from the Philippines waiting to be adorned with a bright flowing hat band for summer.

While abroad in Old San Juan one day I also had lunch and a look at El Convento, the hotel that is perhaps the most ambitious restoration project ever undertaken in the West Indies. Perhaps *transformation* would be a better word, for it has meant making a brilliant and beautiful hotel out of a Carmelite Convent that had later been a lodging and a USO club. The lunch, served under cheerful yellow umbrellas in the courtyard with the tiers of rooms rising all around, was, I'm afraid, an endurance contest, and I found it overpriced and underserved. But the hotel itself

is perhaps the most striking in all the hemisphere with the hangings, the headboards, the lamp fixtures, the rugs, and the heavy carved wooden doors evoking Spanish colonial dreams. All of it is one hellish long walk to the nearest beach, but there is a small pool in the same courtyard where lunch is served, and some of the rooms open to patios and terraces that look over the ancient rooftops clear to the harbor. The San Juan Cathedral which holds the remains of Ponce de Leon, is just across the cobbled street, and it must be some comfort to have that venerable noble resting peacefully so near at hand.

—Horace Sutton.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Pavel Virsky and His Ukrainian Dancers

NOW it is clear why the Ukraine is called "Little Russia." To judge from the introductory performance of the Ukrainian Dance Company in the Metropolitan Opera House at the beginning of its first American tour, it contains in microcosm everything Mother Russia has to offer—at least in the folk dancing of that spacious land. Here is a range from pastoral pleasantries to whalers who dance to "Yablochko," round dances from the Poltava, knee-cracking competition dances, and, of course, Cossacks with spears. Only *these* dancing spearsmen seem ready to launch their weapons at the audience if it does not provide enough applause for an encore. Fortunately there is enough . . . and to spare.

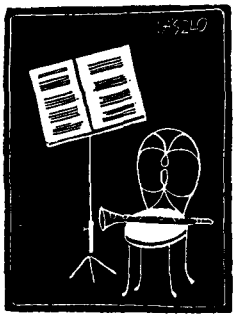
But, in addition to all its ethnic and human resources, the Ukrainian Dance Company has one asset that brings it closer to the fabled Moiseyev Dance Company than any other that has been seen here. This is its director-choreographer Pavel Virsky, whose thirty-five years as a performer and a student of his art have given him a domination of his materials—human as well as artistic—that is fascinating to observe and exhilarating to experience.

It is one thing to have performers of outstanding physical resources, and quite another to form them into compositions that project their agilities without compromising their abilities (one of the shortcomings of the Georgian Dance Company). Once Virsky gets down to serious spine-tingling business (after an opening number or two in which to introduce the company and get the late-comers seated), he matches one creation with another, usually in a sequence that varies vigorous clowning by the men with a gentler interlude by the women. When he arrives at a sequence leading from the gaily romantic "Podolianochka" through a competition dance for the men to a Carpathian holiday escapade based on a kind of skittering step to the hilarious "New Boots," and the deftly integrated "Embroiderers" to the already mentioned "Cossack Spear Dance," the eye is dancing with patterns of such diversity and beauty that the only thing wanted is an intermission—which, indeed, is as well timed as any dance preceding it.

What is striking about Virsky's work for, and with, his magnificently matched troupe is the high skill and artistic purpose with which he invests the common coin of Russian folk dancing—outflung arms, criss-crossed knees from a squat, leaps over swords and bounding half steps around the stage (for the men), delicate mincing movements with arms akimbo and decorous heel taps and gliding steps (for the women)—to yield an interest as if they were newly minted. Neither round dances nor ribbon dances are new, but who has ever seen one which personifies the art of embroidery as a score of girls weave and bob—literally—with flawless management of their long strands of colored thread as well as of themselves? How they arrive at a completed tapestry and display it to the audience is much too ingenious a theatrical trick to be given away by a description. It must be seen.

Similarly, in the composition entitled "New Boots." It is reasonable to expect something diverting from the concept of four peasants so poor that a pair of new boots becomes a community event, to be shared among them. But what Virsky has done in characterizing each peasant (including one so eager to get into the boots that he cannot keep his toes from twitching, in rhythm, even while he is stretched prone awaiting his turn) and building his country *pas de quatre* to a tragi-comic conclusion is a study in mastery of the vignette, the essence of a varied dance program.

As the foregoing may suggest, Virsky is not only master of the vignette, but also of varied humors and aspects of it. Presumably because his performers are native to the area they glorify, they can submit their practiced skills to the discipline of a sophisticated choreographic mind without in the least sacrificing naturalness or spontaneity. Only dancers wholly in love with what they are doing could perform the Contest Dance (of Part One) for the thousandth time and still make of it a kind of choreographic jam session embodying an actual, as well as simulated, impulse to excel.



In the swift moving panorama of performance it was not easy to isolate individuals, nor is it particularly relevant to this kind of company endeavor. But Alexei Gommon was one who excelled in the super-squat routine of "Polzunets" as Liudmila Kozachenko typified the blondly engaging femininity of a company which outdoes, in this respect, any other from the USSR seen here thus far. The music, mostly of a simple folkish character, was well performed under the direction of Igor Ivashchenko, who must do as much *barre* work as any of the dancers to sustain the pace at which he performs.

What the introduction of the Ukrainian Dance Company demonstrated above all else (in my view, at least) is that folk materials are never hackneyed nor the possibilities of variation restricted for a man (or woman) with an observant eye and a creative mind. Virsky clearly has both, which is much of the reason why the Ukrainian Dance Company is doubly welcome, and entitled to an accolade beyond such tawdry terms as fantastic or fabulous. Fantabulous, perhaps?

BY a curious coincidence, the post-Easter week provided opportunity for hearing two works by Beethoven which are, if unsuccessful, not uninteresting—the "Triple Concerto" and the Choral Fantasia. The link between them is the use of the piano-with-orchestra in combination with elements usually considered alien: in the first instance, the violin and cello, in the second, the mingled voices of a chorus.

Neither, of course, is a fully realized work. The attempt to give equal importance, within the concerto scheme, to three different instruments, each of undeniable personality, was more than even Beethoven could cope with, while the odd combination of piano and chorus was plainly an outgrowth of a momentary enthusiasm rather than a reasoned conviction. But—and this is the matter of consequence—each had a fruition beyond the stunted, first growth: in one instance, the great trios of Opus 70 and 97 which Beethoven decided was a better utilization of this particular resource; in the other, the choral finale of the Ninth Symphony, which came a decade and a half later.

The performers were, in the first case, the Stern-Istomin-Rose trio performing with power and discipline in a Symphony of the Air concert under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein; in the second, Rudolf Serkin and the Westminster Choir with the Philharmonic and Leonard Bernstein. Each, incidentally, was part of that indestructible verity—an all-Beethoven program.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Stravinsky on Stravinsky

By IRVING KOLODIN

THOUGH Igor Stravinsky's birthdate is not until June 17, the event has already been celebrated in Seattle, presents are beginning to arrive, exhibitions arranged, proclamations issued, all hailing the glad occasion. Somewhat unorthodoxly, the presents are not to Stravinsky from us, but from Stravinsky to us. However, eightieth birthdays are fairly unorthodox occasions, and we join, before it is too late, in saying Happy May 17th, June 17th, and July 17th to you, Igor Feodorovich (not to forget Columbia Records, which reserved 1962 as its own geophysical year on behalf of Stravinsky some time ago), and many more festivities in years to come.

The presents, of course, are the thing—six new discs of works by Stravinsky, four of them self-conducted. This certainly makes him the composer with the largest number of self-conducted recordings in history, as the adjacent list attests. Wherefore it is interesting to observe his own estimate of that situation, as set forth in "Expositions and Developments," page 125: "The short life-expectancy of a recording has become a deterrent to the composer-conductor, however, for he knows that the march of technical innovation will crush even the best musical performance. Last year's record is as démodé as last year's motorcar. In fact, active interest in a new recording lasts for only six months, obsolescence sets in after that, and death occurs at the end of a year, in spite of geriatric treatment by sound engineers."

There is, to be sure, more in this than exaggeration-for-effect; but the complaint from which the phonographic body is suffering has, certainly, enabled Stravinsky to make many more versions of some much-cherished works than would have been the case otherwise. Thus, the present versions of "L'Oiseau de Feu" (MS 6328, $5.98) and "Petrouchka" (MS 6332, $5.98) are his third in each instance.

Most important, Stravinsky's command of his own version of the conductor's technique has improved materially since the early days of the first of his recordings, thirty years ago. Some "fellow specialists" may shake their heads sadly at some of "his" tempi or dynamic values, but there can be no doubt, any longer, that these effects are precisely the ones he wishes to convey. They can, in any case, hardly avoid learning something from him about the texture of his orchestral fabric, assuming they have open minds as well as open ears (warrants for such assumptions are obtained only with difficulty).

Good as it is to have, in addition to the sparkling, clean-sounding "Firebird" and "Petrouchka," a new, excitingly exact version of the Concerto for Violin with Isaac Stern as soloist—the first time, one may say with assurance, that all the notes have been played at the right time in the right place (MS 6331, $5.98)—there is little doubt that the average, or even unaverage, Stravinsky enthusiast will welcome most of all the opportunity to hear "Le Rossignol" as it was originally conceived (Columbia KS 6327, $13.96). Opportunities in abundance exist to hear the orchestral score he created from its materials, but its predecessor has too long occupied a limbo not in keeping with its merits, as those who heard the Metropolitan Opera performances in 1926 with Marion Talley may dimly recollect.

For, as the unwinding grooves quickly make apparent, the basic form, in three brief acts, has an interest and a substance all its own. Begun in 1907—which is to say, before he had written any of the music for which he is well known—Stravinsky did not have time to resume and finish it until after he had composed "Firebird," "Petrouchka," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." Obviously, he was a master of different means with a much more refined conception of ends in 1913-14 than he had been six years before. It is the stylistic disparity between the two portions of "Le Rossignol" that prompted him to make a single, inclusive orchestral form of the parts that pleased him best, in 1919.

However, that is all now part of history, and "Le Rossignol" is one verity, as "Chant du Rossignol" is another.

A Stravinsky Discography

Performances with, or by, the Composer

Piano

Concerto for two pianos	Igor and Soulima Stravinsky	Columbia LFX 951/3 (78)
Piano Rag-music	I.S., piano	Col. 68300D (78)
Serenade	I.S., piano	Col. 17021/2 D (78)

Chamber music

Chamber works, 1911-1954: Three Souvenirs, Septet, In Memoriam Dylan Thomas, etc.	I.S. directing	Col. ML 5107
Double Canon for String Quartet	I.S. directing	Col. ML 5672, MS 6272
Duo Concertant	S. Dushkin, violin, I.S., piano	Col. M 199 (78)
	Szigeti, violin, I.S., piano	Col. MM 922 (78), ML 2122 (10")
Epitaphium	I.S. directing	Col. ML 5672, MS 6272
Octet	I.S. cond. Columbia Sym. Orch. members	Col. ML 5672, MS 6272
	I.S. cond. ensemble	Col. ML 4964
	I.S. cond. Paris Wind Octet	Col. X 25 (78)
Pastorale	I.S. directing Szigeti, violin, and wind group	Col. 72495D (78), ML 2122
	I.S. directing Dushkin and quartet	Col. 17075D (78)
Ragtime	I.S. cond. chamber orchestra	Col. 68300 D (78)
Russian Maiden's Song	Szigeti, violin, I.S., piano	Col. 72495D (78), ML 4398
Symphonies of Wind Instruments	I.S. cond. North West German Radio Ensemble	Col. ML 4964

*Orchestral**

Capriccio	I.S., piano, Ansermet cond. Straram Orch.	Col. M 152 (78)
Concerto for Piano	RCA Orch., Soulima Stravinsky, piano	RCA LM 7010 (10")
Concerto for Strings	Victor String Orchestra	Victor LM 1096
Concerto for Violin	Lamoureux Orch., Dushkin, violin	Vox 173 (78), 6340
	Columbia Sym. Orch., Stern, violin	Col. ML 5731, MS 6331
Danses concertantes	Victor Symphony	Victor M 1234 (78), LM 1075, LVT 1029
Dumbarton Oaks Concerto	Dumbarton Oaks Festival Orch.	Keynote K 2001/2 (78), Mercury DM 1 (78), MG 10014
Ebony Concerto	Woody Herman Orch.	Col. M 7479M (78), ML 4398
Fireworks	N. Y. Philharmonic	Col. M 653 (78), ML 4398
Monumentum pro Gesualdo	Columbia Symphony	Col. KL 5718, KS 6318
Movements for Piano & Orch.	Columbia Sym., Rosen, piano	Col. ML 5672, MS 6272
Norwegian Moods	N. Y. Philharmonic	Col. 12371D (78), ML 4398
Ode	N. Y. Philharmonic	Col. ML 4398
Scherzo a la Russe	Victor Symphony	Victor M 1234 (78), LM 7010 (10")
Symphony in C	Cleveland Orch.	Col. ML 4899
Symphony in 3 Movements	N. Y. Philharmonic	Col. M 680 (78), ML 4129
1945	Columbia Symphony Orch.	Col. ML 5731, MS 6331

Unless otherwise indicated Stravinsky conducts.

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Strikingly apparent at the outset of the opera is his absorption with certain procedures of Debussy, especially the wavering lines and overlapping sonorities of "Nuages" and "Fêtes," even some characteristic tonal combinations (oboes and English horn, French horn and flute, etc.). Perversely, the orchestra does not revert to the composer's native tongue when the Fisherman enters singing Russian: it continues to paint the pastel background with a French accent. Added together, the ingredients make something marvelously interesting —and what is more, something marvelously beautiful too.

It would be easy to establish an affinity of the high-flown soprano voice of "Le Rossignol" with the equally coloratura "Coq d'Or" of Rimsky's opera. But a fundamental difference emerges. Rimsky's conception conveys the impression of a human being trying to sound like an exotic bird, whereas Stravinsky's genius for animating the inanimate draws a likeness of an exotic bird trying to sound like, communicate like, a human being. (Curiously, too, another bird to come, "L'Oiseau de Feu," creeps into hearing near the end of Act I where Stravinsky left this project with the inscription "Oustiloug, 1909".)

The turn of a page, and we are transported, with the bold opening of Act II, into another tonal world, post-"Sacre." It is especially striking in the juxtaposition of this recording, for there is no break or side turn, a mere gap of seconds symbolic of the curtain lowering on one epoch, rising on another, with the sweeping harp arpeggio, with its supporting brass pillars, familiar from the orchestral version. Immediately after comes some vocal *chinoiserie* that, however little known to others, was certainly part of Puccini's research for his "Turandot." In turn comes the magical Chinese March, embodying some of the composer's most fanciful turns of thought in evoking from the blend of two well-known Occidental instruments —flute and celesta, for example—a third, nonexistent but convincingly Oriental-sounding one.

As the whole experience culminates in the mock gravity of the funeral march and the revived Emperor's greeting of his astounded subjects, the only question that remains is: Why has a work of this compulsion and beauty not been recorded before, even, if for reasons of their own, opera impresarios of recent times have been deaf to its appeal, blind to its opportunities for spectacle, its unquestionable audience appeal?

To be omitted from the indictment, obviously, is the Opera Society of Washington, D. C., whose enterprise of December, 1961, made possible this addition to our experience. It is not only performed with thoroughgoing artistry and a wide-ranging variety of colors by the instrumentalists (mostly members of the National Symphony) under Stravinsky's direction, but aptly vocalized by a cast whose most successful member is Reri Grist as the voice of the Nightingale. Well remembered from her part in the City Center's 1959 "Carmina Burana," Miss Grist has added much in confidence and control since then as a member of the Zurich Opera and in Glyndebourne. Here she performs with a miraculous command of the high range on which the Nightingale lives, breathes, and sings, in a soft, warmly textured sound of much aural appeal.

Like the other members of the cast and chorus, Miss Grist performs in Russian. How faithful to the pure sound of that language this phonetic imitation is, I couldn't say; but it makes its contribution to the authenticity of the whole, as do Donald Gramm as the Emperor and Loren Driscoll as the Fisherman. (Kenneth Smith, Herbert Beattie, Marina Picassi, and Elaine Bonazzi add strength in smaller parts.) Indeed, it is possible that this creation may outlast Stravinsky's dire calendar of obsolescence and endure as a second half-century addition to the "Great Recordings of the Century," which are not as démodé as some of the more fragile creations of their time (and ours). In any case, it has been built to last, which is, as Goddard Lieberson would be the first to agree, if expensive, also the only economical insurance against obsolescence.

Among the valuable attributes of the four Stravinsky-led albums is first-class technical work. Lest it be supposed that the Concerto for Violin occupies a whole disc, mention should be made that its second-side companion is the Symphony in Three Movements of 1945, which adds to far more than it had on previous hearings. Part of this may be attributed to the clarity and precision of the playing under Stravinsky, but quite as much to the illumination of its terse, mordant measures by a verbal commentary reproduced from the Stravinsky-Craft "Dialogues and a Diary." Columbia's art department completes a Grand Slam of production tricks with its tasteful, pertinent, and imaginative packaging.

Ballets

Agon	Los Angeles Festival Sym.	Col. ML 5215, MS 6022
Apollon Musagete	Victor String Orch.	Victor DM 1424 (78), LM 1096
Baiser de la Fee	Cleveland Orch.	Col. ML 5102
Divertimento	Victor Symphony	Victor M 1202 (78), LM 1075, LVT 1029
Circus Polka	N. Y. Philharmonic	Col. ML 4398
Firebird Suite	Symphony	Col. M 115 (78)
	N. Y. Philharmonic	Col. M 653 (78), ML 4046, ML 4882
Complete ballet	Columbia Sym. Orch.	Col. ML 5728, MS 6328
Scherzo No. 3, and No. 5	Dushkin, violin, I.S., piano	Col. 17049 D (78)
L'Histoire du Soldat	Septet	Col. M 184 (78)
	Ensemble	Col. ML 4964
	Columbia Symphony	Col. ML 5672, MS 6272
Jeu de Cartes	Berlin Philharmonic	Capitol ECL 8028 (78), L 8028 (10"), Mercury MG 10014, Telefunken SK 2460/2 (78)
Les Noces	Winter, Seymour, ensemble	Col. M 204 (78)
Orpheus	Victor Symphony	Victor DM 1320 (78), LM 1033
Petrouchka	Symphony	Col. M 109 (78)
	Columbia Symphony (with "Le Sacre")	Col. ML 5732, MS 6332 D3L 300, D3S 614
Danse russe	Dushkin, violin, I.S., piano	Col. 17075 D (78)
Suite	N. Y. Philharmonic	Col. X 177 (78), ML 4047
Pulcinella	Cleveland Orch.	Col. ML 4830
Suite, Nos. 5-8	Symphony	Col. X 36 (78)
Nos. 2 and 5	Dushkin, violin, I.S., piano	Col. 68238 D (78)
Le Sacre du Printemps	N. Y. Philharmonic	Col. M 417 (78), ML 4882, ML 4092
	Symphony	Col. M 129 (78)
	Columbia Symphony (with "Petrouchka")	Col. ML 5719, MS 6319, D3L 300, D3S 614
Scenes de ballet	N. Y. Philharmonic	Col. X 245 (78), ML 4047

Vocal

Cantata	Philharmonic Chamber Ens., Tourel, Cuenod	Col. ML 4899
Canticum Sacrum	Los Angeles Festival Sym., Robinson	Col. ML 5215, MS 6022
Church Choruses	N. Y. Church of Blessed Sacrament	Victor DM 1349 (78)
The Flood (to be released)	Columbia Sym. Orch., Cabot, Lanchester, Harvey	Col. ML 5757, MS 6357
Mass	N. Y. Church of Blessed Sacrament	Victor DM 1349 (78), LM 17
	Columbia Symphony Winds & Chorus	Col. ML 5757, MS 6357
Oedipus Rex	Cologne Radio Orch., Cocteau	Col. ML 4644
Persephone	N. Y. Philharmonic, Zorina	Col. ML 5196
The Rake's Progress	Metropolitan Opera soloists	Col. 3SL 125
Le Rossignol	Driscoll, Gramm, Grist, etc.	Col. KS 6327, KL 5727
Marche chinoise & Air	Dushkin, violin, I.S., piano	Col. 68334D (78)
Symphony of Psalms	CBS Orch.	Col. MM 814 (78), ML 4129
	Vlassoff Sym. & Chorus	Col. M 162 (78)
Threni	Columbia Sym., Schola Cantorum	Col. ML 5383, MS 6065

(78) indicates original speed

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK MUSIC

PERFORMER, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
"The Weavers' Almanac": "When the Stars Begin to Fall," "Bill," "Brother Can You Spare a Dime?" "Jackhammer John," "Which Side Are You On?" "Get Along Little Dogies," six others. Vanguard VRS 9100, $4.98.	This is easily the best Weavers album since Pete Seeger's much-lamented retirement from the group. Rambling far and wide, Ronnie Gilbert and the Messrs. Hellerman, Hays, and Darling have returned bearing such diverse musical gifts as a rabid union song, a loping cowboy ballad, a cynical Depression blues, and a tender Southern lullaby. They seem just a little bored with "Rally Round the Flag," but "Bye Baby Bye" is sheer delight, and in the gospel-flavored "Fight On" the Weavers raise the roof fully as high as in the days of yore.
"The Greenbriar Boys": "We Shall Not Be Moved," "Little Birdie," "Stay All Night," "We Need a Lot More of Jesus," ten others. Vanguard VRS 9104, $4.98.	Despite the fact that the Greenbriar Boys are tops in their field—instrumental wizards who sing with irrepressible gusto—this album is for blue grass addicts only. Those who lack a well developed passion for these twangy, hard-driving Southern mountain songs are likely to find two LP sides approximately one and a half too many.
"Recorded Live in Europe": Mahalia Jackson, with Mildred Falls, pianist. "He's Right on Time," "Elijah Rock," "Down by the Riverside," six others. Columbia CL 1726, $3.98.	It seems rather superfluous to appraise the art of Mahalia Jackson at this late date: once more "the world's greatest gospel singer" has lived up to her billing. With pianist Mildred Falls as a superb collaborator, Mahalia makes her songs glow with a fervor that often transcends their intrinsic musical value.
"The Travelers Three": "Roll Along," "Hush-a-Bye," "Sinner Man," "Well Well Well," "Tamure," "Julianne," "Good Morning Captain," five others. Elektra EKL 216, $4.98.	Undaunted (or perhaps encouraged) by the plethora of similar ensembles in America today, the Travelers Three have entered the musical lists. Judging from their debut disc, they are no worse and no better than the bulk of their competition: they are consummately average. They have good voices, a harmonious blend, clever arrangements; but such attributes as originality, insight, and the ability to make their songs more than pleasant interludes remain as yet among the Travelers' undeclared effects.
"The Song of Men, All Sorts and Kinds": Sam Hinton. "The Miller's Will," "The Bent County Bachelor," "Long John," "In the Pines," "The Valiant Soldier," "The Garden Hymn," "I Am a Pilgrim," twelve others. Folkways FA 2400, $5.95.	After all the performers—good and bad—firmly dedicated to the pursuit of that elusive "sound" which is both folk and commercial, it comes as a refreshing and altogether welcome change to hear a fellow like Sam Hinton. Born in Oklahoma, raised in Texas, and currently resident in California, Hinton sings in a homey, easygoing manner, with nary a pretension. In the course of his colorful folk anthology, he touches briefly on many different forms of Americana, infusing each with uncommon warmth and genial humor.
"Songs of Israel": Rakhel. "Azi," "Layla," "Ayil Ayil," "Hava Nagila," "Mi Yivneh," ten others. Monitor MF 364, $4.98.	In her second recording Rakhel Hadass again proves herself persuasive in Israeli song. Her voice tends to a certain edginess at times, particularly in the more boisterous numbers, but her performances are deeply felt, and thoroughly idiomatic.
"The Gentle Art": Evelyne Beers. "The Apple Riddle," "Sweet Little Jesus Boy," "So Early in the Spring," "Across the Blue Mountain," "The Wind and Rain," "Bonnie George Campbell," seven others. Prestige 13053, $4.98.	The album is well titled, for there is a pervading tenderness, a gentle serenity in all the ballads here, and Evelyne Beers is clearly a folk artist of sensitivity. So prolonged a mood of pensive reflection could easily pale, of course; that it never does is a tribute both to Miss Beers's lovely voice and to her tasteful musicianship. A further note of interest is provided by her husband Robert Beers, with fine accompaniments on a zither-like instrument called the psaltery.
"The Folk Singers of Washington Square": Anne Bird, Alexander "Sandy" Bull, Logan English, Bruce Langhorne, Martin Lorin and Molly Scott. "This Land," "Hard Trials," "C. C. Rider," "Big Ball in Nashville," nine others. Continental CLP 4010, $5.98.	Six alumni of the New York folksings in the Park are represented here by a motley program of folk and pseudo-folk material. Of the six, Bruce Langhorne makes the best impression, although his efforts are hampered by muffled recorded sound. Logan English and Molly Scott also have some effective moments, but the rest of the disc jumbles styles and misguided attempts at humor.
"Big Bill Broonzy Sings Folk Songs." "Backwater Blues," "This Train," "Martha," "Tell Me Who," "Bill Bailey," "Glory of Love," "Alberta," "Goin' Down the Road," three others. Folkways FA 2328, $5.95.	Devotees of the late Big Bill Broonzy will need no prodding to acquire these previously unissued performances. Some of the tracks were taken from a broadcast concert, and in these we hear Big Bill at his most exuberant, shouting such classics as "Alberta," "Goin' Down the Road," and "John Henry" (this last in a duet-of-sorts with Pete Seeger). The other songs are studio tapings, made not long before the singer's death from cancer in 1958, and these are of a more intimate, personal nature. The disease had already taken its toll of Big Bill's voice, but the vitality, the deep intensity of his music-making remain intact. Complete texts and illuminating notes by C. E. Smith are included.
"Peter, Paul and Mary." "Early in the Morning," "Lemon Tree," "If I Had a Hammer," "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," "500 Miles," "This Train," "It's Raining," five others. Warner Bros. W 1449, $3.98.	There's something quite diverting about this balladic threesome: at the very least it's heartening to find a new folksinging group which doesn't sound like the Kingston Trio. To be sure, Peter, Paul and Mary tread the fine line between folk and pop styles in the Kingstonian tradition, but they do so with charm and originality.
"German University Songs, Vol. 5": Erich Kunz, with Vienna State Opera Chorus and Orchestra, Anton Paulik conducting. "Drei Lilien," "Prinze Eugen," fourteen others. Vanguard VRS 1081, $4.98.	This is actually the sixth album of similar material that these artists have recorded (counting the recent collection of "Best Loved German Songs"), so perhaps it is understandable that a certain ennui has set in. The songs are tuneful and Kunz is in fine voice (as usual), but stodgy tempos, and generally lacklustre singing by the mixed chorus dilute the effectiveness of the program.
"Hopak: Ukrainian Songs and Dances, Vol. 5": "Tropotianka," "On the High Meadow," "Let's Sing Together," "Holiday in the Carpathian Mountains," "My Hutsul Maiden," nine others. Monitor MF 376, $4.98.	This enticing tonal travelogue begins with the infectious lilt of the "Hopak"— a propitious choice since the performing orchestra is that of the widely acclaimed and currently visiting Ukrainian Dance Company. Thereafter the musical chores are taken over by three other native ensembles (The Trembita Chorus, the Hutsul Song and Dance Group, and Zakarpatsky Chorus and Orchestra), with no lessening of the high standards throughout the diversified program of choral songs, lyrical solos, and brightly rhythmic dance rhapsodies.
"Inman and Ira": "Cut 'Em Down," "This Train," "Rosie," "Witness," "The Street Vendor," "Black Girl," "Unclouded Day," "My Baby Rocks Me," four others. Columbia CL 1731, $3.98.	Inman and Ira (more specifically, LaRoy Inman and Ira Rogers) bill themselves as an "exciting new folk duo," and that they most assuredly are. Unfortunately, their singing also has a tendency to be excited as well as exciting, with the result that several rather frenzied interpretations become as much displays of vocal virtuosity as legitimate representations of folk song. When they hold their exuberance in reasonable check, though, Inman and Ira offer striking and effectively dramatic (if commercialized) performances. "Run Mona Run" is brilliantly done, for instance, as is Oscar Brown, Jr.'s "Bid 'Em In"—surely one of the most devastating indictments of slavery ever set to music. —ROBERT SHERMAN.

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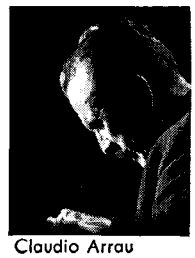
Ozan Marsh

Leonard Bernstein

Earl Wild

Jorge Bolet

Erich Leinsdorf


Claudio Arrau

Dave Brubeck

Hans Richter-Haaser

Theodore Lettvin

Eugene Ormandy

Luboshutz & Nemenoff

Thomas Schippers

Baldwin pianos and organs, official instruments, Seattle World's Fair, 1962

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A New "St. Matthew" by Klemperer

LONDON.

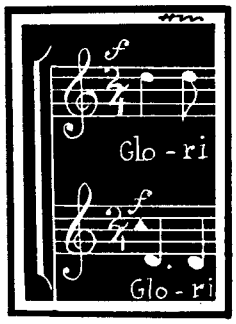
A FEW years ago, EMI's plan to record the St. Matthew Passion with some of Europe's finest singers and the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus under Dr. Klemperer had to be abandoned when the conductor suffered a serious accident and was compelled to cancel all his engagements for a prolonged period. At the time many of us felt despondent lest the opportunity might not recur, but we had evidently underestimated Klemperer's astonishing physical resilience—he is now busier than ever in concert hall, opera house, and recording studio—not to mention Walter Legge's tenacity of purpose. Thus the mighty project was never wholly shelved, but only postponed until such time as the artists concerned could gather in London.

The result of their labors is now before us—an album of nine LP sides—and it is difficult, in retrospect, not to feel that the postponement forced upon EMI has turned out wholly to their and our advantage. From an artistic point of view the performance, as originally planned, might have reached a level comparable to that now achieved (though the contralto soloist previously scheduled could never have equaled Christa Ludwig's beautiful contribution to the present set), but EMI's engineers have made such strides in stereo techniques during the past year or two that an earlier recording would scarcely have earned the praise which the splendid sound of this issue so richly merits.

Both in tonal quality and in the imaginative use of space this St. Matthew Passion is an outstanding achievement, easily surpassing all previous attempts at recording a work so dear to most of us. Of course the score, with its double chorus and double orchestra, cries out for stereo; the solo voices, too, have been positioned in a way consistent with their narrative or contemplative function in Bach's ground plan, without necessarily reproducing a typical concert-hall layout. Thus Jesus and the Evangelist appear slightly closer to us than the aria soloists, while the narrator's role as one standing slightly outside the drama is further emphasized by placing him not at the center of the "platform" but to our right. In the chorales, originally intended to be sung by the entire congregation, the two choruses lose their separate identities as they jointly fill the center of the sound picture (a position which, in the opening chorus, is accorded to the ripieno boys' voices).

In the last analysis, however, we are concerned with audible results, not the producer's intentions, and the results here achieved seem to me wholly attuned to the requirements of the music. Occasional slight variations in volume level and balance are scarcely to be avoided in so long and so varied a work; on the whole the results are remarkable for their consistency.

As an artistic achievement it is safe to say that the performance amply justifies the generous once-for-all, don't-count-the-cost attitude of its sponsors. It is not always thus with star-studded ventures: if the total result here is greater than the far from inconsiderable sum of its parts, the credit belongs mainly to Klemperer, whose ability to see a large-scale work as an entity has never been more impressively demonstrated. His slow tempi in some arias and choruses may give rise to argument (though he takes the final chorus and several other pieces faster than most conductors), but these are mere details whose significance diminishes the more we grow conscious of the extraordinary unity and discipline of the overall conception.

So monumental is this conception, with its rhythmic firmness and textural clarity, that Klemperer is able to allow his singers considerable emotional license without risk of sentimentality, though he is of course fortunate in having as his principal protagonists two supreme artists: Peter Pears and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Pears is a truly marvelous Evangelist, profoundly musical and most expressive; his handling of Peter's Denial is surely as moving an experience as can be found in recorded music. Fischer-Dieskau—who sang the bass arias in the Archive St. Matthew Passion under Karl Richter—is the most eloquent and accomplished Christus I have ever heard; his ability to suggest gentleness allied to strength of character and a commanding dignity makes each of his utterances memorable, none more so than his "blasphemous" prophecy before the High Priest.

The arias are sung, for the most part splendidly, by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig (whose lovely, warm mezzo-soprano is heard to particular advantage in "Erbarme dich"), Nicolai Gedda (slightly below his best form), and Walter Berry. The bass, who copes manfully with some of Klemperer's slowest tempi in "Gerne will ich mich bequemen" and "Mache dich, mein Herze, rein," also sings the part of Peter, and Schwarzkopf is heard as First Maid and Pilate's Wife, but the other minor characters in the action have been assigned to a "supporting cast" of unusual distinction. Thus Otakar Kraus, famed for his Alberich at Covent Garden and Bayreuth, can be heard briefly as the High Priest and as Pontius Pilate, Judas is sung by John Carol Case, and such noted artists as Helen Watts, Janet Baker, Geraint Evans, and Wilfred Brown contribute no more than a single line apiece.

THE Philharmonia Chorus sings magnificently throughout, in the opening chorus the boy trebles of Hampstead Parish Church ring out clear and true, and there is much splendid obbligato playing by leading members of the Philharmonia Orchestra—such as concertmaster Hugh Bean, flautist Gareth Morris, and oboist Sidney Sutcliffe. Keyboard duty is shared by George Malcolm and Viola Tunnard (harpsichords) and Ralph Downes (organ); the only other instrumental "outsider" is Desmond Dupré (viola da gamba).

Of course there can be no such thing as a "definitive" performance of the St. Matthew Passion; I do feel, however, that Klemperer's reading, monumental in feeling yet using suitably modest forces, represents the kind of compromise between instinct and scholarship that most of us find acceptable. Provided we do accept the style of the performance, it is difficult to see how its execution could have been bettered; such imperfections as remain serve to remind us that even the best performers are human. One last point of interest to those holding strong views on the subject: in his treatment of the chorales Dr. Klemperer favors the time-honored tradition of pausing at the end of each line, whereas some other conductors—Karl Richter among them—tend to regard this device as redundant when the chorales are "performed," without any help from audience or congregation. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Music in Japan

Tokyo.

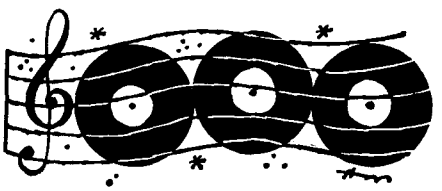
THE ENORMOUS musical appetite of the Japanese shows no sign of abating, such events as the International Music Festival in Osaka supplementing but in no way diminishing the always intense activity in Tokyo itself. Thus, on the same evening that Eugen Jochum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam opened this year's Osaka Festival with a concert introducing a contemporary Dutch score, Masashi Uedo led his Tokyo Symphony Orchestra in the capital in the Japanese premiere of the Shostakovich Twelfth Symphony and the first performance anywhere of Ikuma Dan's suite "The Silk Road." Another Shostakovich work (the Fourth Quartet) was introduced in Tokyo the following evening by the visiting Komitas Quartet, and several other important concerts and recitals were scheduled for the city during the period of the Osaka Festival (April 12-May 5), some of them repeats of Festival programs.

The Dutch work mentioned above is the Symphony for Strings by the young composer Hans Kox. Kox is a pupil of Henk Badings, the Symphony his Opus 1. Aside from that, the Concertgebouw programs under both Jochum and Haitink were more or less standard. Other participants at Osaka included the Virtuosi di Roma, harpist Nicanor Zabaleta, cellist Andre Navarra (who undertook the Schumann and Dvorak concerti on one program, scheduled for repetition in Tokyo), and singers Christel Goltz, Fritz Uhl, and Joseph Metternich. The vocal trio took part in the Asian premiere of "Salome," a role Goltz has made a specialty (and has recorded twice), conducted by Manfred Gurlitt, a long-time resident of Japan. In addition to the musical features, performances by the Comédie Française were also scheduled.

While these foreign musicians gave the festival its international character, one of its most interesting features was the concert during the first week, in which three of Japan's leading young composers conducted the Osaka Philharmonic in their own works. Represented were the suite by Ikuma Dan, premiered in Tokyo a few days earlier, Yasushi Akutagawa's one-act opera "The Dark Mirror," and Toshiro Mayuzumi's "Nirvana-Symphonie." All three men are well known here for their film scores; Mayuzumi alone is credited with almost 120. They were students together, and now have joined together to promote the performance of their music, but they write in three utterly different styles. Dan's work is heavy and romantic, with many nineteenth-century echoes. Akutagawa has adopted the musical language of Shostakovich. Mayuzumi, the most original of the three, is a strictly twentieth-century musician who finds little pleasure or stimulation in music antedating 1910, his own work admittedly influenced by Stravinsky (specifically, the Stravinsky of "Le Sacre"), Webern, and particularly by Messiaen.

Mayuzumi, who is thirty-three and one of the founders (in 1957) of the Tokyo Institute for Contemporary Music, visited the United States last year on a Ford Foundation grant. During his stay in New York his String Quartet and Piano Quintet were premiered there, and the Philharmonic (under Seiji Ozawa) performed his "Bacchanale." He will return this fall to deliver, and possibly to conduct, the ballet score, "Bugaku," that he has just completed on commission for the New York City Ballet. The title means "Court Dance Music," and the work expectedly calls for a more conventional orchestra than required by the "Bacchanale" or "Nirvana-Symphonie." He is also completing a piece called "Texture," to be introduced this summer by the American Symphonic Wind Orchestra of Pittsburgh, which last summer presented his "Music with Sculpture." Although Mayuzumi was the pioneer of electronic music in Japan, he has abandoned it now, and he has written virtually no vocal music, not only because he prefers the orchestral medium but also because of the scarcity of good singers in Japan. However, he was so impressed by Hans Werner Henze's "Elegy for Young Lovers" that he now plans to write an opera, probably about Marco Polo, although the libretto has not been selected.

The Toshiba recording of Mayuzumi's "Nirvana-Symphonie," a work the composer advises "may just as well be considered a sort of Buddhistic cantata," features the NHK Orchestra under Wilhelm Schüchter, and has been realeased in America on the Time label (*SR*/Recordings, Feb. 24, 1962). Toshiba is planning to release another disc of Mayuzumi's works, the "Bacchanale" and "Phonologie Symphonique," played by the Tokyo Symphony Orchestra under Tadashi Mori, but it is not known whether this record will be issued in the United States.



While the quality of orchestral playing in Tokyo leaves a bit to be desired, it is nevertheless remarkable that the city boasts no fewer than six orchestras—a seventh is in the process of being organized by the Yomiuri Press Company (five of the others are sponsored by broadcasting or publishing companies)—and that most of them play an eleven-month season. The most important is the NHK Orchestra, operated by the Japan Broadcasting Company (Nippon Hoso Kaisha). Its first conductor was Joseph Rosenstock, and it has generally engaged Western conductors as musical director for terms of one to three seasons. Following the return to Germany of Wilhelm Schüchter, who was in charge for the last three years, the NHK Orchestra is playing its current season under five guest conductors, including Efrem Kurtz, Seiji Ozawa, and three local men.

The Japan Philharmonic, whose conductor is Akeo Watanabe, is rated with the NHK at the top of the list. The Tokyo Symphony Orchestra toured the Soviet Union two years ago, and its conductor, Masashi Ueda, recorded with Moscow orchestras; Ueda has introduced many scores by Shostakovich and other Soviet composers to Japanese audiences. The ABC (Asahi Broadcasting Company) Orchestra is conducted by Count Hidemaro Konoye, whom discophiles may remember for his recordings with the Berlin Philharmonic (including a really stunning "Pictures at an Exhibition") more than twenty years ago. The Japan Philharmonic and Tokyo Symphony are not to be confused with the Tokyo Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, of which Yoichiro Omachi is conductor. The Imperial Philharmonic, the only private orchestra here, was organized by its conductor Stefan Hagen, the German former concertmaster of the ABC Orchestra. While the other five orchestras have entirely separate personnel, Hagen actually draws from all of them to make up his orchestra for the relatively few Imperial Philharmonic concerts. Most of the Tokyo orchestras make records, and several of them may be heard on discs available in America, particularly in contemporary works on such labels as Time and CRI.

—Richard D. Freed.

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Announcing an exciting new portable radio for boaters, flyers and sportsmen—the all-transistor, 3-band Zenith Super-Navigator! It not only receives FAA, marine weather—storm warning and navigation bulletins—but also serves as a stand-by emergency *navigation* instrument! Super-sensitive reception on LW, SW and standard bands! Plays up to 300 hours on low cost flashlight batteries. Genuine top grain black cowhide cabinet, with metal grille. The Royal 790Y, $99.95*.

QUALITY BUILT IN AMERICA
BY SKILLED CRAFTSMEN

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. IN CANADA: ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION OF CANADA LTD., TORONTO, ONT.
The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 43 years of leadership in radionics exclusively.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.+Price includes batteries.*

ZENITH®

The quality goes in before the name goes on

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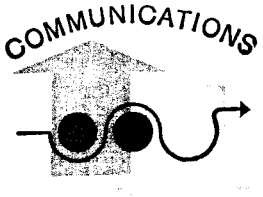
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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The Amazing Comeback of Radio

IN A FOREST of excitement over rising postal rates, monumental changes in national magazines, running battles between Newton Minow and the television industry, the Pulitzer Prizes, U.S. Steel's public relations, and other vital communications matters, a unique victory over circumstance has come to pass without fanfare or even much notice. To reduce this quiet but genuine accomplishment to a single fact, old-fashioned radio is making a fantastic comeback. All the more dramatic because it has reached its small triumph via back streets and unmarked roads, far from the glittering highway we know as network television, radio's rebound might well be a casebook for the recovery of sick media anywhere.

Radio in the modern definition includes the tiny local coffeepot as well as the network flagship station, FM as well as AM broadcasting (see John Tebbel's informative article on FM beginning on page 70 of this supplement). Radio broadcasting techniques and programming today are as different from pre-TV radio as pre-radio newspapers were from, say, this morning's *Wall Street Journal* or New York *Herald Tribune*. Editorially stronger than ever and far more conscious of civic responsibility, the good local radio station has, in many areas, now replaced the hard-hitting editorial page as the conscience of its community.

Radio enjoyed its heyday in the 1930s and 40s, taking income from print media on one side and happily cashing in on the Hitler and post-Hitler news crests on the other. In 1945, radio reached a peak of communications effectiveness when it first flashed to the world such dramatic headlines as the sudden death of Roosevelt, VE Day, the atomic explosion, VJ Day, and the beginning of postwar disillusionment. Radio was news king then, no doubt about it. Television did not make much of a mark until the political conventions of 1948, which gave it enormous impetus. From that hour on, radio knew it was in a battle for its very life, as newspapers had since the 1930s been locked in mortal combat with radio.

Radio probably hit bottom in 1955. From a total revenue (network, local, and national spot) on the way to a billion dollars at postwar peak, the income for radio had dropped to $554 million by 1955. There were those so foolish as to believe that radio was dead and incapable of resuscitation, bravely forecasting that television would take over completely. Yet radio income and listening audiences soon began to rise once again and, by the end of 1961, under the valuable leadership of the Radio Advertising Bureau, radio's total income had topped $707 million, and the number of U.S. radio stations had jumped from 2,669 to 3,550. New high-water marks will be set in 1962.

Many factors contributed to radio's comeback. The influential *Gallagher Report* was precisely right when it said that "radio was saved by fresh thinking." Intra-industry squabbling so common to magazines, television, and newspapers—so absurd on sister ships in heavy weather—somehow has been avoided in radio. Since much of the best radio management quickly went over to television, a new and uninhibited generation moved in, young men with fresh ideas and approaches. And the result has been a change

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upward in radio advertising revenue in the United States, approximately as follows (in millions of dollars):

	1948	*1961*
Network	210.6	40.0
Spot	121.1	222.0
Local	229.9	445.0
TOTAL	561.6	707.0

The Radio Advertising Bureau is run by Kevin Sweeney and Miles David, to whom radio is a religion. Its sole object is to provide radio with leadership, hoping to induce more and more listeners and greater and greater income to radio, and to keep radio's trade flag flying. In the first three months of this year alone, 124 stations joined the RAB.

But the RAB would be totally ineffective had it no legitimate product to sell. Radio broadcasting is a relatively simple process; therefore costs are modest. Compared with the fantastic complexities of television broadcasting, made necessary in part by the addition of sight to sound and in part by unbelievable but understandable stupidity in a young and groping industry, radio is practically a one-man show. Radio is highly ubiquitous; news coverage, for example, is so simple by comparison with TV news coverage that the wonder is we ever thought radio technique complicated in an exciting pre-TV era. Because it has had to in order to exist, radio has simplified its procedures, staffs, cost patterns, network feed techniques, and its trade relationships to a point where a small radio station in a monopoly situation is a valuable and important property. And the invention of the tiny transistor set has given radio a portability about the equal of reading matter.

At the same time that television has reduced its program denominator by genuflecting to enlarging mass audiences, enlightened radio programming has boldly entered new fields of thought, entertainment, ideas, and news coverage never dreamed of when radio did not have to fight for its life. The offensive and omnipresent disk jockey is still an auricular sore, but there are literally hundreds of radio stations in the U.S. nowadays approaching the quality once identified solely with WQXR in New York.

In other words, radio has proved that nothing is too well said and no program too high in quality to attract a substantial audience and income, in either AM or FM. With the coming of summer and greatly increased radio listening via auto, beach, and other portable reception, radio's comeback will even more dramatically prove what fresh thinking, a positive approach, vital leadership, and a quality product can do to heal sick media. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

THE MEANING OF SECTION 315

JOHN TEBBEL's "Freedom of the Air: Myth or Reality?" [*SR*, April 14] is a thoughtful and appreciated contribution to the continuing fight for freedom of expression. The National Association of Broadcasters' Public Affairs and Editorializing Conference, on which he bases much of his article, helped point up many of the problems which broadcasters face in exercising freedom (of expression) under (technical) license. Follow-up articles such as Mr. Tebbel's help acquaint the public with our problems and thus speed the day of their eventual solution.

Mr. Tebbel did, however, make one serious misstatement which I am sure was unintentional. He said: "The problem of editorializing, at least as far as political candidates are concerned, rests in large part on the meaning and implications of Section 315 of the Communications Act of 1934, which requires stations to give equal time to candidates, *but gives them the power to censor what is broadcast.*" (Emphasis supplied.)

The law does require equal opportunity for candidates, but it also flatly prohibits stations from censoring any candidate's speech. I bring this to your attention in the interest of clarity.

LEROY COLLINS, President,
National Association of Broadcasters.
Washington, D.C.

I READ WITH INTEREST John Tebbel's article "Freedom of the Air: Myth or Reality?" Mr. Tebbel has combined and confused the provisions of Section 315 of the Communications Act of 1934, and has intermingled its provisions with reference to a law regarding a broadcasting station's right to editorialize.

First of all, Section 315 is concerned only with the use of broadcasting facilities by a *legally qualified candidate* for a public office. This section, in part, reads, "If any licensee shall permit any person who is a legally qualified candidate for any public office to use a broadcasting station, he shall afford equal opportunities to all other such candidates for that office in the use of such broadcasting station. . . ." Thus, Section 315 has no jurisdiction over use of a station by a *non*-candidate even if his "message" is political in nature.

In addition, there is no provision for censorship of what is broadcast by a candidate. Section 315 continues: ". . . Such licensee shall have no power of censorship over the material broadcast under the provisions of this section." This further provision of the act has been tested several times, with the same basic results. The Federal Communication Commission's decision in the 1948 Port Huron Case indicated that a licensee may not censor a political speech by a qualified candidate, even if it is libelous. In the 1951 WDSU political censorship decision involving this New Orleans station, the FCC again stated that the station cannot censor a speech by a candidate, even libelous materials. The Port Huron decision also indicated that a station may censor or delete materials in such a speech that are against federal statutes. These would include materials which are obscene, profane, or indecent. These are forbidden by Section 326 of the act.

So Mr. Tebbel's statement that Section 315 empowers stations to (in his words) "censor what is broadcast" is not true. . . .

There are no provisions in the act, nor are there any specific laws, which dictate a broadcast station's obligation to or responsibilities for espousing an editorial position. The only part of the law referred to is usually Section 307(d), which states that public interest must be served.

It is relatively clear, then, that Section 315 applies only to equal time provided for legally qualified candidates. Any comments by a station that are generally controversial materials are not under jurisdiction of Section 315. And a broadcaster may censor these programs at will; which he may not do on a program by a candidate for office (unless that program violates federal laws or statutes). Obscenity, profanity, and indecency are forbidden by federal law; libelous and defamatory statements are under jurisdiction of state laws.

RAYMOND T. BEDWELL, JR.,
Coordinator and Instructor
in Broadcast Law,
Marquette University.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

IT WAS A REFRESHING experience to read an article sympathetic to the problem of broadcasters. So many papers and some magazines have published articles on our business without adequate research. However, in "Freedom of the Air: Myth or Reality?" there is an error so gross that it changes the entire spirit of the attitude the author is trying to express. He states that section 315 of the Communications Act of 1934 requires stations to give equal time to candidates but also gives them the *power to censor* what is broadcast.

Unfortunately this is the exact opposite of the truth. The broadcaster has no power to censor a candidate's speech even when he knows in advance that the speech carries libelous material. This fact is the main reason for broadcasters' objection to the present rules and has been a subject of debate for many years. I hope that this serious error can be corrected in your magazine in the near future.

I believe Mr. Tebbel was confused by

(*Continued on page* 79)

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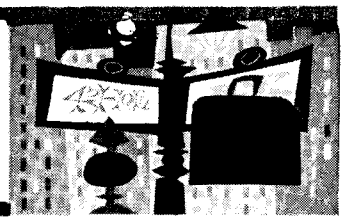
Madison Avenue



When a Reporter Asks for Advertising

By PETER BART, *advertising columnist, New York Times.*

SEVERAL weeks ago Byron J. Nichols, a top official of the Chrysler Corporation, arrived in San Diego, California, to deliver what everyone assumed would be a routine speech before the local advertising club.

As it turned out, however, Mr. Nichols, who is vice president and general manager of Chrysler's Dodge Division, had something to get off his chest. It was about time, he told surprised advertising men, that advertisers took a good hard look at the "editorial integrity" of the press. Though a great deal of lip service is paid to freedom of the press, he observed, it was time to examine whether the press was making full use of this freedom.

To support his contention, Mr. Nichols then told this curious story:

Recently Chrysler's public relations department decided to send a questionnaire to some 15,000 newspaper and magazine reporters who cover, among other things, the automobile industry. The purpose of the survey was to determine whether the reporters were getting the types of photographs and releases from Chrysler that they might use.

In addition to answering the questions, however, many of the reporters added an "editorial" comment of their own. According to Mr. Nichols, "a disconcerting number said, 'Unless you advertise with us, we're not interested in *any* news from you.' "

Concluded the Chrysler executive: "One cannot but wonder if the Post Office should continue to give favorable 'news' rates to publications which operate on that basis. It might be possible that, on a short-term basis, advertising department control of editorial policy will bring improved commercial revenue. But, in the long run, there will be a drop in circulation resulting from poor editorial quality."

Mr. Nichols's remarks caused much surprise in advertising and press circles, for he was delving into an issue of very considerable sensitivity – namely, the relationship between the advertiser and advertising media.

This issue had of course arisen many times before in a variety of contexts. Many critics have charged, for example, that advertisers wield too much influence over TV programming, and they have proposed a variety of reforms aimed at curbing this influence. But, paradoxically, print media have largely escaped any sort of public scrutiny on this score. Though the press has carried countless stories about the encroachments of advertisers in other media, magazines and newspapers have neglected to turn the spotlight upon themselves.

The initial response to Mr. Nichols's address was somewhat predictable. Stanford Smith, general manager of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, issued a statement which declared that "newspaper editorial opinions and news columns are not for sale to anybody at any price. The standing of newspapers in the eyes of the public makes it obvious that only a minute minority of newspaper people could be involved in Mr. Nichols's criticism."

On the other hand, however, a number of executives in advertising and in the press agreed that the Chrysler executive had touched a nerve that should be touched much more often.

The specific practice about which Mr. Nichols was complaining, and which has bothered many other businessmen dealing regularly with the press, is the policy of some newspapers to assign "two hats" to staff members. In the morning, a reporter may write news stories about, say, the travel or the automobile industries. In the afternoon, the same "reporter" will suddenly emerge as a full-blown space salesman—that is, a man assigned to sell advertising to the very companies he wrote about only that morning.

It is a common, but false, assumption that this practice is limited to small newspapers and trade magazines. But, in reality the two-hat system prevails in many big metropolitan dailies as well. In the case of at least ten big-city dailies, the auto and travel editors actually are listed both as reporters in the editorial directories and advertising salesmen in the advertising directories.

ON some papers the practice is so deeply entrenched, in fact, that staff members no longer see anything wrong with it. Says one man who recently retired as "travel editor" of a major New York daily: "Of course I sold space in addition to writing about my field—what's wrong with that?" Many newspaper editors would say that a great deal was wrong with it. For, clearly, no reporter can objectively cover an industry when he also is dependent on that industry for ad linage.

Untenable though the two-hat system may be, it is, in a sense, merely

(*Continued on page* 70)

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THE MIRACLE OF EASTER/THE MENACE OF COMMUNISM/A PROGRAM OF NEWS EDITED FOR

THIS IS NBC

One of a series of advertisements which reflects the balance, scope and diversity of NBC's program service.

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'OUNG PEOPLE/DEBUTANTES AND A DIVA/A PRECINCT HOUSE AND A TRIP DOWN U.S. 1

LARGEST SINGLE SOURCE OF NEWS, INFORMATION AND ENTERTAINMENT IN THE FREE WORLD

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symptomatic of a much deeper problem. On some papers and magazines it is not only the auto or travel writers who "service" advertisers—i.e., insert editorial matter to support advertising. It is the entire business and financial news department that is expected to serve this function. The big advertisers in town gets the bulk of coverage, while other companies vie for whatever space may remain.

To be sure, all of these factors apply merely to a minority of newspapers. And, clearly, in some cases where "editorial integrity" is compromised, the responsibility lies with the advertiser as well as the media. Mr. Nichols's own automobile industry, for example, has not been above wielding its very considerable economic power to bring certain newspapers into line. One big auto company several years ago canceled all of its advertising in the *Wall Street Journal* after that publication refused to kill an exclusive story which gave details of that company's forthcoming model changes.

As Mr. Nichols himself remarked, "there is no room for pressures of any kind upon the radio and television stations or the newspapers and the magazines that comprise our free press." But pressures there are and there will always be. And it is clearly up to the press to steer its own coruse toward "editorial integrity."

It may be a bit hard to take for the press to have an advertiser deliver a lecture about the ethics of newspaper publishing. But Mr. Nichols, in tossing his little bomb in San Diego, has perhaps performed a service both to advertisers and the media.

FM: A New Trend Toward Quality

By JOHN TEBBEL

WHAT one authoritative source calls "a new and vital force in American broadcasting" is slowly transforming the "vast wasteland" of radio these days into something approaching national good taste. Frequency modulation, familiarly FM, transmission has long been the stepchild of broadcasting, but it is now coming into its own, beginning to make money, and injecting an important new element into the nation's cultural life.

In the easy translation of FM broadcasting to "good music," people have been likely to forget that FM and quality are not necessarily synonymous. Frequency modulation is only a method of transmission, a part of the broadcast spectrum which is distinguished from the standard AM (amplitude modulation) band by the higher quality of its sound and, as far as the listener is concerned, by the absence of noisy interference from man and nature, and a steady signal that does not fade in and out.

Some FM stations have always broadcast serious music. Other AM stations also broadcasting on FM have simply duplicated their AM programming, providing listeners with steady, static-free, high quality rock 'n' roll—a practice now being discouraged by the Federal Communications Commission. Still others have been content to send out what most people call background music, meaning music no one really has to listen to, sometimes called in the trade "wallpaper music."

Today, however, the trend is strongly toward serious music in FM broadcasting, and this movement is being strengthened by the growth of regional and national networks more or less devoted to such music, selling commercial time to advertisers who want to reach the quality market presumably represented by the listeners to these stations.

The statistics are impressive. In 1961, according to the annual report of the FCC, there were 889 FM stations on the air, and the number has risen to more than 1,000 this year. A hundred of them are now broadcasting in the new phenomenon, stereo, which promises to produce a revolution of its own. Sales of FM sets rose from 1,000,000 in 1959 to 2,500,000 last year, and it is estimated that nearly 16,000,000 are in use and that nearly 100,000 turned out by the factories every month. A hundred new FM stations are added to the roster annually. Clearly, everything is up.

One of the most encouraging statistics is the steady rise of the independent FM station. In 1955 there were only thirty-eight exclusively FM stations on the air, but the number had risen to ninety-three by 1957, and by the end of this year it is estimated that there will be 250 such independents scattered across the country.

The reason for FM's increasing success is that owners and advertisers have discovered it is not necessary to starve with quality broadcasting, and that money, maybe a lot of it, lies buried in the FM hills. It has even been surmised that some people who live in small towns and cities have the same yearning for quality on the air as by people in large cities and, moreover, that they have been yearning for it in respectable numbers for years while they have been offered nothing on their local stations but the lowest common denominator of music, chatter and commercial messages.

Advertisers are discovering through market surveys that the FM listener has an above average education and income, as well as taste, and that these college-educated business and professional people earn $7,500 a year and more.

SO far, neither the advertisers nor the broadcasters know too much about this market in relation to FM listening, because no one was willing to spend any substantial money on research while FM was still struggling. It must be remembered that the resurgence of FM has taken place in the last three or four years. It barely survived the last war, and it was in deep trouble during the mid-Fifties when expanding television, seeking new outlets on the broadcast spectrum, threatened to push FM off the air entirely, since it was reasoned by the anti-intellectuals on Capitol Hill that the small and devoted minority of FM listeners was important neither commercially nor politically.

Market surveys until now have been regional or local, and there has been no consistent promotion of FM, but the QXR Network is presently engaged in what could well be revolutionary efforts in both directions. This network originates from the radio station of the New

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York *Times*, WQXR, long noted as a good music station. QXR tried network programming first in 1948, again in 1953, abandoned it after a time, and resumed in 1958. Nineteen Eastern stations from Boston to Buffalo to Washington, some of them in rural New York State, now get WQXR programming live, and fourteen others in the West get seven hours a week of these programs via tape. It should be noted that tape is a necessary ingredient in any FM network, because relay systems in this kind of broadcasting are much too expensive, at least for the present.

Until 1958, no attempt was made to make the QXR Network profitable. The *Times* operated it as part of its concept of public service, and as a mild promotion medium. Recently, however, the network (but not WQXR) became the property of the Novo Industrial Corporation, an organization primarily in the heavy equipment business, but also in communications through its Bonded TV Service, a film storage and distribution subsidiary. Novo acquired the network purely as an investment, and like any corporation, presumably will expect its new property to make a profit.

That profit is likely to be forthcoming. The network's executives believe that after twenty-five years of discouraging stop-and-go progress, FM is about ready to take off for higher and more profitable altitudes, and to help it blast off they are now engaged in the first national research project ever undertaken for the medium—a coast-to-coast survey in the twenty-five major market areas of 10,000 representative families. Quality magazines have, of course, surveyed this audience before, but it will now be learned, in depth, what these people listen to and want to listen to on radio.

No one thinks of FM's future as spectacular, as television's has been. It can never be so because it is not a mass medium. But just as television and AM radio have organized their mass listeners, so FM now expects to organize the quality listeners. Again the figures, while far from TV's, are beginning to be impressive. WQXR alone has an audience of 1,500,000, and the network's total would far surpass the combined circulations of all the quality magazines in the country. Another network, Heritage Music, Inc., includes more than forty FM stations, most of which have substantial audiences. Other networks are either in being or forming. In another five years or so, the nation will be blanketed with FM networks and independent stations, and the quality audience in every area will be tapped.

Experts in the field do not expect that the rise of FM will have quite the same effect on quality magazines as television has had on mass magazines in the scramble for the advertising dollar. The quality magazines are having a small boom of their own, after years of starvation, and it appears that this higher-level market is only beginning to open up, in an advertising sense, with plenty of room for everyone, at least in the foreseeable future.

"I'm going to start a Newton Minow fan club."

THE advertising figures are extremely modest by comparison with the mass media. From the relatively smaller part of the advertising dollar that goes into radio, FM radio was getting only 1 per cent as late as two years ago. It will get a great deal more, however—at least enough to be profitable as it develops the luxury goods market which is presently its province.

Right now FM's job is to define its market with the kind of intensive national surveying being done by the QXR Network, so that it can go to the advertising media buyer with reliable figures and give him a convincing argument for quality as against quantity. This will not be an overnight success story. Progress is likely to be more gradual than astonishing, and there is bound to be increasing competition between quality magazines and FM stations for the market as it develops.

From the listener's standpoint, perhaps the most hopeful sign is the insistence of the FM people on quality, both commercially and musically, and their control of quality in network programming, which one hopes will not be a victim of expansion. The QXR Network, for example, is careful to avoid the hard sell, as are other such FM stations. Commercials are delivered in quiet, conversational tones, and some statistical evidence has already been produced to show that FM listeners remember these commercials and identify sponsors more readily than in the usual blatant AM and television message.

Musically, the networks try to avoid extremes, not only for esthetic reasons, but because an FM station is a better advertising medium when it stays away equally from "pop" music at one end, or too rarefied programming at the other end, which includes the spoken word on the QXR Network. Nor is "wallpaper" music advisable, because a station whose signal does not intrude on the listener's consciousness with music is not likely to interrupt it with commercials either.

Perhaps what appeals to most FM listeners, however, is not only the lack of hard-sell commercials and the steady diet of good music, but the medium's truly remarkable diversity. It is by far the most flexible and far-ranging of the audible media. For people who like talk, it has literate conversation and lecturing on every conceivable topic. It has music from jazz to the most esoteric. It has the most outspoken discussion available on the air. And its diversity is matched by its high quality in every department and by a well-populated and expanding audience.

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WHAT SURVEY DO YOU BELIEVE?

By ARVILLE SCHALEBEN, *managing editor, Milwaukee Journal.*

USEFUL news and real knowledge, like everything else of value, are not to be obtained easily through, for example, the flick of a switch. They must be worked for, studied for, and thought for. This truism is what caused me to wonder about John Tebbel's answer to *Saturday Review*'s headline question, "What News Does the Public Believe?" in the March 10 issue. In print, I think, his answer does not stand analysis well.

Mr. Tebbel reported that while 57 per cent of the "2,000-case statistically accurate representative cross section of the United States population over twenty-one years of age" usually get most of its news of the world from newspapers (compared to television, 52 per cent; radio, 34 per cent; and magazines, 9 per cent), newspaper people ought really to be concerned because: 39 per cent called television "'most believable,' a jump of 10 per cent in two years," while newspapers at 24 per cent had dropped from 32 per cent, with radio (12) and magazines (10) unchanged.

The article was based on a survey by Elmo Roper and Associates, a reputable opinion research firm whose proprietor is one of *Saturday Review*'s editors-at-large. It had validity for some readers, I suppose, and I myself do not question that Mr. Roper accurately reported the answers his surveyors got.

But the article did not tell you that the survey of Mr. Roper's "2,000-case statistically accurate representative cross section of the United States population over twenty-one years of age" was paid for by the Television Information Office. We need to know that to judge the allegations.

We should have been told, too, how the Television Information Office survey came about.

In elsewhere using the results, the Television Information Office said the Roper office held full control over the survey design, wording of questions, and field work for the survey in 1961.

The 1961 survey paralleled—as far as practicable—the Roper study done in December, 1959.

Q. Why did the Television Information Office hire Mr. Roper to do the 1959 survey?

A. To help the television industry before the Federal Communications Commission at the time the industry was in deep unhappiness over the quiz shows.

Thus, while Roper and Associates "completely controlled" the 1961 survey, it was patterned after the 1959 survey, which bore a happy result for the Television Information Office just when the industry needed some cheer.

THE first of the parallel questions of 1959 and 1961 asked where most people said they got their news. Newspapers scored 57 per cent in both surveys, and TV 52 per cent in 1961 and 51 per cent in 1959.

Answers to question two revealed in 1961 that "the public continues to be far less concerned about possible negative aspects of television than about other public issues." The respondent had been handed a card listing ten issues, such as the testing of atomic bombs, the increasing amount of juvenile delinquency, dishonest labor leaders, government officials accepting bribes, international disarmament, and "the bad effects of TV on children." Against that kind of competition, the moral question involving TV finished absolutely dead last. It just goes to show you, even in the broadcasters' own survey, that some people just won't take TV as seriously as international disarmament.

The answers to the third question showed that "the majority continues to feel that schools, newspapers, and television are doing a good job."

You might wonder what questions two and three have to do with "believable" news. So do I. But the Tebbel article did not discuss the varied nature of the Roper survey, so I will.

Now came this question in both surveys: "If you got conflicting reports of the same news story from radio, television, the magazines, and the newspapers, which of the four versions would you be most inclined to believe—the one on radio or television or magazines or newspapers?"

Seventeen per cent of the "2,000-case statistically accurate representative cross section of the United States population over twenty-one years of age" answered "don't know." The others caused Roper Associates to tell the Television Information Office, in the percentages Mr. Tebbel noted for you, "Here television seems to have scored a rather impressive gain and newspapers a corresponding loss."

A question relating directly to what news the public believes was asked also, and also in 1961, by the Gallup Poll (American Institute of Public Opinion) for comparison with its 1957 study of the American press. Nobody hired Gallup to do these studies—not the American Newspaper Publishers Association, nor the Associated Press Managing Editors Association, nor Hearst, nor Newhouse, nor the *Times* of Los Angeles, New York, or London.

I don't know why Dr. George Gallup did the surveys. But it wasn't because the newspapers were concerned with the honesty of their crossword puzzles.

Here is Gallup's question in 1957 and 1961, approximating, in effect, Roper's believability question in 1959 and 1961 but much better weighing, I feel, what the respondent believed about news: "What has been your experience—in the things you have known about personally, has your newspaper got the facts straight?"

Sixty-seven per cent of the men and 71 per cent of the women answered yes, 26 per cent of the men and 22 per cent of the women said no, 7 per cent of each said they couldn't say. What do those percentages mean as to what news people believe? Is Gallup right? Is Roper wrong?

Gallup asked about things the respondent knew *personally* and Roper asked: If you heard "conflicting reports of the same news story from radio, television, the magazines, and the newspapers, which of the four versions would you be most inclined to believe?"

I ask: which survey question is most likely to give you a believable answer?

MASS communicators depend overwhelmingly—almost exclusively in the case of most radio and TV stations and newspapers—on the Associated Press and United Press International for wire news. What "conflicting reports"?

The Gallup polls and the Roper polls had one remarkably identical question. Gallup asked, "Where do you get most of your information about what is going on in the WORLD (Gallup's capitalization)—from magazines, TV, radio, or newspapers?" Roper asked, "I'd like to ask you where you

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usually get most of your news about what's going on in the world today—from the newspapers or radio or television or talking to people or where?" Here are the 1961 results (some persons got news equally from two sources):

	Gallup	Roper
Newspapers	60%	57%
TV	52½%	52%
Radio	21%	34%
Magazines	18%	9%
People	—	5%
Don't know	—	3%

The Television Information Office report on the Roper survey did not break down these percentages (though it said Roper's "believability findings held consistently in all subgroups of the study sample . . . at all socioeconomic and educational levels." Gallup explicitly reported substantial differences in answers from different parts of the population. This is important in judging *what* public believes *whose* news. For example, Gallup said that in households headed by a professional or business person, 70 per cent named newspapers and 44 per cent television, and among manual workers, 59 per cent newspapers and 55 per cent television.

Both commercial and academic surveys have shown these differences for years. That's no surprise, of course. The people with the highest income have greater reading skills.

Hardly anyone would dispute that entertainment in your house is fun. Thus another Roper survey question produced a predictable answer.

Q. Suppose you could continue to have only one of the following—radio, television, newspapers, or magazines—which one of the four would you want to keep?

A. Television, 42 per cent; newspapers, 28; radio, 22; magazines, 4; Don't know, 4.

But wait—

Audits and Surveys (polling 4,826 people for the distinctly interested Newsprint Information Committee) asked: Assuming you could not watch TV or read a newspaper for quite some time, "which of these statements comes closest to describing how you would feel about it?" The results are at the bottom of this page.

Judge for yourself what question and which results tell you most about whose news the public believes.

Creative Research, Inc., found, in a study paid for by a large house construction firm in 1958: The newspaper "is able to take the role of an authoritative and comprehensive source of information. It is, therefore, trusted."

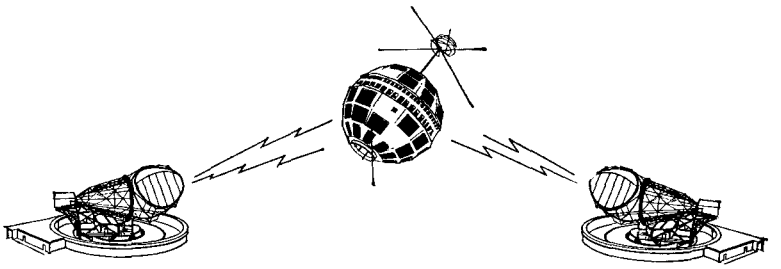
The Institute for Motivational Research, Inc., found in 1960: "Our studies in the TV field as well as the magazine area tend to reveal a somewhat higher prestige value attached to magazines and newspapers."

The Psychological Corporation made an interesting study (I don't know why, especially) among 2,000 household heads which resulted in 84 per cent saying that "his neighbors respect" a person "who reads newspapers a great deal" and that only 47 per cent "respect" a person "who watches television a great deal."

The American Newspaper Publishers Association told me the same survey found that 73 per cent named newspapers and 23 per cent television as the place they would expect to find "most of the things you really need to know in your daily life," 70 per cent named newspapers and 24 per cent TV as the place where they would most expect to find "information about how a person should act to get along in his community," and 87 per cent named newspapers and 10 per cent television as the place to find "information about what people around here have been doing lately."

"But television did show up well on several other content features," ANPA boasted. "Eighty-nine per cent mentioned it as the place to find 'relaxing entertainment that serves no other useful purpose' and 91 per cent as the place to find 'stories about things that couldn't really happen.'"

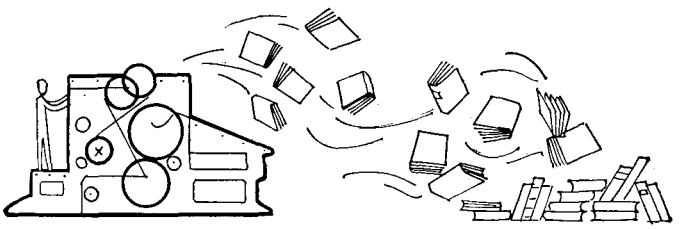
Naturally I don't begrudge the publishing industry's glee in what most opinion surveys show about what news the public believes. What you believe depends upon what you are, and what you are depends on what you know solidly, rather than on what you get from fleeting sound or sight.



During the recent seventy-fifth anniversary convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, editors and publishers were given a dramatic demonstration of news sent via the AT&T's satellite Telstar. A full-size model of Telstar was successfully used by Eugene J. McNeely, president of AT&T, to send a 250-word news story from the transmitter to a receiver on the convention stage of the Waldorf-Astoria. The story described what was being done via satellite and it came through on perforated tape at the rate of 1,000 words a minute.

The Telstar itself will probably be launched this month by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and will orbit at altitudes of 500 to 3,000 miles. The 170-pound sphere will serve as a microwave tower in the sky. Its use in transmitting news anywhere in the world is almost unlimited.

ANPA members were greatly impressed—and as they left the meeting they were handed a sheet of paper containing the 250-word news story they had just seen transmitted on the platform via Telstar relay.



	TV	Newspapers
"Would feel lost without it"	28%	49%
"Would miss but could get used to it"	36%	30%
"Could easily do without"	36%	21%

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HOW TO WRITE A PERFECT EDITORIAL

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

JOURNALISTS have been writing editorials since the *Eden Examiner* said: "Things have come to a pretty pass when it's unsafe to walk on the Garden's fashionable East Side. It is to be hoped that the Power-That-Be will do more than merely deport Mr. Cain and others of his ilk. May we therefore suggest that remedial legislation also be forthcoming from Him to curb this shocking outbreak of terror that poses an ever-present threat to the security of the entire fallen world."

This first editorial writer was good, but he could have been better. (He was, let it be noted, too blunt in his attack on organized religion.) Forthcoming, then, are a few simple rules by which any right-thinking scribe can pen the Perfect Editorial, a task fraught with significance for our day and age.

Rule 1. Qualify your remarks so they can keep pace with the rapidly changing world picture, especially on that island in a red sea, West Berlin. Therefore, take firm stands only for "the unity of the free world, now more than ever" and against "further injustice to the already overburdened taxpayer." Be that as it may, on any day of days, you may also stand firm for welcoming a new hockey team to town or congratulating a state on the hundredth anniversary of its attempt to leave the Union; but otherwise, middle-of-the-road-it with, "Though this is bad, it well could be worse," and "Good though this may be, well it could be better," two bread-and-butter thoughts that can often be used in the same editorial.

Rule 2. Know how to shift your position, a short trip if you've followed rule 1. Remember that the safest distance between two points is the middle of the road. If you don't stray from it, few will note when you change your mind. This rule is especially useful on the day after the defeat of your candidate, when you can take pen in hand:

"May we now point with pride to the fact that today we're neither Democrats nor Republicans: we're (Americans) (Chippewas). Let it not be denied that we had certain major reservations about the competence of Mr. Johnny Doe to (serve in the Senate) (haul our garbage). But now the people (have) (has) spoken and we abide by their (will) (wisdom) (whim). Let us then close ranks behind Mr. Johnny Doe, who now has a genuine opportunity to prove. However, by the same token, may we continue our honest evaluation of his work, casting grave doubt when necessary, for this is the stuff of democracy. As to how it will all turn out, that remains to be seen, for in our book, performance not words is what counts."

Rule 3. Stay cool by avoiding the active voice. Never say, "Since we have tried too long to look the other way, we now have probed these shocking new burdens to the already overburdened taxpayer and suggest remedial legislation as the remedy." This is awkward as well as rash. Rather, say, "Since the other way has too long been looked by us, it now has been probe-revealed by (us) (this newspaper) that the shocking new burdens to the already overburdened taxpayer can be remedied only by remedial-type legislation." There is no point of view that this doesn't cover. It has been eloquently used to both support and oppose capital punishment.

Eloquent-wise, Rules 1 and 3 are beautifully blended in the following chestnut, whose crisp straddling yet vague effectiveness are to be noted by you. "The mayor is to be commended." This is an ideal phrase when you're not sure how you feel about the mayor; for one of its meanings is that the commendation needn't come today: it can come any time the mayor decides to do something right.

Rule 4. Use strong words. Though the passive voice gives your editorial a professional detachment, another big plus is needed. It is to be regretted that not enough journalists know the best words to be voiced passively. As has been said so well by the Pulitzer Prize Committee, it's not only how you say it but also what you say. As a case in point: "After delving for a closer look, it is clear to us that the next move in this cat-and-mouse game, both now and for the long pull, is to have respect evinced for law and order." Some writers feel that evinced is jargon, so they prefer evidenced. Don't worry about the difference between them: evinced and evidenced can be used as interchangeably as effect and effectuate, orient and orientate, and potent and potentate.

Rule 5. Avoid creativity, lest you confuse the few people who read your editorials. For example, a reader would be uneasy if you called West Berlin "an island in a dead sea." Moreover, in the Cold War struggle, you must never "note with alarm:" anything alarming must be "viewed" or it isn't worth the fuss. The well-tempered editorialist cannot note with alarm any more than he can "gesticulate with pride," any more than his world can be "chock full with crisis." It would be like saving of the noted just-deceased, "He will be remembered." Telephone numbers are remembered: a great man "is missed."

Can you imagine a prestige-producing event being followed by the words, "(Americans) (Coney Islanders) have better posture today, for (Colonel Glenn has orbited the earth) (the new sewer has gone through)." Of course not. Only our military defense has better posture: people "stand a little taller"—now more than ever.

These, then, are the guideposts; the rest is up to you; the time has come for decision. Clearly, what is needed now more than at any time in our history is for your editorials not only to evince but, in a larger sense, to also implement support for the entire non-Communist block. Performing with words though you may be, it's performance not words that counts. When right-thinking Fourth Estaters are tallied, never let it be said that you will be missed.

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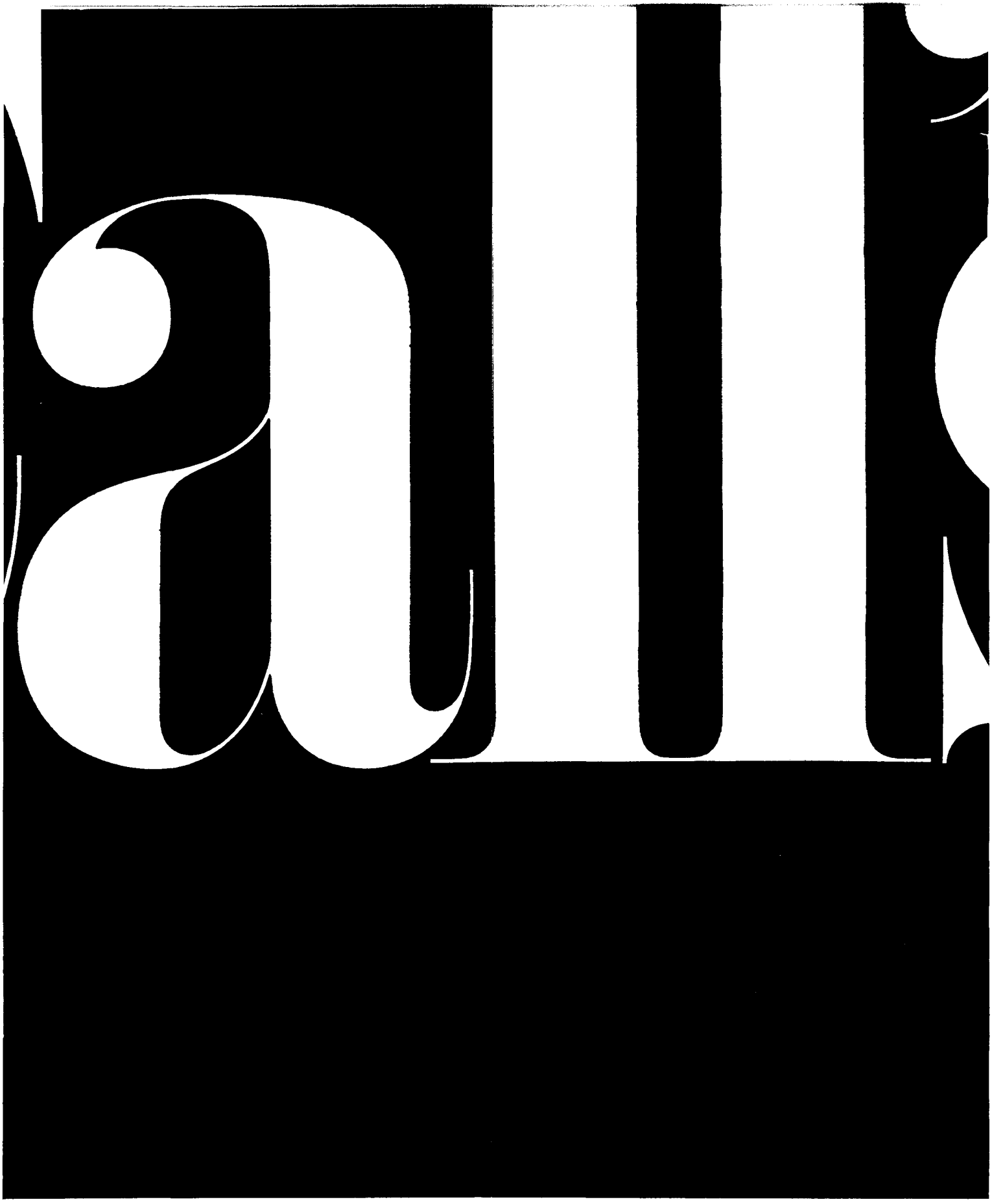

NOW IS THE TIME FOR... All advertisers to realize the tremendous marketing power of McCall's. More than 8 million circulation; all women—greater than Life, Look or the Post. Always first. All ways.

McCALL'S: FIRST MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN—FIRST IN CIRCULATION—FIRST IN ADVERTISING.

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Magazines

The Press Greets a Rival

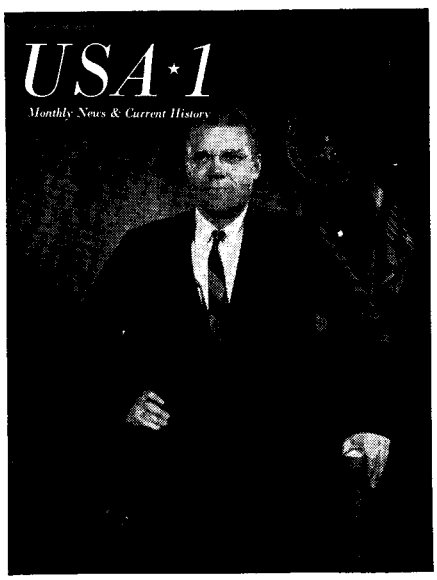
By JAMES F. FIXX

WHEN the first issue of *USA-1*, the new national newsmonthly, made its appearance in mid-April, the reactions of two of its weekly brethren, *Time* and *Newsweek*, constituted about as cordial a welcome for a potential rival as any fledgling publication could hope for. Although there was a certain reserve in the reporting—and, for two magazines not especially noted for reticence in voicing opinion in their news columns, notably little outright evaluation and judgment—both newsweeklies were admiring enough to give *USA-1* what amounted, under the circumstances, to a twenty-one-gun salute. And if one or two of the guns were aimed somewhat suspiciously, the overall reaction was nonetheless one of optimism for a fresh concept in news reporting. It was roughly what you might expect if a naturalist awoke to find a rare and valuable poisonous snake in his bed—with fascination holding a slight edge over alarm.

At a time when many magazines are fighting for their lives and many others have recently lost the fight, it's small wonder that the appearance of a new one should tend to make its competitors edgy. Publishers already have enough to worry about, what with the loss of advertising revenue to television, the mushroom growth of magazines devoted to specialized interests, the threat of a crippling increase in postal rates, and the myriad other ills that the press is heir to. Yet despite good cause for anxiety, both *Time* and *Newsweek* apparently saw enough in *USA-1* to put on their company manners while greeting the newcomer. And with reason: It has the look of a magazine that plans to be around for a long time, and it just might have the stuff to carry out its plans.

The idea behind *USA-1*—whose subtitle is "Monthly News & Current History"—is that today's news is best viewed against the backdrop of its antecedents. Except where the technique is obviously unworkable, current affairs are shown to be the result of forces and events deep in the past. Under this formula, an article on the Strategic Air Command cites Pericles, Themistocles, George Washington, the Duke of Wellington, and Napoleon; an article on the Samos satellite traces aerial photography back to the balloon-borne cameras of the 1860s. The result, at its best, is a not unpalatable blend of a newsweekly and a sort of global *American Heritage*, a mixture neatly calculated to satisfy the contemporary reader's hunger for news and fascination with history.

Faced with Volume I, Number 1, *Time* wrapped it up in a five paragraph story that acknowledged *USA-1*'s format to be "handsome" and "lavishly illustrated," and described its editor's sights as "ambitiously high." To no one's surprise, however, *Time* was apparently unable to resist a few subtle digs. Under the title "Diffident Newcomer," it cited the first issue's "Oriental influence" (a photograph of Chou En-lai on the cover, two stories on Communist China, one on South Viet Nam), pointed out that nowhere, except in an advertisement on page 2, was there any mention of the new magazine's purpose, and offered the observation that "the historian outshouts the reporter." (*Time* itself, incidentally, didn't come off as well as it might have: it said that Caesar's Roman legions "tramp through" *USA-1*'s article on SAC, while in fact they are nowhere in sight; and it was guilty of one misquotation from the magazine, albeit a harmless enough alteration.) Nonetheless, the newcomer's philosophy and goals were set forth fairly enough, and the total judgment, if not quite ecstatic, was at least more than mere civility required. All in all, the infant publication emerged from *Time*'s scrutiny with a considerably cleaner bill of health than did the *Wall Street Journal*'s newborn cousin, the *National Observer*, a few weeks back. It was, on balance, enough to make any proud new papa light up another cigar.



Defense Secretary McNamara on the cover of second issue of USA-1—Has the past a future?

Newsweek also used the word "handsome" to describe the newcomer, and went on to ask itself the rhetorical question: "Had *USA-1* hit its target?" Its answer: "To a promising degree . . . , yes." Then, however, *Newsweek* was moved to devote a couple of paragraphs to the squabbles, staff resignations, and complaints of inadequate writing freedom that have plagued *USA-1* since it started—the very problems that plague every other magazine, *Newsweek* included, that's worth the price of a subscription. Yet once again, the impression was unmistakable that the new publication was being accorded something considerably more than a token nod.

AND it clearly deserved whatever is got. *USA-1*'s 125,000 charter subscribers, who paid $10 each for twelve issues (the price will eventually go up to $15), received a magazine that was indeed handsome, and that was furthermore crisply written and edited. The man behind the news-and-history combination is thirty-seven-year-old Rodney C. Campbell, a London-born ex-*Time* writer whose publishing *alma mater* described him in its story as "a confirmed history buff." In a conversation a few days ago, Campbell said, "More people today have less time to read the news, and more need to read it. And today's news can't be followed unless it's in historical perspective. The time has arrived for the monthly newsmagazine." *USA-1*'s staff members (five of whom come from *Time*—not just three, as *Time* itself diffidently reported—and the rest from New York newspapers) apparently share his optimism: nearly a dozen of them have bought stock in the venture. Said one *USA-1* writer: "We've not only bet our careers on it, but our savings too."

The second issue, out this week with features on the abstract art movement, the Defense Department, the Massachusetts Senatorial campaign, the Shah of Iran, and the City of Los Angeles, should provide some further clues to how good a bet its backers—and its subscribers—have made. And it should suggest, too, how much cause for alarm its publishing brethren may have.

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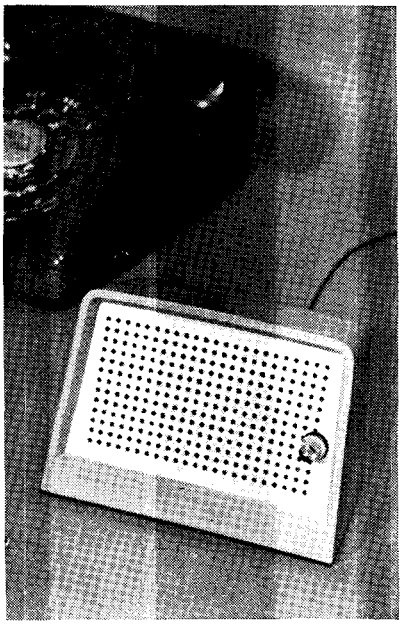
MAGNETIC DIALER TELEPHONE

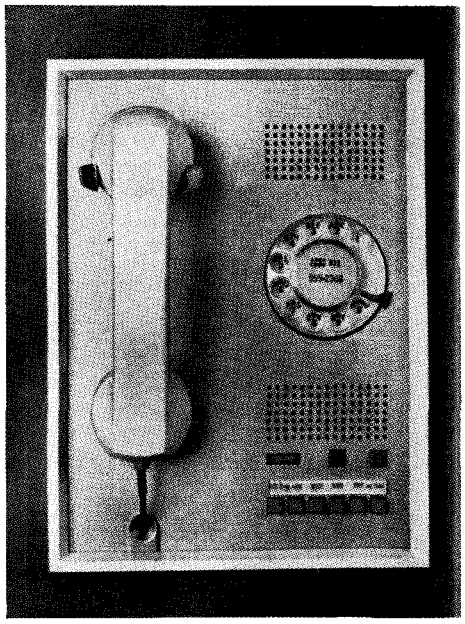
DIAL IN HANDSET

CARD DIALER TELEPHONE

TOUCH TONE PRINCESS TELEPHONE



TELEPHONE SPEAKER



PANEL TELEPHONE

Here are some of the new telephone instruments in various stages of development. Some are still experimental. Others are undergoing further work or being tested in actual use. Exciting in themselves, they are symbols of other exciting things to come . . . to make your communication services even more attractive, useful and convenient.

There Is No End to Telephone Progress →

This business has lived and grown successful by giving service.

It has done its best to give the public what it wanted, when it wanted it, with efficiency and courtesy. And then invented better things.

In the future, as in the past, the greatest progress will come through the combination of research, manufacture and operations in one organization, with close teamwork between all three . . . Bell Telephone Laboratories, Western Electric and associated Bell telephone companies.

Wherever the trail may lead, on the earth or beneath the seas, in the air or through space, we will be trying very hard to serve you well.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

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The Revived Art of Debating

By HALLOWELL BOWSER

ONE OF the pleasant surprises of the current television season is the sprightly half-hour show called "Championship Debates."

Every Saturday since February 3, this NBC program has provided coverage of a special tournament involving sixteen of the nation's best college debating teams. The team winning the tournament's May 12 finals will be crowned national debate champions, and the current series of telecasts will end. "Championship Debates" may well turn up on NBC's fall schedule, however, for despite its low budget and awkward air time (12:30 p.m. EST), the doughty little show has been attracting a loyal audience of more than 4,000,000 viewers.

One reason for the program's popularity is its use of the exciting cross-examination system of debating known as the Oregon University method. This system enables the teams to cross-examine each other sharply just after the opening affirmative and negative statements are completed. The crackling, hair-trigger exchanges that result are in the best courtroom-drama tradition. This quality of high drama helps to explain why the program's mail is mostly from people who say they have never before been interested in formal debates.

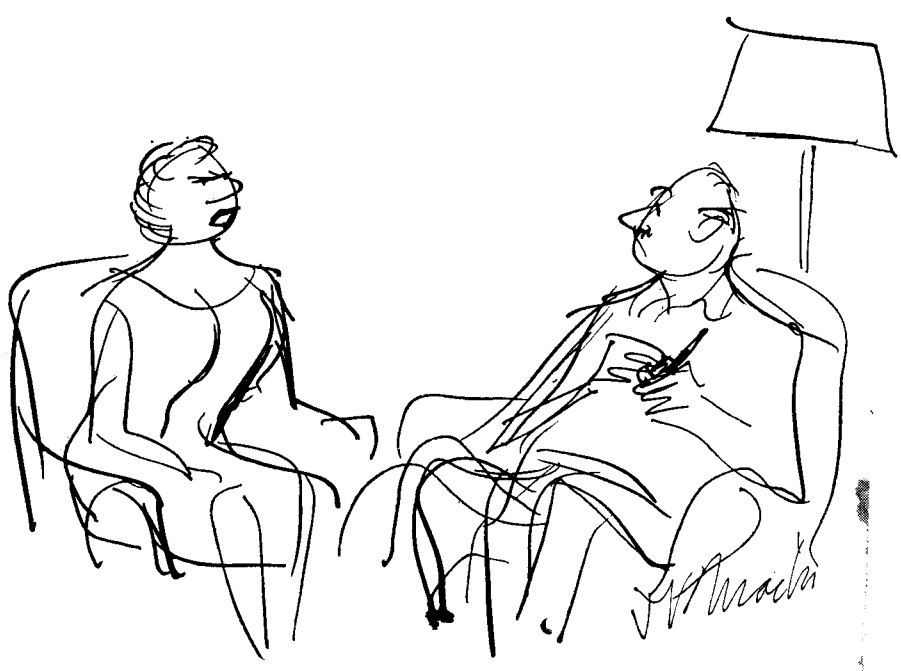
The originators of "Championship Debates" are Richard Feldon, publisher of *Scholastic Roto*, and Arthur Sherrill, president of the American Youth Foundation. Both men are concerned about the decline in recent decades of the once robust institution of debating. Even the much-publicized Presidential campaign debates of 1960, they point out, were more question-and-answer sessions than formal debates.

Every American should know the rudiments of formal debating, Feldon and Sherrill contend, because we have entered an era in which orderly, fair-minded discussion of vexing questions is a condition of national survival.

Fortunately, NBC agrees with them. This winter sixteen of the best college teams were asked by the American Forensic Association to compete on the show, the engaging Dr. James McBath was named moderator, and the series got underway in February.

From the first, it was clear that a college's national fame was no measure of its showing in the tournament. Southwest Missouri defeated Notre Dame, for example, and Kings College, of Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, won over Fordham, which had previously beaten an excellent West Point team.

It also became clear that the popular image of young debators as a grim



"Get good and comfortable because we're going to have a nice long argument."

passion for deceit. "Sell the product at any cost including integrity and honesty." "Twist the truth—make an unfair inference—rig a comparison between products, and to hell with honesty." "Glorify bad manners and make bad taste graphic." Advertising today is more enamored with rhetoric than truth. A catch phrase is to be more highly prized than an honorable product. Take dishonesty and deceit out of modern advertising and the industry would fold overnight.

Ironically, when you remove the profit motive from advertising, it does its best work. The public service ads are often moving, poetic, and truthful. But let a sponsor wave a checkbook in front of Madison Avenue and idealism is drowned by a passion to move a product instead of moving people.

Advertising has a powerful voice. Unfortunately it has nothing to say worth hearing.

(The Rev.) ROBERT E. PETERSON,
Minister,
Western Hills Christian Church.
San Antonio, Tex.

MADISON AVENUE AND DR. JOHNSON

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO Samuel Johnson s not agog at the commercial wonders London, in spite of James F. Fixx's asion that he was ["Portrait of the Artist n Adman," *SR*, Apr. 14]. He was mused, as who isn't today, at the extravahe promises of advertisers—at the "beauig fluid that would restore the bloom sifteen to a lady of fifty," at "down for wrovering only beyond comparison suaor to what is called otter-down," at a "anodyne necklace for the ease and fety of poor toothing infants."

"Promise, large promise," he said, "is the soul of advertising." If Mr. Fixx had gone but a little further in what the great man had to say about advertising, he would have read, "But as every art ought to be exercised in due subordination to the public good, I cannot but propose it as a moral question to these masters of the public ear, whether they do not sometimes play too wantonly with our passions. . . ." And further along, "when these [advertisements] shall be read in another century, . . . how shall fame be possibly distributed among the taylors and boddice-makers of the present age?"

Far from being agog at the commercial wonders of London, Dr. Johnson, who really did say that wonder is the child of ignorance, is urging the advertising writers to "clear their minds of cant."

HENRY DARCY CURWEN.
xeter, N.H.

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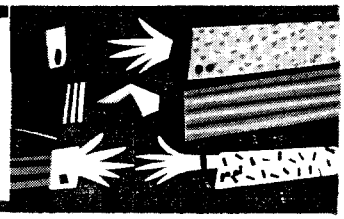
Public Relations



PR in the Common Market

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

WHAT on the surface looks like a rush of American public relations firms to move into the Common Market countries and into Great Britain turns out, on examination, to be nothing of the sort. In fact, many U.S. agencies offering services to American industry in Britain, France, Italy, West Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg have no offices abroad. They are really "letterhead" operators.

The technique of the letterhead operation is simple. An American public relations firm writes to public relations firms overseas and asks if they will represent its clients. Usually the answer is yes. Then the American firm lists its "affiliates" on its letterhead. An American corporation is only courting trouble for itself if it tries to rely on the performance of public relations services under these conditions.

The solid, careful, well-established American public relations agencies, on the other hand, are doing more in the Common Market countries and the United Kingdom than they ever have in the past. But they are moving with extreme caution, for heavy overhead and serious loss of profit are the lot for those who open shop without the most careful assessments of the special problems involved. That is especially so if American firms and personnel, with higher salaries, try to compete with European firms for local clients. The fees overseas for local clients are much lower than they are on this side of the water and the European public relations firms, while not as highly developed in techniques as U.S. firms, know their way around much better. In a highly competitive situation, many European firms can run rings around American public relations firms when it comes to making a profit.

It is instructive to see what the more important U.S. public relations firms are doing in Britain and the Common Market countries.

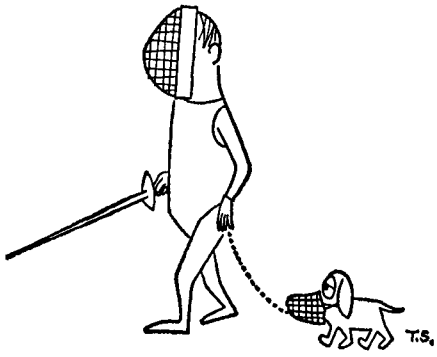
Hill and Knowlton, which moved into Europe ten years ago, centers its operations in its own headquarters office in Geneva. It has exclusive arrangements with local firms in Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, and the United Kingdom.

Carl Byoir and Associates, which has been in Europe for nine years, has resident vice presidents in charge of operations in London and Frankfurt, from which the clients, all American, are serviced in Europe. The resident vice presidents are Americans.

Communications Counselors, Inc., is moving most heavily into the Common Market area and Great Britain. Thanks to Interpublic, the parent, of which CCI is an affiliate, its work for clients is handled in London through the public relations division of Pritchard, Wood & Partners, Ltd.; in France through the public relations division of Sodico, an advertising agency which is also wholly owned by Interpublic; in Germany through a wholly owned German public relations firm with headquarters in Hamburg and offices in Cologne and Frankfurt; in Belgium and Italy by full-time men attached to the McCann-Erickson offices appointed to handle public relations assignments; in Holland, where advertising agencies are forbidden by law to offer public relations services, an affiliate is used.

Ruder & Finn, which has been represented in Europe since 1957, will have its first office shortly, in London. It is completing partnership arrangements with D. Brook-Hart Company, a London firm.

General Public Relations opened its London office last November. Its operation is headed by an American and it covers the Common Market countries as well as the United Kingdom from London. Its plans call for setting up its own additional offices, rather than buying, or affiliating with, local firms.



Barnet and Reef Associates, which does not accept American companies as clients in the U.S., has its own overseas organization, PR International, Inc. The latter firm has its headquarters in New York, and public relations firms overseas are members of PR International, share profits, help manage it, and cannot take on a client which is foreign to its country without the consent of PR International. It is an odd type of operation, but it seems to work and the firms seem happy with the profit-sharing arrangements. The biggest single problem is that of communication among the members of PR International, but it tries to overcome the obstacles through regional meetings held several times a year.

The Philip Lesly Company, to meet its problems, joined with Galitzine and Partners Ltd. of London in an unusual arrangement. Each firm formed a subsidiary affiliate. In London it is called Lesly, Galitzine Overseas Ltd. In this country it is Galitzine, Lesly International Inc. Each firm now owns stock in the other. The English principal is a director of the American company. The American principal is a director of the British company. Both parent companies continue to be unchanged and autonomous.

IT is obvious from what is happening that there is no single answer to the problems facing American agencies in Europe. If there were, there would be a greater similarity in the operating patterns. That it is not easy to set up in Europe, many firms whose fingers are still burning can attest.

Furthermore, many American corporations prefer to use nationals of the country in which they have plants, with the fewest possible Americans in key management positions. In their public relations departments they prefer nationals who are brought to the United States for training and for refresher courses. How this policy of U.S. corporations will affect American public relations agencies, say in Europe, remains to be seen.

There isn't the slightest doubt that at present the wiser American public relations agencies operating in the Common Market countries are moving with deliberate care. They are convinced that there is a profitable future in those hills, somewhere, and they are making sure they will be in a position to benefit when the time comes.

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Letters

Continued from page 21

essential freedom and dignity by being a monster." But where in the philosophical or literary works of Sartre could one ever find the slightest justification for such a sympathy for Frantz—the monster in his most recent play, "Altona." Furthermore, man's existential (rather than essential) freedom must be chosen rather than demonstrated—otherwise his act would merely be a gesture, and he an actor entering that realm of "bad faith" Sartre has so often condemned.

In closing, and in view of Mr. Krutch's remarks concerning George Bernard Shaw, I cannot resist pointing out that a French critic, Francis Jeanson, has in one instance applied the word "voluntarism" to Sartre's thought.

LEON S. ROUDIEZ,
Columbia University.
New York, N.Y.

AS TOO FREQUENTLY with writers who seek to condemn rather than understand, Joseph Wood Krutch's denunciation of existentialism, although movingly written, collapses at the end in a final sentence advising us that we need only "dream the right dream." *Right* according to whom? Mr. Krutch? Willy Loman, who thought his dream "right"? Hitler, who dreamed of a thousand-year Reich? What source can anyone claim for unique correctness . . . ?

WARREN G. FRENCH,
Assistant Professor of English,
University of Florida.
Gainesville, Fla.

EFFICIENT READING

CONGRATULATIONS TO George Cuomo for his succinct statement of the case for more efficient reading ["How Fast Should a Person Read?" *SR*, Apr. 21]. Much has been said about "speed reading," but few writers have emphasized variable reading rates—that enjoyment will be enhanced, not impaired, by a flexible, intelligent approach to the printed page.

E. F. BEARDSLEY, Director,
Readak Reading Improvement Laboratories.
San Francisco, Calif.

LET ME COMMEND George Cuomo for his recent article on reading. It is indeed time that responsible people began speaking out to bring order out of the current chaos surrounding personal reading speed.

Recently I sent questionnaires to about twenty-five reading specialists throughout the United States, asking for comments as to the top reading rates achieved by their best adult reading students. Responses indicated that 1,000 to 2,500 words a minute was about the limit of achievement.

I will take pleasure in recommending Mr. Cuomo's article to my own adult reading students.

HALLACK MCCORD,
University of Colorado.
Denver, Colo.

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(Continued on page 84)

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(Continued from page 83)

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DOCTOR ON SABBATICAL wishes to sublet furnished 3 bedroom apartment or house, Greenwich Village, N.Y., September '62-June '63. WOodbine 7-5185 Rye.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

COLONIAL, 12 rooms, furnished, 123 acres. Elevation 2,200'. $16,000. Deerhaven, Meridale, N.Y.

APARTMENT HOUSE. Manhattan—East 70s. Choice location. Seven 1½ room kitchenette apartments remodeled. Excellent income investment. $54,500, cash $29,500—well financed. Principals only. UNiversity 1-1331, Box X-392.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

9 EAST 89th STREET, NYC—Opposite Guggenheim Museum. Tenant non-profit status. Excellent transportation. Elevator. Private lavatories. Receptionist, ATwater 9-2600, ext. 20.

CAMPS

MILLHOLLOW: Unique appointments, charming location near Cooperstown, N.Y. Boys 10-14. French, Music, Art, Crafts, outdoor activities. Inquire Kenneth G. Stowell, East Hampton, Long Island, N.Y.

MAINE BOYS CAMP—Fifteenth season. Sports, sailing, unexcelled fishing. Rustic setting, modern conveniences. Tuition $500. Brochure. Camp Dry Kye, Ellsworth Falls, Maine.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Summer of adventure: boys 9-16 inclusive. Trips: 63-ft. flagship, 42 land, water activities. Approved summer school. Catalogue. Farragut Camps, Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children 6 to 17, unique combination of family life, music, arts, fun. Professional instructors. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey.

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp. Coed, ages 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California, or ENdicott 2-6518 NYC.

COOPERATIVE LIVING: Conservation training in California primitive area. Boys-Girls, 10-16. Counselors training program. Camp Unalayee, 180 University, Palo Alto, California.

CAPE BRETON, NOVA SCOTIA—Spectacular seacoast farm. Camping, riding, kyacking with experienced family. Coed 9-14. Transportation. Jean Hinton Rosner, 620 Haydock, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

VACATIONS

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American Plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

RANGELEY LAKE invites you to view it from one of our individual lodges. Kitchens, all conveniences. Folder. Rangeley View, Box 185, South Shore Drive, Rangeley, Maine.

CAPE COD WATERFRONT—Sleeps 6—housekeeping facilities. Folder. $45 weekly with utilities. Box W-530.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Delightful vacationland in a secluded setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, sandy beach. Excellent food, accommodations and genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

PISGAH FOREST INN. High, cool, log fires, friendly hosts. *Trails in Natural Wilderness.* Phone Asheville 253-0771. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

YOU'LL LOVE Sky Lodge & Motel . . . informal, complete resort. Pool, golf, excellent food, cocktail lounge. 2 miles north of Jackman. Ed Landgraf, Moose River, Maine.

IF YOU LIKE LAKES in a mountain setting, you'll like Holl's Inn! If you like lovely, spacious guest rooms with maximum privacy, you'll like Holl's Inn! If you like delicious food with gracious service, you'll like Holl's Inn! If you like wines and cocktails, you'll like the old world atmosphere of the cocktail lounge! 150 acres on beautiful Fourth Lake in the Adirondack Mountains. Delightful for family vacations. Sailing, swimming, tennis, golf. Professionally managed since 1935. For rates and color folder, address: Oscar Holl, Inlet, N.Y. Phone Eagle Bay 2941.

READY TO RELAX and enjoy Spring on eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay? Land of pleasant living, 150 acre farm on water, family style meals. American plan $45.00-$52.00, $8.00-$10.00. Real estate available. Harpers, The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA—Enjoy scenic grandeur at Crossroads of White Mountains. Twin Mountain, Bretton Woods, Crawford Notch, Fabyans. For free illustrated folder write Board of Trade, Twin Mountain 12, New Hampshire.

LAKE ST. CATHERINE INN, Poultney, Vermont, ATlantic 7-9371. Lakefront dream spot. Great fishing, boating, swimming, tennis, golf. Congenial, informal. Low June Rates, Decoration weekend. American-Jewish Cuisine.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes *creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.*

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

FAMILY VACATION! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Child sleeps with parents or in camp (2-16 years). Swimming, sports, trips. Free pony riding. Excellent food. Golf nearby. Booklet. Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce, Box S, 531 East 20th, New York 10. GRamercy 3-0222.

THE BROOKFIELD CRAFT CENTER. Take a vacation studying handcrafts with nationally-known instructors. Delightful surroundings. Write for free brochure. Brookfield, Connecticut.

ROCKPORT. You will love this photoscenic year 'round New England seacoast town. Sea birds, flowers, the leisurely pace, rockbound coast and clear, crisp air appeal to artists, photographers and vacationers. For free guidebook write: Board of Trade, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232. Open May 25th.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

RELAX HAPPILY . . . by the sea at one of New England's foremost resort hotels. Swimming pool, beach. Exceptional meals. Open June 26th. Color folder. The LOOKOUT, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

SEASHORE? Colonial Inn. Elevator. Informal. Hotel and Motel. Folder. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford. 635 Sutter Street.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

VERMONT VACATION HOME for Artists and Musicians. Chamber musicians, painters, craftsmen, work, learn, relax among Green Mountains at the Goddard Music and Art Center. Professional staff in strings, piano, recorder (July only), painting, jewelry and ceramics. July 1st to August 26th; $70 weekly; reservations necessary. Write Evalyn S. Bates, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

LOAF OR PLAY at picturesque American Plan resort on small lake in famous Rangeley Lakes Region. Write for color brochure. Saddleback Lake Lodge, Rangeley 5, Maine.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightful informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. Folder.

NEW ENGLAND HOSPITALITY in modern setting at congenial, complete White Mountain resort. Prize winning chef. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lover's paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

INTANGIBLES, REFRESHINGLY MAINE. Art and theatre minded meet at Hillcrest Inn. Brochure. Hilda, Phil Richards, Shore Road, Ogunquit, Maine.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events. $12-$18 day includes meals. Open all year. Recommended by AAA. Color folder, reservations write Edwin Finch, Resident Manager, The Northfield, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

(Continued on page 86)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 85)

FISHING-FEVER VICTIMS—Write Libby's Camps, Spednic Lake, Vanceboro, Maine.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open Summer and Winter. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open mid-June to mid-September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 29th-October 15th. Color folder.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

SPRING on nearby farms and hotels for families. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 2, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art Colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

CREATIVE PEOPLE, NATURE LOVERS: Find peace, quiet, summer-fall beauty, charming old-world home, individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTEL, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

LAMKIN LAKE Michigan Shore Resort. Distinctive charm, superb meals. Good Hart, Michigan.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

AKERMAN HOUSE. Newfound Lake. Real hospitality in a country setting. Near sandy bathing beaches. Ideal for families. Some rooms with bath. Reasonable rates include three delicious meals daily. Bristol, New Hampshire. Telephone 4-5734.

FORTYISH OR MORE? Exquisite loafing in beautiful Pocono Mountains. Private lake, swimming pool, varied activities, wonderful cuisine. 72nd season. Color brochure S. The Woodside, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

AVALOCH, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. Enjoy our Memorial Day House Party at off-season rates and visit us during the eight weeks of Tanglewood.

A LA CARTE. Take your choice of 21 sports and social activities. Just want to relax? The rest is up to you. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

VACATIONS

FOR THE FRAGMENTED PIECES of life that the hecticity of suburb and city forces, substitute the serene peace of the woods and sea on an Island in Time. The Island Inn, Box K, Monhegan Island, Maine. Recommended in Duncan Hines' Vacation Guide.

VACATION COTTAGES IN BERKSHIRES. Excellent food. The Fales, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

THE COAST IS CLEAR . . . now's your chance for a beautiful summer . . . sneak away to Gurney's Inn . . . sand . . . surf . . . marvelous food . . . gracious hostelry . . . charming cottages . . . pampered guests . . . Write Dept. S-8, Gurney's Inn, "On the Brink O' the Beach," Montauk, L.I., MOntauk 8-2345 (X marks the spot).

LAKE SHORE FARM—Boating, fishing, swimming, private beach, children's haven. Northwood Narrows, N.H.

BRANDON INN, on village green near library. Real New England food. Elevator. Restful 2-acre garden lawn. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Lake breezes, shaded lawns, spacious rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

MIRROR LAKE INN and lakeshore cottages, Lake Placid, N.Y. Private Beach, Tennis, Game Room, Gourmet Food, Art Groups. Write for Folder R.

CASALS FESTIVAL, June 8th-20th. Relax in the tropical atmosphere of The Duffys' Guest House by the Sea. Excellent beach, charming bar, or do as you please. Low rates. Box 12232, Loiza Station, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

BANTAM LAKE. Spacious cottages on Connecticut's largest natural lake. Fishing, water skiing, tennis, country auctions, summer theatre. ORegon 3-2564 NYC, 75-4-0137 Connecticut.

BOOT AND RACQUET RANCH, Elgin, Arizona. Great tennis; superb riding; 5,200' elevation in mountains makes ideal summer climate. Excellent facilities available. Brochure.

VACATION, HONEYMOON OR RETIRE. Seclusion, elegance. Thornfield Hall, Thompson, Connecticut.

YOUR KIND OF PLACE? They say we are unique for Tanglewood area. Maine-like rustic Lodge, cottages, private cabins. Deep woods, glorious lake, 50 literate people, house party atmosphere, outdoor Hi-Fi, square dancing, unorganized sports, more. Not really a resort, but a "way of life" kind of thing. Probably your cup of tea. Straightforward folder. Chanterwood, "Berkshire Hideaway," Lee, Massachusetts.

TRAVEL

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M.L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT all months except August and September. Windward and Leeward Islands. Summer trade wind cool and calm, comfortable craft, congenial Captains, cordial crews, conservative cost. Cable or correspond (airmail). V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., Box 103, Antigua, The West Indies.

ANTIGUA . . . Nelson's Old Naval Dockyard. THE ADMIRAL'S INN—small, friendly—Old world atmosphere in unspoiled setting—Temperate summer climate, spectacular scenery—Boating center of the Caribbean. Handsome 200-year-old brick building, modern comforts. Low summer rates. Cable or airmail Box 103, Antigua, W.I.

WEST AFRICA: Cultural, educational, inter-racial 24 day tour, $1,495. Commencing July 20th. Conducted by Dr. James S. Peters, II. Contact Northampton Travel, Northampton, Massachusetts.

TRAVEL

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

STUDENTS ABROAD. Informal, leisurely travel plus school or vacation center. France with Italy or Spain. Groups of 8. Ages 16-19. Gertrude Lang, 11 Wooly Lane East, Great Neck, N.Y. HU 7-0218.

BOSWELL & JOHNSON Travel Service. Inclusive tours of Great Britain and the Continent. Car rental—hotels—theatre tickets—group arrangements. Write: Boswell & Johnson Travel Service, Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London WI, England.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast—$175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

STAY IN THE HEART OF SMART NEW YORK . . . at the famous Beekman Tower Hotel. It's near everything—United Nations, midtown shops, just a short bus ride for the theatres. Rates are moderate, accommodations delightful. Enjoy cocktails in the Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge—26 stories high in the sky—and delicious food in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath from $7.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for the SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

EUROPEAN SUMMER TOURS: 34-62 days in Europe, 11-18 countries, $1,064-$1,495. June and July sailings. Write Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (SR), Northfield, Minnesota.

BERMUDA a la carte. A holiday on Great Britain's loveliest island colony can be sheer delight any time of the year. Take your pick—a balcony on the lovely South Shore, your suite beside a garden pool, a cottage with an ever-changing panorama of land and sea, a housekeeping apartment overlooking Hamilton's picturesque harbor. The choice is yours. . . . Horizons, Newstead or Waterloo House—three of the island's most distinguished town and country hotels. Wherever you stay, you have privileges of golf, tennis and Bermuda's most fashionable beach. For rates and information call your travel agent or our International Representative, Robert F. Warner, Inc., New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Toronto and London.

INSIDE JAPAN. Meet the people; see the real Japan. 3 weeks: $1,218 from West coast. American Ambassador Tours, 30 West Washington, Chicago 2-B, Illinois.

SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION. Pine-clad mountains surround Maine's most accessible lakes. Seacoast cities nearby. Magazine in color free. Sebago-Long Lakes Association, Sebago Lake 16, Maine.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

COMPREHENSIVE SUMMER TOURS covering all of Europe. 17 countries—77 days. Grand Tour of Europe $787. Study abroad, if desired. June/July departures. Write: Dr. Berg, Saint Mary's College, California.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 19th edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 106 pages fully illustrated, price $2.50 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1467

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Covered so as to be obscured, extinguished, etc.

B. The "Morning Star of the Reformation".

C. Severe strain, or its effects.

D. Final or fundamental things.

E. First obstetrician to use ether to reduce pain (1786-1876).

F. Repellent; spiny.

G. Syllables, words, etc. uttered on one pitch.

H. One of the best-known Christmas hymns, of unknown date and authorship (2 wds.).

I. Triviality, piffle.

J. Informer.

K. Flies over, low and fast.

L. Placed upon a throne.

M. Resembling granular, igneous rocks essentially plagioclase, labradorite, etc.

WORDS

201 136 107 169 161 79 152 52 119

164 4 157 117 210 95 185 202

103 204 67 151 112 92 132 41 170

168 106 97 141 47 24 39 183 203

89 2 43 12 31 81 23 73

149 138 174 51 105 111 184 35 130 22

113 192 140 135 199 121 211 171 16

66 139 6 167 21 40 115 176 80 3 180 85 98

206 126 101 166 9 84 45 37

110 165 25 75 158 17 163 38 49 11

33 19 102 123 143 104 27 187 10

197 82 44 34 74 134 14 93

208 58 144 131 5 200 150 191

DEFINITIONS

N. Accepted responsibility for.

O. Writer of popular tales who had served in the Lafayette Escadrille (1887-1947).

P. Any of several prophetesses of the ancient world.

Q. Not an antonym of Word N, the meaning being, having caught up with and passed.

R. Empty or idle speech or conduct.

S. Dublin site of a famous twentieth-cent. theatre devoted to Irish plays (2 wds.).

T. Higher range of a voice or instrument (2 wds.).

U. Amer. writer (1902—; "Bitter Bierce," "The Three Jameses", etc.).

V. Impolite; barbarous.

W. A mountain pass through Sierra Nevadas, much used by early explorers and settlers.

X. Exercise arbitrary power.

WORDS

114 177 15 205 72 120 209 68 77 20

148 159 65 64 76 94 116 54

108 100 48 57 87 137 62

83 196 46 55 146 88 99 69 28

127 8 96 18 147 188 30 32 155

50 179 128 90 175 29 42 154 195 189 1

145 7 86 125 193 172 53 194 71 156

178 36 91 60 13 173 190

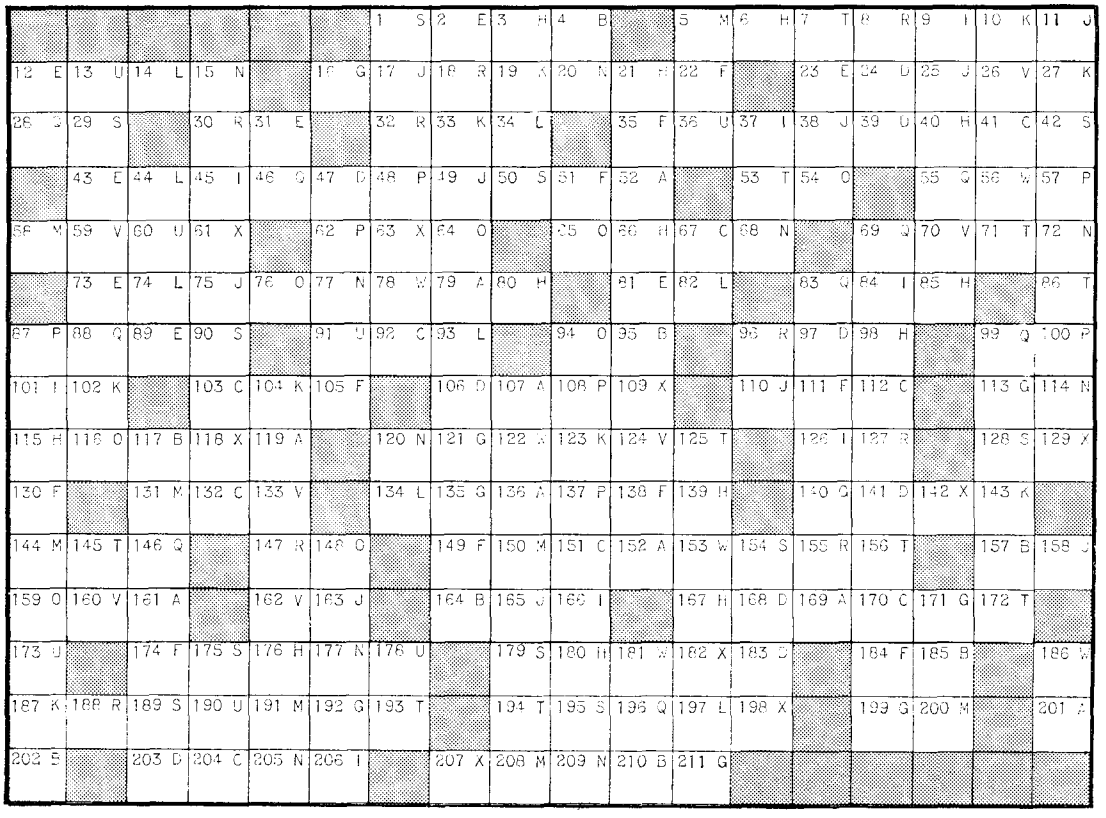
124 133 160 26 70 162 59

186 56 122 153 78 181

109 61 198 207 63 142 129 182 118

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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B&G PRESENTS

THE FOUR PRINCES

Four French regional wines of birth and breeding

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
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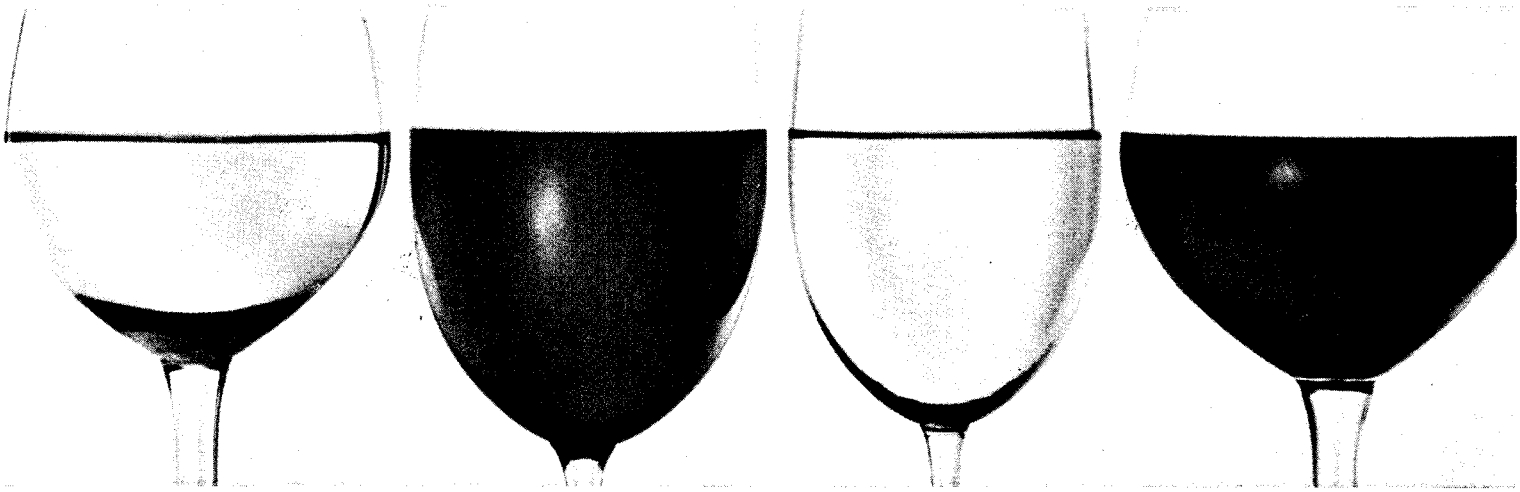
Prince Noir from Bordeaux

Prince Blanc from Bordeaux

Prince Rouge from Burgundy



These *Four Princes* are here as Ambassadors from France, bringing good news to the wine lovers of America. Each *Prince* bears the best possible credentials — the "B & G" initials on the label, which mark it as a Barton & Guestier selection. And each is living proof that you need no longer pay a king's ransom for a genuine Bordeaux or Burgundy.

the finest wines of France

B&G

Although modestly priced, these are *pampered Princes!* Like *all* Barton & Guestier regional wines, they are backed by more than two hundred years of wine experience, and have had their full share of loving care, respect and understanding. Ask your wine merchant to show you the complete range of imported Barton & Guestier selections.

IMPORTED—BUT NOT EXPENSIVE:

Prince Noir. A robust Red Bordeaux
Full in flavor, with a pleasing after-taste.

Prince Blanc. A superb, medium-dry
White Bordeaux, with an excellent bouquet.

Prince Rouge. A full-bodied Red Burgundy,
characteristically firm and rich in flavor

Prince D'Argent. A distinguished White
Burgundy of exceptional dryness and bouquet.

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